THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 21, 1917 — 5c. THE COPY

Samuel G. Blythe—Wallace Irwin—Basil King—Edward G. Lowry—John Masefield
Elizabeth Frazer—Freeman Tilden—Stewart Edward White—Walter S. Rogers

For sale by good dealers everywhere; if, however, your dealer cannot supply you, write us and we will.

CONGOLEUM RUGS

Look for the Name "Congoleum"

Every piece of genuine Congoleum has the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back for your protection. To avoid inferior substitutes, be sure to look for the name "Congoleum" when you buy.

Our New Rug Chart Now Ready—*Send for it today*

EVERY housewife should be vitally interested in the problem of keeping down household expenses, because in these times every dollar counts. If you want to have beautiful floor coverings and *still save money*, you will find the solution in the new Congoleum Rug Chart just issued. A copy is waiting for you now—free. Write for it today. It shows all the new designs in original colors and gives prices, sizes and full information about these wonderful floor coverings.

Different from Woven Rugs

Congoleum Rugs are unusually attractive. They have all the beauty of fine woven rugs and in addition have a firm, washable surface which does not absorb the dust and dirt. They really are the only *truly sanitary rugs* on the market today.

All the attention they need is a few minutes with a damp mop and the surface is again fresh, clean and sanitary. No beating, no sweeping, no dust and germs to fill the air you breathe.

Congoleum Rugs "hug the floor"—no fastening is ever needed. They won't "kick-up" or curl at the edges.

Wherever you have use for a low-priced rug you will find Congoleum Rugs just the thing. They are made in a wide range of artistic patterns and in sizes to suit every taste and every room.

Congoleum Rugs are made in two styles: Congoleum "Art-Rugs" and Congoleum "Utility-Rugs."

Congoleum Art-Rugs

Congoleum Art-Rugs are our foremost line. The patterns are the creation of America's leading rug artists. If you want pretty and up-to-date rugs for little money, don't fail to have your dealer show you the beautiful Art-Rugs. Made in six designs as follows:

6 feet x 9 feet, $6.25 — 9 feet x 9 feet, $9.50
7½ feet x 9 feet, 8.00 — 9 feet x 10½ feet, 11.25
9 feet x 12 feet, $12.50

Congoleum Utility-Rugs

This is our lower-priced line which is made in eight designs in the following sizes:

3 feet x 4½ feet, $1.28 — 4½ feet x 4½ feet, $1.92
3 feet x 6 feet, $1.70 — 6 feet x 6 feet, $3.40

Prices in the Far West average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Congoleum Rug-Borders

A hardwood floor at 45c to 60c per yard. That is what Congoleum Rug-Borders practically give you. When used around the outside of a large center-rug, they look exactly like a genuine hardwood floor. Much superior to painting and staining. Made in rolls 36 and 24 inches wide at 60c and 45c per yard respectively. Your dealer will sell you any length you desire.

Congoleum By-The-Yard

Guaranteed to outwear printed linoleum under equal wearing conditions. Waterproof, sanitary and requires no fastening to the floor. Many attractive designs, all in the very best taste. In rolls 72 inches wide at 60c per square yard.

Protected By Patents

Congoleum Rugs are manufactured in accordance with United States and foreign patents, with numerous other patents pending both in the United States and foreign countries.

"It's good his mother bought a waterproof Congoleum Rug."

The Congoleum Company

Department of The Barrett Company

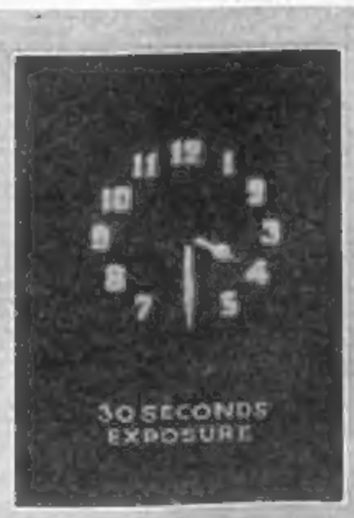
Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver
St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.

Rug shown is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 308. The 9 x 12 foot size retails at $12.50.

Ingersoll Radiolite Watches Photographed in the Dark

Not an Ingersoll Radiolite. This photograph, taken in the dark, is of a much more expensive watch with a "glow" dial, yet it is far less luminous or visible, as the photograph shows, than the scientifically compounded Ingersoll Radiolite used only on Ingersoll Watches. This imported dial contains some radium, but is inferior in luminosity.

Ingersoll Strap Watch as you see it in the dark. Note daylight illustration below.



The $2.25 Radiolite as it looks by night. Daylight appearance illustrated directly below.

The $4.00 jeweled "Waterbury" model illustrated below.

Same Watches in the Light

Radiolite Strap Watch **$4.25**

The most convenient watch especially for summer is the Strap Watch. Used by the hundred thousands, by the soldiers of Europe; and now civilians are fast learning its practical advantages.

Radiolite Model **$2.25**

This watch with the genuine Ingersoll Radiolite dial costs less than the inferior imported dials alone.

Waterbury Radiolite **$4.00**

This stylish popular-sized watch has 4 jewels.

To demonstrate that the luminosity of Ingersoll Radiolite is due to a minute proportion of real Radium in the compound: the photograph above was taken in the dark through thick black paper impervious to sunlight. Unless radium were present with its peculiar light ray—something like the X-ray—the sensitized plate would not have registered the photograph through the black paper. But the plate registered the photograph reproduced above. This proves the presence of radium, which makes Ingersoll Radiolite permanently self-luminous. It does not have to be exposed to the light like ordinary phosphorescent paint.

Ingersoll

RADIOLITE
Radium-Lighted

Who Needs One:

EVERYONE — under the pillow at night.

THE SOLDIER — on sentry duty where it is dangerous to strike a match.

THE GARAGEMAN —also dangerous for him to strike a match.

THE FARMER—nor is a match a farmer's true friend, in a hay mow for instance.

IN THE SICK ROOM —a patient shouldn't be annoyed with bright lights.

THE MINER — time in the dark is what he wants.

IN THE NURSERY —don't disturb the children with a light.

RADIUM-lighted Ingersoll Watches show the time in the dark as well as in the light. Maybe your dealer will let you take one home over night.

Ingersoll Radiolite, used exclusively on Ingersoll Watches, is a self-luminous mineral compound containing Radium (see illustration farthest to the right). It makes the hands and numerals glow in the dark as illustrated by the photographs at the top of this page.

The all-day and all-night "Radiolite" is the coming watch. Its hands and figures remain luminous throughout its life. Watches with ordinary phosphorescent paint on hands and figures cannot show time in the dark unless previously exposed to daylight and then only glow dimly for an hour or so. Ingersoll Radiolite Watches never need exposure to daylight to make them glow.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

OTHER INGERSOLL RADIOLITE MODELS: the Midget Radiolite, $3.75, for women or girls; the Eclipse Radiolite, $3.00, a thin model Ingersoll for men; and the Radiolite Two-in-One, $2.50, for the desk or dresser.

Ingersoll

RADIOLITE
Radium-Lighted

Who Needs One:

THE MOTORIST—it's dark in the back seat and not all autos have clock lamps.

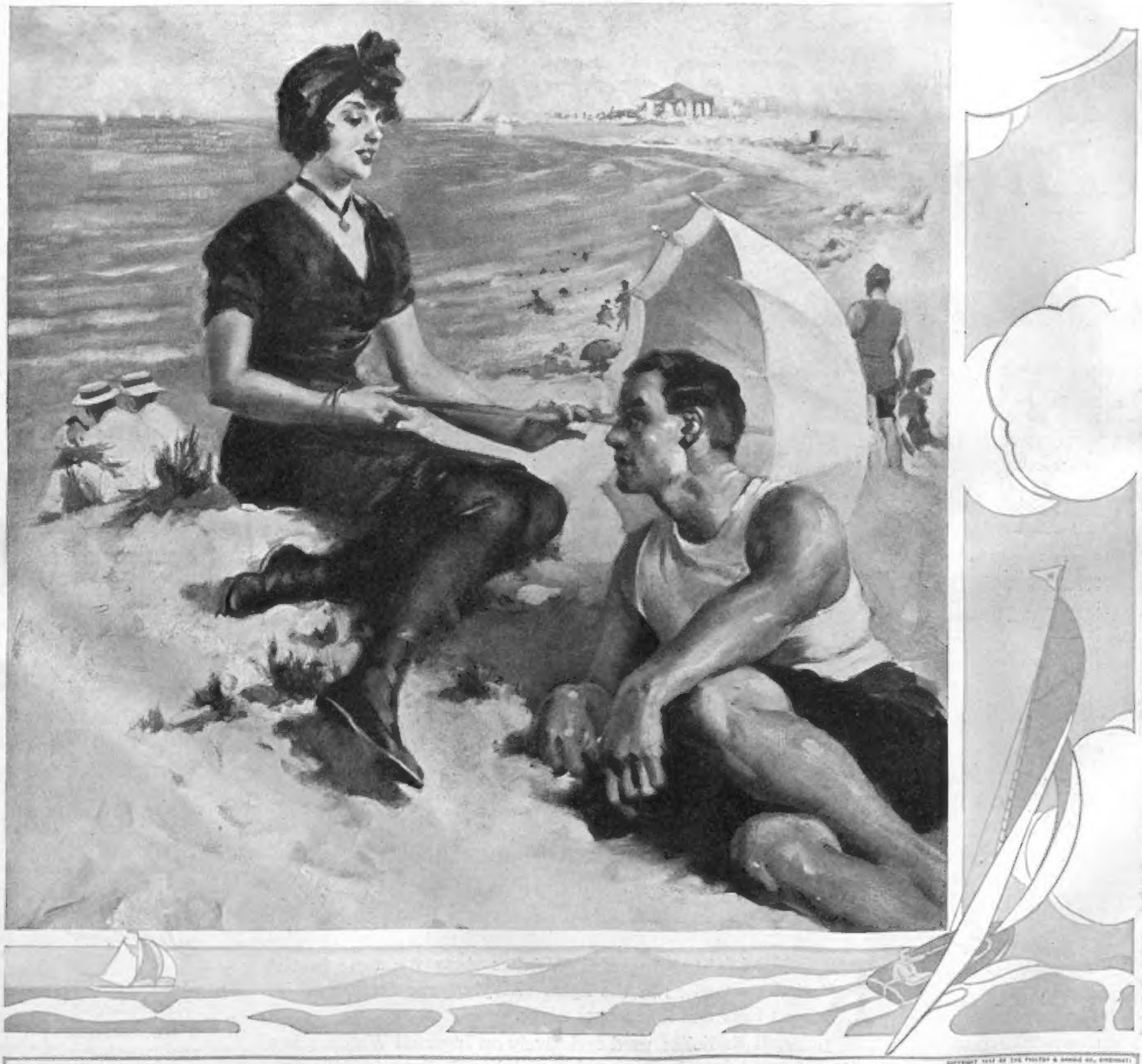
THE "MOVIE FAN" —handy to be able to learn the time without eye strain.

THE TRAVELER—the berth light isn't the most convenient thing in the world.

The NIGHT WATCHMAN—on the street, in the factory, in the office.

EVERYONE—just as you don't know how much you miss any watch until you forget it, you'll never know how much you need a "Radiolite" until you've had one.

The nation needs the daylight-saving plan. Write your congressman now.



THE skin that is exposed to salt water, summer sun and ocean breezes is apt to be irritated by soap that ordinarily might seem mild and not unpleasant.

No matter what the condition of the skin may be, Ivory Soap always feels delightful. It contains nothing that can irritate, roughen or inflame.

Ivory Soap is free from alkali and all materials that have even the slightest suggestion of harshness. It is strictly pure, neutral soap of the highest grade and, therefore, as harmless and as grateful to any skin at any time, as clear, soft water.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .

. . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Secretary and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 — *PHILADELPHIA, JULY 21, 1917* — *Number 3*

LITTLE MEN OR BIG?

By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTO, BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

R. S. Lovett, of the Union Pacific Railway, Working With Council of National Defense

WE SHALL fight this war in France; in Belgium; in Germany, it may be; or even elsewhere. We shall fight it on land, on water, under water and in the air. But we shall win it—or lose it—in Washington.

Earl Kitchener said in London, in August, 1914, a fortnight or so after the war began, to one of the few men to whom he talked freely: "Our greatest difficulty is not the raising of an army; we can do that. Our greatest difficulty is not in financing the war; we can do that. Our tremendous, overshadowing task is to make and train an organization that can handle the army efficiently while we are schooling it and when it is in the field."

The British military organization, in July, 1914, was an excellent and compact machine, geared to handle from a hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand men. The first expeditionary force was put into France without a hitch; but when that military organization came to deal with larger units than two hundred thousand men it broke down at every point. It wasn't geared for a million, or for half a million. Up to its limitations it was a workable affair, but when those limitations were exceeded it was a wreck.

I was at Aldershot, one of the principal English training camps, in September, 1914. There were 104,000 recruits in that camp. They were largely without uniforms, guns, shoes, shelter—largely without everything they needed. The emergency had exceeded the capabilities of the military organization, and England went sadly through many of the experiences that we, notwithstanding the plain lessons of the time since then, are going through now and shall be going through for some time to come. We had ample time to adjust our machine to our apparent and forthcoming needs, but we did not do it. The result is that we see in Washington at the present time what those who were there saw in London in the early months of the war. We are trying to improvise a machine that should have been ready and perfect a year and a half ago; and naturally we are making somewhat of a mess of it.

It is the theory of a great many people, and the experience of a great many more, that the only way a democracy such as ours can be successful in the conduct of a war is by making an autocracy of it. Any well-informed person can catalogue our apparent necessities in our present situation: We must, in the first aspects of the case, devise a submarine eliminator, feed our allies, send unnumbered men to France and send with them everything they need from howitzers to shoelaces, build ships, buy bonds, conserve food and produce more of it, plant grain and gardens, conscript men, make aëroplanes, regulate transportation, supervise distribution, build buildings, train nurses, enlist doctors, and so on, to a staggering total of needs.

The Paramount National Need

EACH one of these is essential, but none is paramount. The great, important, indispensable requirement is the finding of a man or men who shall be able to direct the operation of these various phases of our war enterprise efficiently and powerfully. It is a bit harsh to our unaccustomed and democratic ears to say we must have an autocrat, or at least an autocracy; but that is the fact, none the less, if we are to win this war.

Nothing is surer than that the bulk of this machinery, which was hastily organized in some of its units, and politically organized in others, will be scrapped before we have been at war a year. Either the executive authority of the nation will attend to that or the people will attend to that for him. The history of every war, from the wars of Alexander to this present one, makes that certain, but not more so than the situation at Washington. The completed, smooth-running, efficient machine of commerce rarely resembles the model save in principle; and the completed, smooth-running, efficient war machine never has had many of the original component parts in its ultimate and potent construction. That has been proved abundantly in this present war in England, in France and in Germany, as well as elsewhere—to say nothing of the proof afforded by our own Civil War and by all the other wars of history.

This statement carries no aspersion on the men in Washington who are loyally and patriotically trying to do something for the country. It is the inevitable outcome of both emergency and delay, for, no matter how congested with executive ability a people may be, there is no place where the law of the survival of the fittest operates with such inexorable exactness as in an enterprise of this sort; and that is as true with regard to the specialized features of it, as the army and the navy, as it is true of the co-related branches—the executive, the legislative, and the hastily collected amateurs in various lines.

Mr. Status Quo in Washington

OUR position in this war business is this: We have an executive head, chosen in a time of peace for which he stood sponsor; we have a sort of high executive committee, the Cabinet, chosen when there was no thought, idea or apprehension of war, and chosen for political and geographical reasons; we have a board of directors—the Senate and the House—composed of five hundred and thirty-three men with empowering functions vital to the operation of the executive head; we have a war machine that never, except on paper, handled as many as a hundred thousand men; we have a naval machine that, as at present constituted, never fired a gun at an enemy; we have a system of governmental bureaus in various executive departments that are tied hand and foot by precedent and governmental regulation; and we have a vast congeries of overlapping, underlying, conflicting commissions, committees, councils, and so on, filled with capable business and professional men who, mostly, do not understand the way a democracy conducts its governmental affairs.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bernard M. Baruch, Member of Advisory Commission, Council of National Defense

In addition to this we have three antithetic systems of doing business clashing interminably: The military, or army and navy, system, which typifies the executive or departmental system; the legislative, or congressional, system; and the real American business system, which the laymen who came at their country's call to do what they might brought with them. The constant conflict between the Congress and the departments in Washington is so well understood by those who know Washington that it needs no detailed mention. It is there, has been there since the Government was organized, and will be there until the Government is finished. The real American business system is based on the getting of results and on the concentration of authority instead of the diffusion or evasion of it. Wherefore we see what we see in Washington, and we hear the despairing cry: "We can't get anything done!"

There is nothing extraordinary about this. It is not unique. It is the natural, inevitable sequence of an unprepared democracy like ours plunging into a war that a vast share of the individuals who make up our democracy had hoped and thought we might remain out of. The confusion comes from ineptitude at war-making rather than from congenital inability. We are not war-makers. The generation before ours made a war, but the beginnings were on the same scrambled plane as ours, if smaller in

PHOTO, BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Former President Taft and Charles D. Norton, Both Red Cross Workers

scope. This generation has had no thought of war-making, even after this war began. Our concern has been building and developing, and the way our people have specialized and succeeded in that enterprise is the great hope for the adequate solution of the present perplexity. A nation that has been able to make business as our nation has will be able to make war with equal facility as soon as it gets into a war-making stride. We know how to do business. Presently we shall know how to do war. There are two phases of the business of making war, as we are engaged in it, that need a thorough understanding by our people. The first is the size of the task. The second is the inability of any human agency to build, in a few weeks or months, an efficient war-business organization. To put the idea into one sentence it sums up about like this, considering the immensity of the task and the materials to work with: A hundred million people, with no skill or knowledge of firmaments, are suddenly ordered and compelled to make an organization that shall turn out a first-class firmament in a few months—with stars, plants, comets and all other paraphernalia complete and in working order. The job of going to war with Germany and the job of building a new firmament are comparable. To us one is about as difficult as the other.

Daniel Willard, Member Advisory Commission, Council of National Defense

There is an almost total lack of realization among our people as to the size of this task; and that is natural and inevitable, too, for in common with all peoples the greatest fear our people have is the fear of thought. Thought is merciless and disrupts comfort and harries privilege. If we should sit down and try to sum up the necessities, the size, the sacrifices, the difficulties of this war business of ours the colossal phases of it would terrify us. So we gloze it over. We do no concrete thinking about it. We speak glibly of a million men or a billion dollars, and do not stop to attempt even the mental assimilation of how many a million men are or how much a billion dollars is. The real reason why the American people do not understand the size of this job is because the American people will not allow themselves to think of it. However, time will remedy that, too. There will be an adequate understanding. It may be late in coming, but it will come.

It is probable, as Wells says, that the human mind was organized and developed to think of the individual, and not of the species—the race. At any rate, that is the way the human mind operates, as exemplified in the United States at this time. Consequently the most impressive war difficulty is food. If any one of our citizens could come to a realizing sense of the effect this war may have in no other way, he would arrive at a definite understanding when he became hungry.

A Study in Vast Quantities

WHEREFORE, when it is stated that the working out of the food problem—the production, conservation, transportation, quantity, distribution and housing of food enough to eat—is not only vital so far as the United States is concerned but vital so far as the people of France and England and Belgium and other countries are concerned—vital in the sense of keeping them alive—not in luxury but alive!—is but one—one!—of the difficulties and problems of this war business of ours it may be there will come a glimmer of the magnitude of our task.

The President of the United States voiced that thought a few days before I wrote this. He had been discussing the proposed food legislation and its necessity. "Great as it is in importance," he said, "I wonder if they do not realize that it is only one of our problems—only one."

In itself the food question is a question for super-men, but with it are ranged others equally vital in their relations to the complex whole. Consider a short list:

MONEY—Billions of dollars—not millions or hundreds of millions, but billions!

MEN—Millions of them—not thousands or hundreds of thousands, but millions!

SHIPS—thousands of them—not dozens or scores or hundreds, but thousands!

EQUIPMENT—not trainloads, but shiploads, flotilla loads, fleet loads of scores of thousands of tons of every conceivable requirement!

BUILDINGS—Not rows of them or streets of them, but miles of them—dozens and scores of miles of them!

AEROPLANES—Not hundreds of them, but thousands of them—a hundred thousand, and maybe more!

RAILROADS, COAL MINES, FACTORIES, FARMS—Every producing factor and every effective distributing unit in the service of the Government in this business of war.

That's what it means; and it means more than that! If this war continues for two or three years—the Washington idea is three years—it will mean that all of us—every one—will be working for the Government to the limit of each capability, in an organization that will have no thought of individual comfort, of individual right, but will have the sole and compelling thought of service—service—service—in this business of war, which has affected us, so far and mostly, in an indirect manner. Let it last two or three years and there will not be an effective person who will not be directly in its service, one way or another.

PHOTOS. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Charles Lathrop Pack, Head of the National Emergency Food Garden Commission

The total of our liabilities, both individual and aggregated, is, in effect, infinite. The reason there is an infinity is, of course, that we are finite, but there is such a thing as a finite assemblage that will be infinite so far as human comprehension goes. This war, with its many angles, each important and many vital, each interdependent, isn't comprehensible as a whole. It is not comprehensible as it is being fought in the field. It is not comprehensible as it is being organized and conducted at the various directing centers. It is not comprehensible as it is being organized in the United States—it is too big! But there are certain phases of it and certain developments of it and certain patent necessities of it that are comprehensible, as will be shown. It will be progress if we can bring ourselves to understand a tenth or a twentieth of it. As it is, most of us do not understand a thousandth of it, or apprehend the bulk of it, or discern the difficulties of it. And a large and disconcerting portion of that lack of understanding is to be observed at Washington.

As I said at the beginning of this article, this war will be won or lost in Washington, and all Washington is divided into four parts, so far as the conduct and organization of the war go. These are: First, the President; second, the Cabinet, and with it the executive departments, including the War Department and the Navy Department; third, the Congress; fourth, the various civilian councils, committees, commissions and combinations. Those are the four units of our war machine. Back of them are the people to supply the men and the money; but no matter how ungrudging may be the supply of men and of money, no matter how great the valor of those men on the field, no matter how liberal the response for funds, no matter how patriotic and undivided the support of the people, unless these four units of the war machine are intelligent, effective, harmonious, nonpartisan and impersonal the war will fail.

The greater burden of the war rests on the President, who—because of the entrance of the United States into the war; because of his grasp and enunciation of the principles for which we entered; and because of the necessities of our allies, who saw victory assured with our entrance and thus, through the impetus of that entrance, gained hope and courage and elevated this country to the commanding position in the struggle that its potentialities warrant, thereby automatically elevating our President—who now bulks larger against the affairs of the world than any other man. The President is the executive head of the nation, and the commander in chief of the army and the navy; but his duties and powers are closely prescribed by the Constitution, and though he exercises authority he cannot, except in a limited degree, give himself authority. That rests with Congress, the law-making body. It is a reasonable proposition that if the President could originate, as well as execute, with a free hand, the confusion incident to the organization of our war business would, in a measure at least, disappear; but when he is largely forced to gain such power as he has by the action of Congress, and when that Congress is not only partisan but striving to retain its functions, the wish of the President and his accomplishment in many instances are only relative—not synonymous.

Presidential Limitations

I DOUBT whether there is any man in the world who realizes as keenly as the President the truth of the statement that the only way a democracy can be successful in war is by making it an autocracy; or any man in the world who knows so accurately the limitations for such a proceeding that exist in this country. Any business man in a large, going concern who has had experience with the divergence of views and the stubbornness of opinion and the presence of ulterior motive in a board of directors of a dozen men can, in a way at least, understand the difficulties of the President, who is endeavoring to operate a going concern, the United States, in the greatest enterprise it ever engaged in, with a board of directors, the Congress, numbering five hundred and thirty-two men—each man a director of his own right; each man, naturally, with his own ideas and his own responsibilities, both political and personal, as well as patriotic; and each man jealous of the prerogatives not only of himself individually, as a director, but of the board to which he belongs.

Samuel Gompers, Member Advisory Commission, Council of National Defense

The task is gigantic, overwhelming. The President can always tell what he wants, but he must always take what he can get. He may see clearly that a certain need of the country demands a certain new, or, let us say, revolutionary proceeding, but unless he can induce Congress to authorize that proceeding by law he cannot undertake it, except in a most roundabout fashion; and even then he is liable to the harshest criticism for infringing on the constitutionally vested rights of his coworkers.

Moreover, the President of the United States, even in wartimes, is in so elevated a place and so far removed from contact with the people that, from the very nature of his position, he is largely dependent, in making up his premises for action, on what is told to him by his lieutenants. And the regrettable fact is that in most instances the men

(Continued on Page 46)

ETERNAL YOUTH

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

WHEN J. Hanley Stuart, former Cabinet Member, present world financier, and—as often predicted—future ambassador to a foreign court, arrived at Hot Springs, a trifle early for the Easter festivities, no one would have thought that he might pick out little Maggie Hyland. The surprise came much as it should to Olympus when Jove, after giving his bolts three shakes for luck, disdains the mighty oaks and chooses a feathery, fragile lilac bush as the complimentary target of his consuming fires. The simile of the lilac bush is a trifle mild for Maggie, perhaps, just as it is unfair to express any lively and lovely young woman in terms of botany—unless one poetizes the snapdragon, the mustard flower and the nettle. But, be that as it may, Jove is always Jove—which is to describe a gentleman somewhat over fifty, with a knack of letting you know who's boss without telling you so point-blank.

Hot Springs was particularly rich in hair and eyes and complexions that season; and, before J. Hanley Stuart's arrival, Maggie Hyland had recruited to her colors vastly more than her quota of young men, mostly under military age. Quite frequently, too, the clerk at the desk would hand her over an envelope legally smeared with the postmark of Ithaca, New York. Every night, in the ballroom, Maggie held a long waiting list of wispy beings in youth's-size dinner jackets, who distilled jealous poisons and rioted to "cut in" whenever she trotted too long with some persistent fox. Knots of enthusiasts, little taller than the caddies themselves, waited upon her outside the clubhouse on fair days, when golfing was possible. Altogether, had you been gazing from a superficial height upon Maggie Hyland's gift of sorcery, you would have said that she was having a very good time at the start of a successful season.

Which was not the case with the greater Maggie, who dwelt silently within and thought long thoughts. She knew that she possessed an ability and a power of thinking above the disjointed youthful clatter which surrounded her; that others did not guess this was a tribute to her subtlety. Last season she had gone and engaged herself informally to Dan Ryan, now a Junior at Cornell. At the moment of initial enthusiasm she had argued that Dan, who was in the engineering school, would ripen into a world-famous empire builder. But subsequent letters had proved to her that poor Dan would hang green on the tree for a long, long time. His frequent scrawls were supercharged with slang; he mentioned his professors as the cavalier spoke of the roundhead; he hinted at beer and at practical methods of avoiding classes on "the hill." Dan, whose glamour had quite suffused her for a brief spell, made boyish love by mail; and the more she resolved to discourage him, the more insistent became he in his awkward faithfulness.

Maggie, during those rare intervals permitted her by an exacting mother and a furious social season, sat apart and thought about herself. This is a demoralizing habit in a well-raised girl of nineteen; but Maggie had weighed her brain in secret and been happily astonished by its specific gravity. Above all, it was a complimentary admonition from Miss Lloyd, of Miss Lloyd's fashionable school, which stuck charmingly in her mind.

"Mrs. Hyland," Maggie had overheard Miss Lloyd saying to her mother upon the event of graduation, "your daughter should not be permitted too much study. She has an unusually active brain."

"I'll attend to that," Mrs. Hyland had responded in that kindly snubbing voice she employed toward chauffeurs, school-teachers and other retainers.

"I Decided That Somebody Had to be the Private. So I Just Enlisted, Without Trimmings"

And here frolicked Maggie Hyland in the early spring of 1917, empty boys giggling at her elbow, no one suspecting her latent genius, and the romance that was once Dan Ryan gone flat before her eyes. Occasionally she had attempted to confide her state of mind to intellectual inferiors, caught in dull moments. Once, on a rainy day when she had found herself with the very rich Glackett girl in a corner of the Japanese Room, the ugliest, pleasantest room in the United States, she had leaned over and asked almost breathlessly:

"Clara, do you believe in intellectual affinities?"

Clara had fixed her with her large eyes, which were round and the color of delft.

"I think they must be horrid!" she had exclaimed, and continued watching the two enthusiastic horsemen slipping and splashing up the road from the row of cottages. And this was all by way of dramatic preparation for the entrance of J. Hanley Stuart, who at that moment arrived on the noon train with a retinue of attendants, much baggage, and an assortment of youthfully tailored sporting clothes.

J. Hanley Stuart was of the sort who carry round their heads a glowing nimbus of fame. There were richer men in the hotel at that very hour. Senators—both state and national—governors, cabinet members, reputable social gangsters, and an occasional Broadway favorite had strolled in and out of the big glass door off the veranda; but seldom anyone who brought with him the personal prestige of J. Hanley Stuart. Maggie thought this at once as, demurely flitting to the elevator, she watched him sign the hotel register.

He was a man of presence. His figure had thickened somewhat, as was natural with a ripened middle age; and the curly hair upon his florid strong-set Roman head was dignified by its sprinkling of gray. His appearance of wise maturity seemed magnetic—seemed to draw important people toward him, in the young girl's imagination; for the whole hotel, from the head bellman to pompous old ex-Senator Wenkel, appeared waiting upon him, to do him honor. There was a great hand-shaking round the desk, much attention from the clerks, and a general scurrying of colored attendants, bearing luggage.

"Is he married?" was Maggie's first brash question, gazing after the retreating conqueror.

"Once," replied the very rich Miss Glackett in a tone which implied that the late Mrs. Stuart had called in a lawyer rather than a minister at the hour of her passing.

And so Maggie Hyland had hurried to her room to learn from her mother that she was to get out her best frock and prepare to look her prettiest in honor of this great man whom ex-Senator Wenkel had promised to bring that evening to the Hylands' usual coffee and liqueur party in the Japanese Room. And here her chirping to the lion's purr was the first of the series of episodes which, covering a length of weeks, offered a topic to the colony of lotus-eaters on the veranda and helped to drug them into half forgetfulness of the fact that a German Ambassador had packed his grip, and that the United States Government was floating day by day closer to the monstrous echo of destructive guns.

It was a month later, during their ride together up that pleasant Virginia valley which, for the Easter season, had declared a brief truce with winter, when Maggie Hyland received the first intoxicating heart-thump which justified her in her belief that she had found and should love her intellectual equal.

To begin with, it had been for her quite a heady sensation to know that this preëminent American, who lived apart in his splendid suite and received—so it was said—secret advices from Washington every day, should have chosen her from the large and decorative feminine ensemble at Hot Springs. To-day, as they jogged easily along the upland roads, she glanced more boldly at his fine profile and came to the conclusion that he wasn't so old after all; he might be called young when you considered his achievements. And he had singled her out for his distinguished attentions! Such a man as this wasn't wasting his time with lightweights—as Maggie deemed most of her chiffon-twirling cronies to be—and he was already forming with her the true companionship of great minds.

How intimately he had talked to her, this afternoon, on the topics with which the world was now ringing! He had spoken confidentially of the country's attitude upon the declaration of war, which was sure to follow. He had hinted at movements of troops, financial crises, vast loans, new diplomatic combinations, without any trace of that poor-little-girl-I'll-tell-you-in-words-of-one-syllable attitude which she had found so irritating in most important older men.

"And you'll be the center of all this, moving great issues like pawns on the chessboard!" she exclaimed, thinking of something she had read in the romances of Disraeli, where statesmen were all men of noble bearing, lordly vortices of flashing events.

"I hope to do my part," he said, giving her one of his quiet old smiles.

Maggie, During Those Rare Intervals Permitted Her by an Exacting Mother and a Furious Social Season, Sat Apart and Thought About Herself

"I want to do my part too!" she cried, charmed with the modesty of this intellectual giant, who talked to her as to a peer.

"By George, you will!" he said admiringly, reining his sorrel in as their path swung upward toward the steep crag of Flag Rock.

Already her imagination was galloping ahead, covering eons of ambitious distance. This man had noticed in her the things she had appreciated in herself. She had always definitely felt that she was something beyond merely pretty. And of the dazzling galaxy at the hotel, she, Maggie Hyland, was the only one he had ever addressed in a tone more cordial than one of gruff toleration. Last night she had heard a rhinestoned old gossip buzzing in the chair behind where she was sitting with Stuart. "How does she do it?" had come the jealous whisper. And Maggie knew how she did it. She could speak the language of the mind that was now bridging the gulf between middle-aged experience and young maidenhood. Already the frivoling life at the hotel and her foolish half promise to poor, rawboned, sophomoric Dan Ryan faded to dull gray beside the glory that was hers.

"If you don't mind my saying so," the voice of Stuart broke in on her reflections, or came rather as a complimentary echo to her thoughts, "you're very pleasant to talk to. I've been going on here like a mounted lecturer, jumping blithely from Saloniki to the Gulf of California, and you haven't yawned once."

"Oh, go on! I'm interested in big—big subjects," she assured him earnestly; and was abashed before the devouring admiration in his keen gray eyes, with the small drooping sacks below.

"By George!" He again uttered his favorite denatured oath. "I believe you are!"

And this was the signal for a renewed monologue touching upon war as an economic necessity. Maggie Hyland understood nearly all of it and was flattered to her bosom's core.

It was as though the Constitution of the United States had taken her into its confidence. And J. Hanley Stuart had been talking to her like this for nearly a month!

His discourse took them as far up as a flat of ground just below the craggy height tipping the Hogback. Here they dismounted and tied their horses to a sapling. The great man's observations covered the face of the civilized globe; yet the dull old map, under his sorcery, seemed to sparkle with the brilliance of diamonds and emeralds. But, before they had completed their climb up the steep footpath to the summit of Flag Rock, he had rapidly narrowed his topic from the broad cosmos to the little ego, as is inevitable between any man and a pretty girl beside a lonely height on a pleasant spring day.

"You don't find me tiresome—my personally conducted tours from the Balkans to the Great Salt Lake?" he asked her as soon as they had settled down comfortably on a sheltered ledge.

It was plain to see that he was testing her, she thought; she might prove unworthy of serious consideration, like the tribe of fluffy dolls who inhabited the hotel.

"I love public discussion!" she made passionate avowal.

He seemed to regard her quite earnestly, and she was relieved that Dan Ryan wasn't within earshot to receive her statement with one of his violent brays.

"That's quite remarkable in so beautiful a girl," he was telling her almost before she had adjusted herself to the full enjoyment of that intoxicating speech. Here was appreciation!

"Do you think beauty and brains—incompatible?" she asked. She wondered whether she had pronounced the last word right.

"Not in you," he announced in his resonant voice.

She was conscious that she colored to the roots of her hair. J. Hanley Stuart, world financier, diplomat, thinker, had said it to her alone. Beauty and brains were not incompatible—in her.

She sat looking vaguely across the Blue Ridge Mountains, whose rows upon rows of soft, even hills had always reminded her of the tucks in a perfectly lovely skirt she once possessed.

"Don't you like the view?" she asked digressively. "You're supposed to say 'How wonderful!'"

"How wonderful!" echoed the distinguished statesman; but when Maggie turned round she knew that he had never taken his eyes from her.

"Did you come here to flatter me?" she asked, facing him pertly.

"Well!" He grinned; and the act revealed in him one of those well-preserved gentlemen who always look a little older when they smile. "You remember how the stranger asked the colored boy how he came to fall into the river, and how the boy said: 'I didn't come to fall in, boss. I come to fish.'"

She didn't exactly know what that had to do with their particular case, but she laughed and was prettily conscious that the upland wind had freshened her color, and that a strand of hair was blowing across her eyes. Despite her adventurings into the realm of pure reason, this consciousness was not unpleasing to her.

"Of course you understand parables," he insisted with a mind reader's intrusion. "Or didn't Miss Lloyd teach parables in her school for young ladies?"

"You're joking me!" She hated herself for the bald way in which she said it, but his tone had shot her spirits down.

"I'm sorry if I gave that impression," he reassured her.

"I know I'm not a bit clever," she persisted.

"Why, my dear Miss Hyland!" He hesitated and then added: "Curious! With all you have, do you actually want to be considered clever?"

"Of course I do! I'd give anything in the world ——"

"Why should perfection pine for a second-class order of merit? Does the Parthenon, for instance, have to stand up and make pretty speeches in order to assure its supreme place in the world of beauty?"

"Didn't some poet—or author—say, 'If stones could speak'?"

"I have that impression," he replied. "Some other fellow mentioned sermons in stones, too, if I remember right. But I shouldn't be comparing you to any sort of building material."

"You're evading the question," she accused him, looking boldly into his intelligent seamy face.

"Then, Miss Hyland, if I may be privileged to be frank, I think you are, in many ways, a remarkable girl. But that can't mean much to you, coming from an old man like me."

"But it does," she breathed, so giddy with his expressed opinion of her that she was ready to assent to anything at the moment.

"But I am an old man; don't you know that, Miss Hyland?"

Prepared though she was, the question caused her some astonishment. Was it possible that this great, serious man of affairs pined in secret for young twenty's bright embellishments? Swiftly she appraised the fine-spun triangle of wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, the grizzled complexion of his bared head, and the little bald spot, nicely combed over with intent to deceive.

"I—I never thought about your age," she temporized.

"I'm fifty-four this month," he told her uncompromisingly.

"I should never have thought it!"

She was astonished at the cordial tone with which she delivered this lie. Her mother had raised her to a horror of untruth; yet instinctively she complied with this man's evident and pathetic desire to be considered young.

"And in a man of your distinction," she was quick to add, "age doesn't count. You might be thirty-five and you might be—er—forty-eight. You don't seem to have any age."

"I'm glad you think so!" As he turned to her his seamy cheeks flushed with delight. "Youth has always been a hobby of mine. Keeping young is a habit of thought; and that's the reason I haven't looked my age for years—at least, they tell me I don't."

Secretly she remarked the unwieldy thickening of his figure and how he still panted from the exertion of his climb up the slope. He was going on, with a truly boyish enthusiasm:

"No one ever takes me for my age. Why, last year, at our college reunion, there were men years younger than I who —— They were all joking me about it; said I had found the formula for Eternal Youth."

"What is your formula?" she urged indulgently.

"It's simple. Nothing more than my resolution to associate as much as possible with people younger than myself."

She winced and thought: "Is that what he finds in me?"

"I bring young men into my business whenever I can," he rattled on. "And when I play I don't go out with the old fellows or crawl into the Amen Corner of my club. I swim or golf or dance. I love to dance; perhaps I'm a duffer at it though."

She might have told him that his technic was a bit too flawless; that he put into modern dancing that almost painful attention to detail with which he once worked out problems in the Post-Office Department. Instead, she smiled and lied: "You could give lessons to most of the college boys I know."

"Thank you very much; I made dancing my business until I had mastered it. Every afternoon for a year I stole away and took private lessons from the best instructor I could find. And your commendation makes it worth every minute of time I devoted to it."

"To have such a mind as yours, together with the soul of a young man!" she worshipfully exclaimed. "You can conquer the world!"

Hanley Stuart laughed. He was sitting very close to her now, and the look upon his world-scarred face was somehow very humble and pathetic.

"I don't want the world," he said gently. "I want to be understood."

"Understood?" she repeated, her heart taking a desperate hurdle.

"I want you to marry me," he said then; and all the air round this high pinnacle was confused with mists of rose and lightning flashes, and a terrible, delightful fear. Jove had shot his bolt and struck the lilac bush.

"It's been such a short time ——" she faltered. "And I'm only a girl—and you're so wise and powerful; and your mind requires ——"

"You're all my mind requires," he told her eagerly. "With you to help me ——"

"Could I help you?" She looked up shyly into his face, leonine with its big emotion.

"You could be all the help I should ever need."

That was the fire which consumed her utterly.

"I've never been satisfied," she found herself telling him, "with the—the light little things they put round me. I've wanted to use my brain for something better than the nonsense they've required of me. You haven't picked me out just because I'm pretty?"

"Oh, no! More than that!" He seized her hands fervently.

"You want me to be your aide—your intellectual companion?" Even in this intense situation the sacrilege of her request dazzled her.

"You'll be all that—if you like."

She thought the pressure of his hands relaxed a trifle. Perhaps that was her imagination.

"You're quite different from the insipid dolls you play with," he was going on ardently. "You have something that puts life in me; that helps me ——"

"I can help you?" She repeated it like the words of a sacred litany.

Through the mist that sparkled from Golconda she saw a future involving the pomp of kings, the matching of new empires, missions between warring governments, destinies of mighty armies; and of all this she had been chosen to become a part. Behind her pretty mask he had found the beauty of character and intellect. He had asked her to mate with him and be his aide!

As they rode home together, pausing now and then to patronize the sun as he created his daily spectacle behind Dunn's Gap, they were a silent, contemplative pair. To his own imagination, J. Hanley Stuart rode like conquering Paris, with golden locks and a shining bow. This lovely being beside him had told him that he was of the breed of Pan, ageless, always young. And she was thinking of the power and the glory of which she was to be a part because this man had found in her a true intellectual companionship.

Finally they came reflectively down the circular driveway before the hotel veranda, that eminent gossips' reviewing stand. Most of the red porch chairs were empty now, because particular people were going in to dress for dinner; but out of the doorway of the billiard room came a fat old fellow and a thin old fellow.

"Would you look at Han Stuart!" chuckled the fat one. "Never too old to learn—eh, what?"

And from the opposite end of the rail a disagreeable dowager, stranded in a rocker beside her lonely daughter, snarled:

"Old Stuart's doing his best to make that Hyland girl conspicuous. She always was a perfect little fool!"

As soon as she had entered the Hyland suite on the second floor Maggie found her mother's censorious figure in waiting. A plump diabetic beauty of forty-nine, Mrs. Hyland was a type of those who urge their daughters to unwisdom and then scold them for it.

Therefore, Maggie was in no way surprised when she said severely:

"You'll have to hurry if you're going to dress for dinner."

"Oh, perhaps I won't dress," the girl fenced lightly.

"Have you forgotten that the Cornell Glee Club sings here to-night?"

"But I don't know any of them; and I—don't care to!" Maggie had half opened the door and she slammed it again nervously.

"You know Dan Ryan, don't you?" teased her mother.

"But Dan's not on the club ——"

"Anyway, he's here. And he's telephoned this room every half hour since his train finally got in, at three o'clock."

Maggie stood in a daze, fighting vague projects for Dan's extermination. She had given him the right to expect a lot of things and it was now impossible to make good.

"You'd better hurry!" she heard her mother advise in a gentler tone than before. "Dan's crazy to see you. And don't put on that pink gown again; you're too sunburnt for pink."

Maggie went into her bedroom and proceeded to dress. She was in a state of mind that might well be described as frozen panic. She analyzed herself to a ragged edge. . . . Certainly she was not the same girl she had been a few weeks ago, or even yesterday. Hanley Stuart had helped her to step into a fourth dimension. Frivolity had become serious; thistledown crystallized into a solid jewel. She was going to ally herself with a World Movement. The words rolled pleasantly in her distracted mind.

And yet there lay a great pile of letters in the upper left-hand bureau drawer, each scrawled in a naïve hand that carried its own appeal. How little Dan's vaudeville English had to do with the intellectual life! Dan Ryan, who, according to the code of his intimates, affected the manners of a gunman, and tittered, "Say, Maggie, you're some fancy skater, all right!" as he hauled her through the antics he called dancing.

Oh, well!

Powdered and chiffoned and silk-stockinged for the evening, Maggie stole like a pretty ghost down the hall and toward the dining room. She wondered whether both Dan and J. Hanley Stuart had asked and received permission to sit at her father's table; Stuart sat there very often now, and it would be the natural thing for Dan to do. And for her it would be a very trying situation. But there was no situation to which the new Maggie Hyland's tact and poise would not be equal.

Just the same, as she entered the big white room her uneasy eyes swept the diners. 'Twixt her mother's transformation and her father's thinning grizzle she saw the clouded bald spot of her fiancé—but no sign of Dan's damp pompadour. She sent a frightened glance through the ranks of evening-clad college youths, now hopelessly insignificant to her awakening soul. Dan Ryan was nowhere to be seen.

More serene, she took her place at table.

Unexpectedly Dan's phantom rose beside her chair. Taller and rawer than usual, he stood grinning down upon her, his generous features all contributing to one glorious expression of delight.

"Maggie!" he exclaimed in a voice whose roaring quality he seemed utterly helpless to control.

"Why, Dan!" She intrusted her slender hand to one of his meaty fists, until her fingers were threatened with extinction. "Why didn't you tell me?" she temporized.

"I didn't know, myself." His gray eyes danced with the animation of a young puppy's. "They roped me in at the last minute as the substitute for a case of tonsillitis. I'm singin' on the bull-bass end."

"We're going to the concert," she told him vaguely.

"You'd better," he assured her. "No use going to bed while it lasts. There won't be any sleep in this hotel while I'm singin'."

"How long will you be here?" This seemed to be the thing to ask.

"Leave to-morrow afternoon." He bent his great length a little closer and managed to confine his voice to the whisper: "Maggie, I've been pulling out all the telephones in the place lookin' for you. Shall I see you to-night—at the dance after the concert?"

"Oh, yes. I do so want to have a talk with you, Dan," she responded, conscious that Hanley Stuart's good ear was just beyond her other shoulder.

"Because, Maggie, I'm crazy to ——"

She nodded him away with a fixed smile, and turned again to her gray lover, who, despite his secret of Eternal Youth, looked a trifle faded at that moment.

"Dan's the dear!" she explained. "I'm always glad to see him. He's one of the little boys I played with when ——"

"When you were young?" he quizzed her; and as he smiled the small cobwebby wrinkles flew to the triangles at the corners of his eyes.

"You're joking me again!" she pouted.

"I'm frightfully serious," he said, and looked it. "I've been thinking about our—talk. You seem wonderfully ambitious. Do you really want to be one of the army of conquest?"

"Oh, give me big things to do!" she rapturously demanded.

"In conquest there's a lot of shovel work and mud dredging," he told her; and would doubtless have been more explicit had not Mr. Hyland, a crabbed little man with brown spots under his eyes, interrupted to inquire of the great authority as to just what would be the substance of the President's message to Congress, to be delivered that evening.

Maggie's world power stuck close to her side as they went in to the Glee Club concert. At coffee, to the group who gathered round him, he had prophesied and explained,

lending to each phase of the war the glamour of his modest brilliancy, pulling international topics one after another out of the pockets of his fancy waistcoat. War loans had mounted giddily; billions were at his finger tips. And the deference that had come to him across the table had, in share, come to Maggie too; for she had now made up her mind to marry this man of genius, this chum of foreign courts, this impresario of Administrations.

By contrast the Glee Club concert was unendurably calfish to the new Maggie Hyland, who sat beside her prodigy and gloried in significant nods and whispers from innumerable young persons possessed of no other accomplishment than decorating their neighborhood. Somehow, too, she was annoyed at the sympathetic appreciation her Hanley rendered unto each sentimentality of the harmonizing youths on the stage.

She knew he wasn't enjoying it—or she argued as much—and she attributed his hearty applause of Give My Regards to Davie, and Alma Mater, to a Machiavellian diplomacy. How those pink-faced brats on the platform, bellowing in a manful attempt to act like wicked men, offended her maturing sense! And how she disdained poor Dan Ryan, substitute for a case of tonsillitis, occupying his end among the bull basses!

At last it was over with a hurrah; and the audience had scarcely begun scattering to accommodate dancing room before big Dan came swinging toward her. She was grateful to Hanley Stuart for withdrawing quietly after introductions. Dan, like the puppy he was, revealed his embarrassment as he asked her to dance. He obliterated her in his huge embrace; and as they began describing his giddy scallops round the floor she realized that the breast against which she leaned had felt the dagger point.

"You make the reat of 'em look like a flock o' hawks," he managed to whisper as the dance was nearing its end. That, of course, was what she expected him to say. In default of any reply from her he stopped in the middle of the floor and inquired: "What d'you want to talk about?" He said it all in a mouthful.

"Foolish! We can't talk here on the floor—we'd be trampled flat."

"There's the veranda. I'll get your coat ——"

"Mother wouldn't like it."

"I see."

The unexpected restraint of Dan Ryan's reply invested him with a transient dignity. Maggie took his arm and led him away from the perils of the encore.

"There's a seat over by the mineral-water fountain," she told him; and, with a sort of schoolboy obedience, he shuffled by her side through a roomful of elderly peevish bridge players.

Maggie enjoyed a furtive sensation of escape; and she was relieved to sight Hanley Stuart's solid figure in the distance, gesticulating in a group of equally solid men.

They found an unoccupied stairway by the little marble conch shell into which medicinal waters forever trickled hope to the hypochondriac.

"What's the big idea, Maggie?" growled Dan as soon as he had clumped himself down on the stairs beside her.

"Oh, Dan!" she implored, tears starting to her eyes. He seemed such a bulk of a child, so lovable and impossible to reason with. "You've got to listen carefully—you aren't going to be cross, are you?"

"Of course I'm sore," he admitted gloomily. "I didn't expect to be treated like an idiot stepchild."

"I've liked you so much, so long!" She prayed for help and none came. "Dan, I can't bear to see you shoved out of my life."

"Who's doin' the shovin'?" he asked roughly.

By comparison with another's smooth delivery, his crudity gave her courage. "I am," she admitted.

"Since when? I got a nice letter from you the day I left Ithaca."

"A woman's mind is always subject to change." How she wished Hanley Stuart could have heard her say that!

"You're givin' me a raw deal," he was going on impetuously. "Of course you've got every right in the world to let the other man prong in on me; but you should have let me know. You gave me to understand that I was ace high with you ——"

Her hand hung limp in his clasp.

"You wouldn't have to wait long, Maggie. I graduate next year and dad'll give me a job. Or I'll quit to-morrow and go to work for you."

"Poor boy! You're so young." She returned his clasp by the faintest pressure.

"Do You Think Beauty and Brains—Incompatible?" She Wondered Whether She Had Pronounced the Last Word Right

"You aren't such a Lillian Russell, yourself," he objected, looking as though he were going to burst into tears.

"Yes; but women mature much faster than men. I have a mind beyond my age."

"You've discovered that, have you?" He released her fingers and sat knuckle to chin, in the statuesque attitude immortalized by Rodin, regarding her. "Maggie, are you crazy about that old bird who's been trailing you all evening?"

"I don't know what you mean," she assured him, because that was just what she did know.

"I mean that poor old fish with the bald spot."

"Possibly you are referring to Mr. Stuart?" She said it with the faultless accent she employed only in emergencies.

"Possibly."

"I don't think it at all necessary for you to refer to a man of his importance as Old Fish."

"He's no minnow. He's old enough to make your father look like a squab. I should call that mature."

"If you had the privilege of knowing Mr. Stuart better"—she hated to be cruel, but the gods cannot scruple too much—"you wouldn't call him old. He has discovered the spirit of Eternal Youth."

"Patent medicine?" asked Dan.

She was about to formulate a reply when, to her agitation, he began revealing an unexpected severity and an emotional capacity that had nothing to do with the exalted paths to which her life was now dedicated.

"Maggie!" he began in a stentorian voice, which seemed to weaken and break into a dreadful pathos. "Maybe I'm awfully young, as you say. But, young as I am, life's too short for me to spend it like this—up and down the slack-wire when you play the band. I'm so in love with you that I'm busted—I don't know what to do with myself. It makes no difference. I'll never see you again."

"Dan!" She rose unsteadily and held out her hand. "You're angry now. You'll feel better in the morning."

"There won't be any mornin,' so far as my feelin's are concerned," he assured her. "This is good-by!"

He was gone. She wondered why she hadn't asked him to come and have luncheon with the family the next day. Of course there was her mother; and Hanley would in all probability misunderstand her motives.

Well, Maggie had sharpened her knife to do the deed, and she had driven it straight through flesh and bone; but, being at best only an amateur murderer, she visioned the horror over and over, and felt the agony in her own nerves. Dan, whom she had looked upon yesterday as a full-blooded romance—Dan, her trusting boy, whom she had stabbed in the back!

People began coming in to quaff the medicinal waters; so she left the stairs and walked aimlessly toward the corridor. She would say good night to Hanley and go to bed.

Out in the foyer she heard roughly concerted shouts in a boisterous volume unusual to this dignified resort. Those college boys again, she thought, at first; but as she drew nearer the desk she saw hundreds of people of all ages and figures mobbed together, hands waving, throats opening to three cheers and a tiger. A man was standing on a chair, haranguing the multitude; and as her dazzled eyes cleared she was able to make out the features of the orator. It was J. Hanley Stuart, addressing the guests of the hotel!

Curiouser and curiouser! His ringing words came to her, jumbled by distance: "Forget party lines in the great endeavor." . . . "The President is for us, and we're all for the President." . . . "The slogan for every man and woman must be Work and Courage!"

She sank into a padded chair beside a pillar and waited for Hanley to get down from his perch. Maggie settled weakly back and her suitor found her there at last. His cheeks were flushed by an excitement that made him look quite handsome.

"It was an awful speech—I must have been absurd," he apologized. "But, when the news came, somebody had to say something."

"News?" She stared stupidly.

"The President has declared that a state of war exists between the United States and Germany."

Her hands went up to her breast in a very feminine gesture. She wanted to tell him how glad she was for him, now that he would be identified with a cause worthy of a heroic statesman.

She wanted to tell him how eager she was to be at his side, helping him as she knew she could.

"What will you do?" she asked finally.

"I'm going to Washington in the morning," he told her. "I've fairly well-laid plans for a Food Conservation Board."

"That will be splendid!" In a manner the name of his enterprise did not strike fire against her ideal of him.

(Continued on Page 85)

IN THE VOSGES—By John Masefield

The Story of an American Driver's First Night Under Fire

Section Three, American Ambulance Field Service

The Trail of the Boche

IT IS a year ago now. I was twenty at the time and had only just come out; in fact, I reached Paris on the thirteenth day after leaving home. When I reached Paris they sent me across France to join my section, which was down in the Vosges. I did not know then that trains in wartime are few and crowded; I came late and had to stand in the corridor all the way to Lorraine.

The train made ——, in Lorraine, on time, but there came a *changement* and delay; I could go no farther till the next morning. I had difficulty in getting permission to leave the station so as to sleep at an inn. During the night there was an air raid. In the morning there was another difficulty: The usual civilian train to —— was suspended, owing to the movements of troops. The commandant of the station was too busy to attend to me. I went to his office to ask what I was to do, but it was crowded with officers, and his orderly kept me back. One officer who was writing at a desk told me that I could not go.

I suppose that the men were nearly off their heads with work. I was on the platform for three hours, and in all that time men were bringing them papers, and officers were coming up for instructions. The line was busy, soldiers were cheering, trains full of troops came past, with windows full of shouting heads, and in the midst of all the noise they started loading the horses of a battery into some cars at a siding.

While they were doing this I had another go at the commandant, and this time one of his officers said that I might go on with the battery. His orderly took me along and left me in charge of some *artilleurs*, who led me in to the dirty straw on the floor of a horse box, where I lay among the crowd, with my head on my bag.

By and by we started and crawled along the line to where we stopped at a siding—for hours, it seemed. It was bitterly cold December weather, with snow overhead, and a flake or two blowing in the air. I don't know that I have ever known a more evil day. None of the *artilleurs* knew where they were going—except vaguely, that there was to be a push on the right. We kept the doors closed and tried to keep warm. One of the men, who had just parted from his wife, was weeping; the others sang a little, and smoked and chaffed and cursed the cold.

The Men in the Hospital Train

PRESENTLY we heard a noise of shouting, so we opened the door and looked out, and saw a trainload of infantry going in the direction of the frontier. One of our *artilleurs* said, "*Ça chauffe*," which means, I suppose, "Things are beginning to get a move on." I was excited at this, yet anxious, for I did not much know what being in a battle would be like, or how much scared I should be. After this train had passed us we were allowed to proceed, and crawled on for an hour or two, when we stopped at a little station where there was a halted train that I shall never forget. One of the *artilleurs* pointed it out to me, with the remark that there was work for me.

It was what is called a *train sanitaire*, or train for carrying the wounded. Part of it was divided up, so to speak, into residential blocks or compartments for the surgeons, cooks and orderlies, who lived and slept on board her day in, day out; the rest of it was for the wounded. I had never seen wounded men before; this was my first view of them. Of course the seriously hurt were lying on their stretchers inside the train; I could not see them. But I could see the others.

Gray Lines of Transports Trail Past the Ruins

By a chance the others were nearly all men suffering from shell shock, and on seeing them my first thought was that I was looking at a trainload of gibbering lunatics. All the windows were filled with faces full of terror and horror, with staring eyes and dribbling mouths.

They were all white, and all ghastly, and none of them could stand being touched, or the sound of the train.

They must have come out of the trenches during the night.

The mud was caked thick upon them everywhere, except where they were bandaged, and one man, for some reason, stared at me in a way that I shall remember. It is possible that he never saw me, but his eyes were turned upon me all the time that I stood there. God knows what agony of terror and pain had brought that look upon him. It was the face of a man who for hours on hours has had to watch death coming nearer and nearer in its most awful form, and had at last been struck by death, and yet could not tell how badly. His arm and shoulder were all swathed in bandages, but I know now that he was not dangerously hit. By his look, he had been a clerk or shop assistant before the war, and a game of dominoes was about as much contest as he was fit for. Now he stared, as though the horror of what he had seen would never pass from his memory. His look had a kind of pity and a kind of ghastly envy in it for me who was young, and still clean and unwounded.

After this we passed on out of the station to other stations, all full of the confusion and the bustle of war. There was certainly going to be a push on the right. At last we reached the terminus, where we all got out, and my friends, the *artilleurs*, bade me good-by. They got out their horses and their guns and limbered up and away, in quick time. I never saw any of them again.

When I got out I was numb with cold; snow was falling and we were well up among the foothills of the Vosges. It was about five o'clock in the evening, very dark, with no glimmer of a moon. As far as one could see we were in a kind of glen, with a sort of blackness, which might be hills, on both sides of the line. I had hoped some member of my section might be there to meet me, but when I saw there was none I realized that they had expected me by the earlier train, half a dozen hours before, and had now given me up.

I went to the commandant of the depot to ask about it. He told me that a man had come down to meet me, but had long since given me up and gone. It was seven miles to the village where the section was billeted; I could walk it, he thought, unless stopped by the guards; or perhaps someone would give me a lift.

Some First Impressions

HE WAS called away before I could ask him how I could get a lift. I waited for him to come back, but he did not come. His office was a little room, with a red-hot stove in it, and two tables, one his own and the other for his clerks. The clerks were two old soldiers, both intently busy, making three copies of everything on paper of different colors with pens that scratched. I wondered what it was they were doing and what would happen if they left out, say, a yellow copy or a dark-red one, in any of their sets of three.

There were some prints upon the wall; a big colored map of France with "the line" drawn across it in blue chalk; a map of the Vosges, with big red wafers stuck upon it to mark I know not what; and the famous yellow print of the Crown Prince, *Le Raté*, or The Thwarted, on the battlefield of the Marne. Men came in from time to time to leave papers on the commandant's desk.

By and by, after I had waited a long time, an officer who entered asked who I was. He looked at me pretty narrowly and asked to see my papers, which he studied with care, especially the photograph on my passport. This photograph was not very like me; it had been taken at home, before I put on my uniform, and my uniform had greatly changed my appearance. He asked if I had no photograph showing me in uniform, and when I said "No" he seemed displeased. My papers were *en règle*, but I had been told about the danger of spies, and the man's manner made me anxious. He asked how I had come on from ——, and then took my *ordre de mission* out of the room.

As he went out the two clerks stopped writing and looked up at me. They were two nice old soldiers, but the look had about it something of the police court and the firing party. It made me wonder what they would do if I stepped toward the door. I stood still where I was, and gazed at the pictures and maps, and they dropped their eyes and went on with their writing.

The officer was gone for ten minutes. As I had imagined, he had gone to telephone to my section about me. When he came back he was very nice to me; he even tried his English on me. "We wish you good luck!" he said. Then in French he said that some *camions* were about to start for my village and that I could go in one of them. He gave back my papers, smiled, shook hands, again wished me good luck and sent one of the old clerks with me to the *place* of the town, where the *camion* convoy stood.

When I went out of the hot office the cold seemed to go right through me. Snow was blowing about in those little

dry aimless pellets, too tiny to be called flakes, which come at the beginning of a fall. We went out of the station and round a block of buildings into the *place*, which had a light or two in it. Just as we came round the corner I heard quite plainly a noise of distant explosions—not, perhaps, many together, but coming in a run, one after the other, pretty continually. "*Les canons*," said my guide. They seemed to come from somewhere above, to the east of me.

On the south side of the *place* was a big building with a kind of veranda in front of it. Men were moving about with lanterns near this veranda, and presently I saw that it was not a veranda but a convoy of big, roofed motor wagons getting ready to start. My guide explained to someone who I was and where I was to go; he then bade me good night and turned away. He was a little elderly man from a village in Haute-Savoie; I met him afterward. The convoy man put me into one of his wagons, which was full of sacks of potatoes; I curled myself up out of the drafts, with my baggage round me; presently we started and I fell asleep.

When I got down from the wagon we were in a pitch-dark village street, where a mountain torrent ran in front of the houses. The roar of the water almost drowned the noise of the guns, which were still going on somewhere above me. The snow was blowing about, there was a smell of sauerkraut and a dog was howling. My driver helped me to take my baggage to a door from which a light streamed. The wagons went on after that; and as they started the commandant of my section welcomed me in.

I went into a long, narrow room where about thirty weary men were eating supper. A place was made for me near the stove, so that I thawed and ate at the same time. The food was exceedingly good, it being near the Front, and there is a saying: "The nearer the Front the sweeter the meat." But the men there had the air of eating so as to be done with it. They were tipping food into themselves exactly as one tips letters into a letter box. One or two men, as they finished, got up and went out. A minute or two later I heard their ambulances starting in the street outside.

There was not much need to ask questions, for what I had seen and heard among the soldiers during the day had taught me that there was fighting in the mountains. Now I could see that the fighting was hard and that these men were in it. The fighting had lasted for two days and nights, so they told me, and this was the third night, and the ambulances had been going and coming all the time till the drivers were nearly worn out. Both sides were attacking. Far up, above us on the ridges, there was a battle of hell for the possession of the peaks, and no man could say which way the fight would turn.

A Journey in Darkness

FROM the manner of the men I gathered that there was a chance that our side might not win. I will not say that I was scared; but there I was, just arrived, and the battle was going on, and it was dark, and I knew nothing about a battle anyway. One man fell fast asleep at his food, even as he ate. I had read of exhausted soldiers doing this; now I saw it done.

The commandant asked if I were too weary to go right away in one of the ambulances, so as to give the driver a night's rest. He said that he would drive, so as to show me the road, and that I should be the assistant. I said that of course I would come. He said: "We'll start directly after supper. We'll go to the topmost *poste*, right up among the hills. I hope the snow will keep off."

I asked if it were far to where the fighting was. He said: "About four miles, all uphill, and in forest as dark as pitch. Wrap yourself, for it's going to be cold, though the engine will warm you up when she gets going."

I talked jauntily enough, but I did not feel jaunty. I had come all that way, four thousand miles, without really thinking what it would be like at the end. The excitement of helping France, and the pleasure of being in uniform, and the vanity of being thought a hero, had kept me from seeing the truth. Now here it was, in the dark and cold, only four miles away, and it made me anxious in a new kind of way. We went out of the mess room to the street where the ambulance cars were parked.

As soon as my eyes were accustomed to the darkness I made out some blackness of buildings, with chinks of light at windows and doors. Beyond these in one place I made out a bigger blackness, which was a mountain. Snow was still drifting about in pellets. Not enough was on the ground to cover it; there was just a dust of snow, powdering about in a stillness that foretold a big fall. If the snow had been on the ground it would have made the night lighter. As it was, it was one of the darkest nights I could remember, and as cold as the Banks.

The commandant climbed into his seat; I sat beside him, and we started.

For the first few minutes it was not so bad, because the road lay along the valley of the brook for a fairly open stretch. Then we ran into a village where the darkness was utter. I could scarcely catch the blackness of the houses against the blackness of the sky. There was not even a gleam of light in this village. "It has been shot up," said the commandant. "Nobody lives at this end. They shoot it up still from time to time, just at this end, trying to catch the crossroads."

We took a turning at the crossroads and came into what seemed a wider place. I could see nothing, but the commandant slowed down here, and when the engine quieted I could hear other engines moving beside us and see a sort of moving blackness in the blackness, where something was wallowing along. I heard a horse walking past us, then rather a lot of horses, and I caught a whiff of stables and horse sweat and heard a clack of chain. Straining to see, the dust of snow blew into my eyes; and the pellets pitted gently on my face and against the screen.

We went on a little, and the noise of the torrent fell away, and I heard a noise of men marching, and cries in the road and the rumble of wagons. How the commandant could see to drive I could not imagine. I do not know even now how one drives on those roads in the dark nights. We were in a road with convoys of wagons and moving troops going in both directions, and I could see nothing but blackness that might have been anything, full of noises from everywhere.

Presently in front of us a shaft of light fell across the road from a door suddenly opened and left wide. I saw men on a sidewalk at my left, and, on my right, going across the shaft of light, in the same direction as ourselves, a column of soldiers marching. Someone on a white horse crossed the shaft, and glittered as he crossed; then rank after rank of men, all gray in the light and all alike, with their rifles and their packs and their tin dishes on their packs, and their buttoned-back coat skirts and shifting gaiters, went on and on.

At first they were invisible, then they loomed up black and rather big, then became gray in the light, then darkened and passed into the darkness, and others and others came. We went slowly there, for men were going into the doorway from the road. One of them shouted "*Bon repos!*" to us, and another, seeing the car with the Red Cross upon it, knew that we were Americans, and called out, in good Virginian: "Well! What's the matter?" After that the blackness shut down upon us and I knew neither where we were nor how we were going.

Up the Mountain Slopes

WE TURNED to the left and went up a slope where there was a glow of light from a double doorway. It was the door of a big house in use as a hospital. An ambulance was near the door and some *brancardiers* were unloading the wounded from it and carrying them up the steps. When we were clear of that house we saw no more light for a long time. We began to zigzag up the road that leads to the peaks. My companion told me that there were vineyards on both sides of us and that the enemy used to shell the vineyards when the grapes were ripe. I was glad that it was now long after grape harvest. Afterward I made that journey many times by daylight, and got to know it pretty well. It is a bad road even in daylight; its surface curves and gradients are all bad. At the beginning of the war it was a charcoal-burner's cart track. They had made it a passable road for wartime. Perhaps the very best road comes down to that in wartime, from the traffic on it.

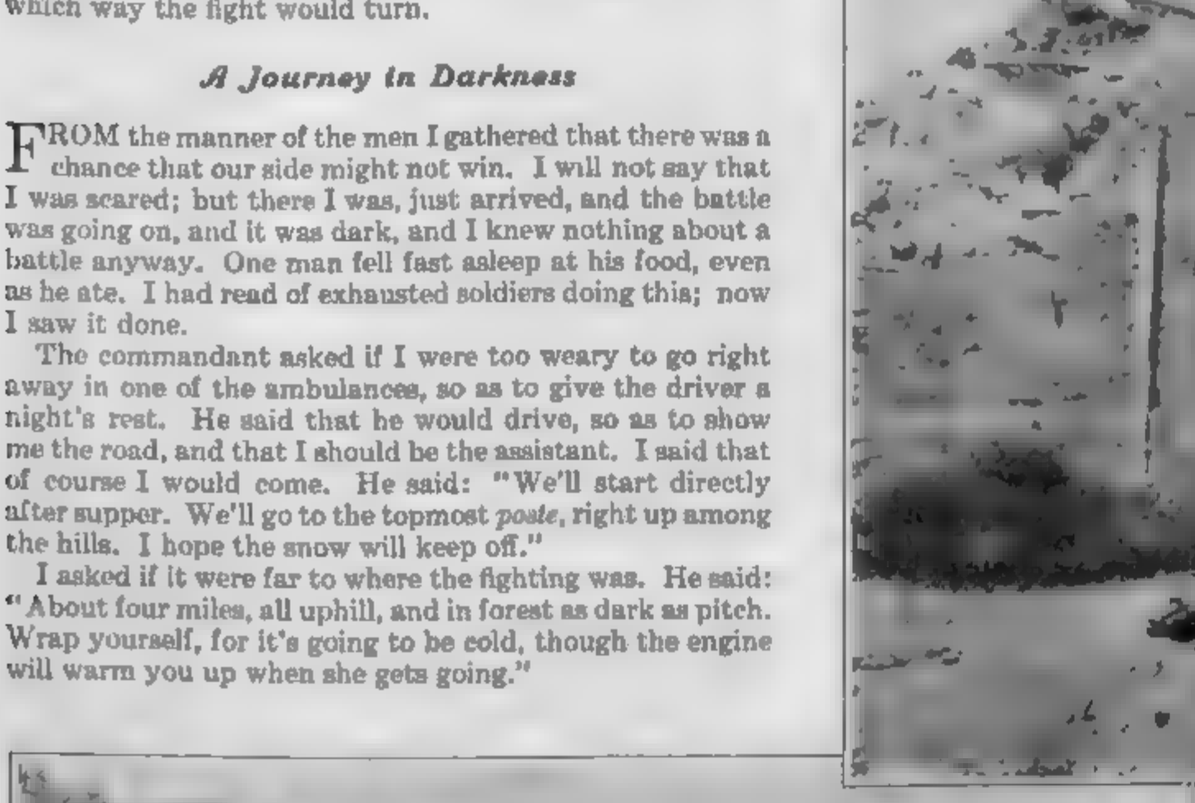
We swung round a kind of bastion or bulge in the mountain, and one of the gusts that blow down glens pelted the dust of snow on our front and flank, with malice, as we came round. My eyes were stung with it so that I had to shut them, and as I shut them I heard the roar of water from a torrent that went under the road. I could not make anything out of the road, except that we were on the flank of a glen, and I learned that from the way the wind was blowing. I could see nothing but blackness and what I imagined to be in the blackness.

It may partly have been the rhythm of the engines, partly the strain of not being able to see through the blackness and the snow dust, but all the time I felt that the road beside us was full of voices. I seemed to hear men talking as they marched, or singing those marching songs like

C'est pour la Patrie
Et pour la Nation,

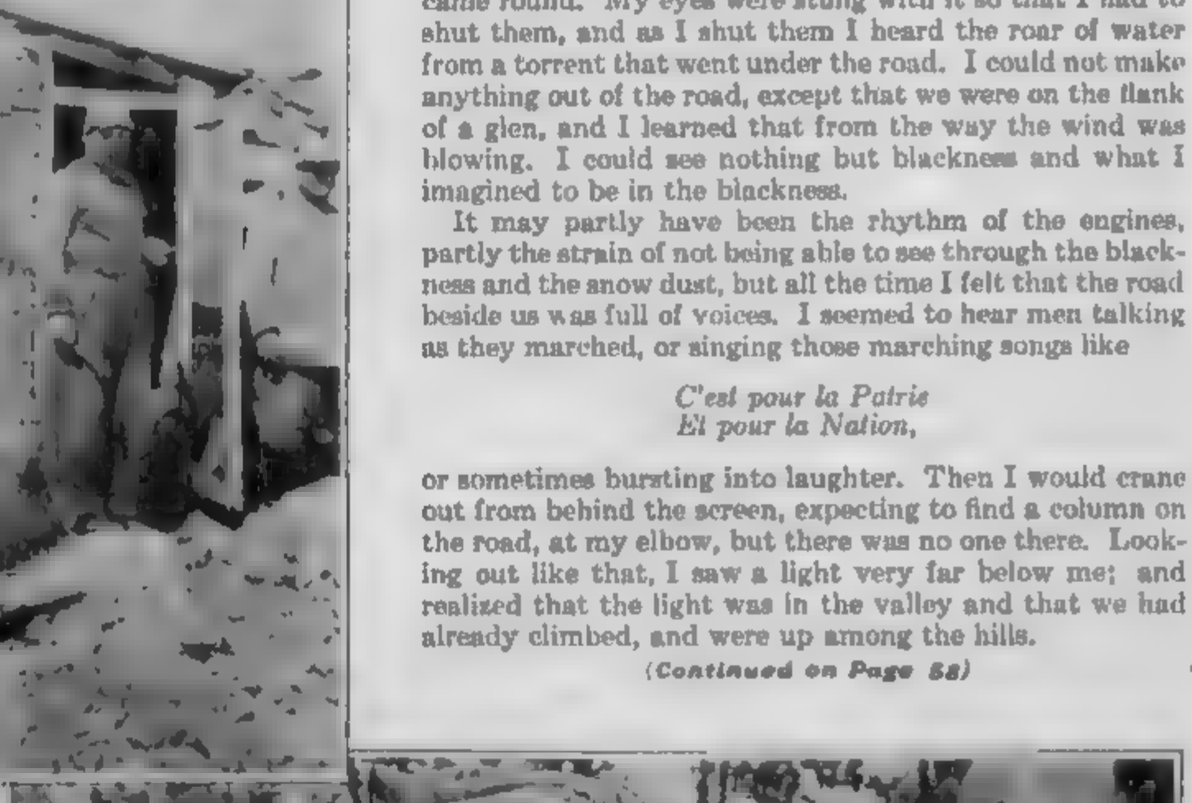
or sometimes bursting into laughter. Then I would crane out from behind the screen, expecting to find a column on the road, at my elbow, but there was no one there. Looking out like that, I saw a light very far below me; and realized that the light was in the valley and that we had already climbed, and were up among the hills.

(Continued on Page 58)



On the Way to the Front

A Company Carpenter Who Made Himself Comfortable in a Hut He Built From a Ruined House



All in the Day's Work

THE NAMING

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

Author's Note—For the benefit of those who know something of the country, and are, therefore, inclined to criticize technically, the author wishes to state that he is perfectly aware that in these stories he has used characteristics from two distinct but nearly contiguous tribes of natives.

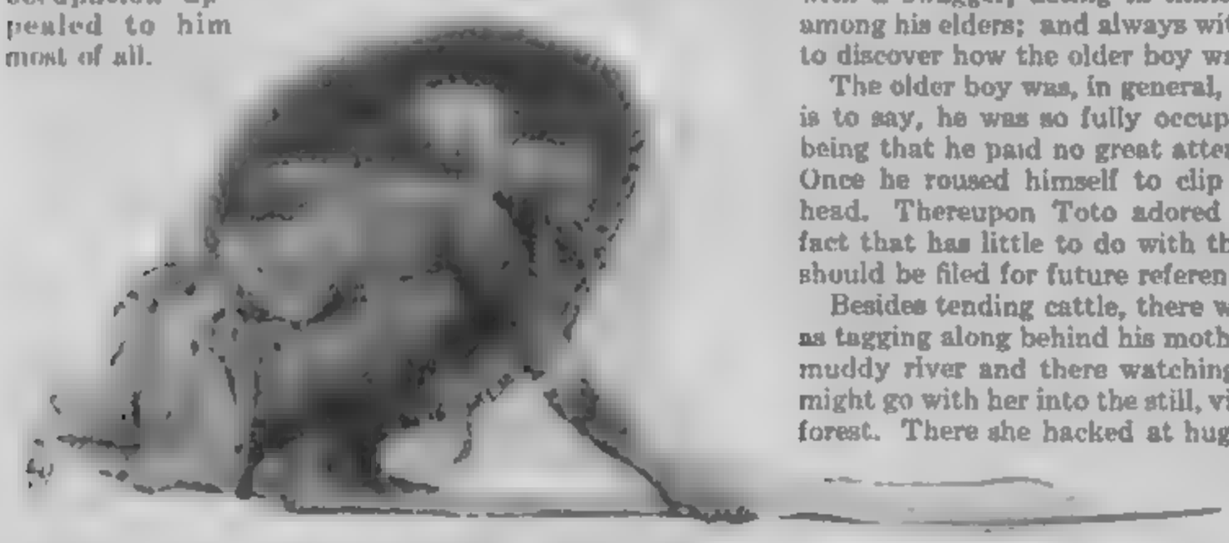
WHEN his first-born son was big enough to toddle about on his own two legs, M'Kuni sent him out with the boys and old men to herd the cattle. As yet, the son had only a variety of child names, endearing little names such as indicated the real affection in which he was held. Of course he must choose his own man's name; but, as yet, he had shown no disposition to do so.

M'Kuni was a man of considerable importance. He owned a round house with a conical thatched roof; two spears—one for war, with a long slender blade, and one for the chase, shaped like a leaf; four wives, of whom one was young; three wicker doors; a shield of genuine buffalo hide; considerable wire and bead jewelry; sufficient clothing of goatskin to satisfy his sketchy ideas on the subject; and nearly five hundred head of cattle. He led a thoroughly satisfactory life. The immemorial traditions of his people were well known to him, so he made few mistakes of action and, therefore, had very little bad luck. When he had crossed a stream he always spat on a pebble and threw it back into the current; when birds crossed him from right to left he never omitted to count them and conduct his day by their omen; not once did he fail to avert his face when meeting the mother of any of his wives. And so with a thousand other little things, M'Kuni was an alert-minded savage. He never forgot or overlooked. It is well known that the gods have no concern with mental attitudes. Ignorance or forgetfulness is no excuse. They want results.

All night M'Kuni and his four wives and his various children slept quite comfortably in the circular hut, while the five hundred cattle stamped and lowed and splashed about inside the tiny corral that inclosed both them and the house; and other cattle belonging to other houses next door on each side did the same. A heavy thorn wall surrounded the collection of houses and corrals, and so made the village.

Soon after dawn the women and older children stirred. The gates were opened. Out from the thorn *boma* thronged the masses of cattle. They stretched their necks and lowed, and the heavy vibrating diapason overcame even the roar of the lions returning full fed to their lairs. From a rise near by they would have looked like a spreading, dark, sluggish flow. They were small, plump, gentle cattle, with humps of fat above their shoulders. Their herders drove them to the pastures appointed, and there all day they fed in compact bodies, shimmering in the hot heat mirage like varicolored patches against the low hills.

When he felt so inclined M'Kuni came into the open air. He always had plenty to do. He could go out to count his cattle and keep acquainted with every individual of them; he could visit his cronies in the village; he could squat outside the council of the elders, listening to tales and wise talk; he could oversee the primitive agricultural work performed by his wives; he could polish with wood ashes and herb juice the metal of his ornaments and weapons; he could join a hunting party on the veldt; he could sit in his own dooryard and play with his own children, of whom there was always an abundance. M'Kuni, like the rest of his people, was very fond of children; so the last-named occupation appealed to him most of all.



M'Kuni Could Squat Outside the Council of the Elders, Listening to Tales and Wise Talk

In his first-born M'Kuni took a never-ebbing delight. Never had been such a boy—so straight, so confident, so bold! None of the others could compare with this one. Though the word *toto* was a general one, meaning children, it was always understood that when M'Kuni said *toto* he meant this boy. And so gradually he became known as Toto, pending the choosing of his man name.

Toto ran stark naked save for a polished brass amulet, and shave-headed save for a trig tuft at his crown. And the day he went forth with the cows he carried a tiny spear.

II

IT WAS a wonderful life! The small, naked, lively little figures darted here and there, shouting in childish treble. The huge placid beasts obeyed. And then the sun-saturated day on the high veldt, with a wind blowing, and clouds like ships sailing to the edge of the world and over, and the great herds of game feeding in the hollows, and birds wheeling with cries. Toto and his companions stood upon rocks and watched lest calves stray within reach of hyenas, and ran about with their shrill cries whenever the herd threatened to lose its compactness. For in concentration alone was safety. And betweentimes they shrieked at each other, or played games of war or hunting.

It may be believed that for a very little boy there were many terrors stalking among the strangenesses of the veldt. Things glided half seen in the grass; they lurked in shadows; they rustled in thickets; they peered from the dimness of trees. Africa real is a realm of enchantments and dangers; and to Africa real must be added the Africa fantastic of the small-boy imagination, supplemented by the overheard fireside tales of older small boys with awestruck, shining eyes.

Sleeping lions, leopards, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, lurking hyenas, baboons, hidden snakes and crocodiles, and other matters of like significance, were serious enough hazards, heaven knows. But when one thinks of the Great Gray Hyena, whose footfalls make no sound and whose attack is always from the rear; or of the little black man, who dwells in rocks and fastens his teeth in throats; or of the invisible Thing, whose sole manifestation is its shrieking voice and its biting claws—or, indeed, a dozen of the equally sociable creatures—why, then, one cannot be blamed for looking upon the great hump-backed cattle as familiar friends. Especially since the world round is very large and one's self is very small; and when a wild-eyed, dashing, breathless foray to yonder point of rocks and back may require the resolution of a great adventure. The only comfort was that most of these things, from lions on, were deadliest at night. But one can never be sure!

Toto's most intimate friend was a youngster slightly older than himself, named Maongo. This youth was a very wonderful being, because he happened to be two years older and to possess a nature whose stupidity manifested itself in aloofness. Therefore Toto did his best to show off before Maongo, dashing a little farther out than anyone else, displaying unusual zeal in his simple duties, talking with a swagger, acting in imitation of the best models among his elders; and always with a concealed side glance to discover how the older boy was taking it.

The older boy was, in general, taking it very well—that is to say, he was so fully occupied with his own inmost being that he paid no great attention to his small adorer. Once he roused himself to clip Toto savagely over the head. Thereupon Toto adored him more than ever, a fact that has little to do with this part of our story, but should be filed for future reference.

Besides tending cattle, there were other activities, such as tagging along behind his mother to the broad, sluggish, muddy river and there watching her wash beans; or he might go with her into the still, vine-entangled, mysterious forest. There she hacked at huge trees with a ridiculous, short-handled ax, the blade of which was not over two inches wide, shrieking at her neighbors, consumed with giggles and jokes. It seemed to Toto that she had been chipping at the same tree for an incredible series of days, which was true; and he foresaw no result. The idea never occurred to him that the labor had any ulterior end beyond the mere fun of it. That was considerable. The ax made a most satisfying slamming noise against the silence of the forest.

The shadows were cool there, after the sun outside, and the monkey people carried on most amusing business in the upper world. And one wonderful day there materialized in the background a great shadowy mass, without sound, quietly, as though in the depths of the other shadows this one great dark one had thickened like a cloud. And one by one other masses materialized, until there were six of them. Toto stared with all his eyes. He caught the gleam of yellow-white, the slow sway and swing of moving things. And then suddenly he saw eyes, little wicked eyes, staring at him.

His mother and the other women had fallen silent. They picked up their little axes and the goatskin shawls they had cast aside, and quietly and unhastingly withdrew, step by step, ceremonially, without turning their backs. And the great strange things stood swaying until the women had departed, then came forward into the clearing, as though taking possession of a right.

"What was it?" Toto asked his mother.

"They were my lords the elephants, who wished to use their own," she replied.

And when he was old enough he even accompanied his father and some of the older men on short hunts near at hand. This was vastly exciting, but, it must be confessed, not too often productive. Across certain well-known narrow gaps in the hills sticks were bound together tripod-wise. Beneath each tripod squatted a hunter, armed with bow and spear. He was in plain sight, but he sat as still as an image; and the beasts when driven did not appear to notice him. Possibly the tripod of sticks effectively blurred the outline. Others, the youngest and most active, tried to herd the game past the blinds. The animals were wild from much driving, and only rarely did they pass near enough to receive one of the deadly little poisoned arrows. But when a kongoni, or a zebra, or even—happy day—a wildebeest was downed, what a celebration!

No matter what the occupation of the day, the setting sun witnessed veldt and forest vacated by all its human inhabitants and their possessions. Man's dominion in Africa ends with the daylight; and the lion, the lord of the darker hours, comes into his own. Little Toto used to creep to the gate of the *boma* and listen. First, there were the deep coughing grunts—here, there, near, far—as the beasts greeted one another across the spaces. Then some mighty old male, hungry but scornfully careless, would roar. The deep vibrating tones filled all the cup of heaven. And, when the last rumbling had died, silence held the world. No zebra barked, no hyena laughed, no bird cried. All the veldt seemed to be holding its mighty breath, awaiting the pleasure of its lord. And little Toto, trembling, crept back to the hut.

III

WHEN Toto had reached the age of ten, and had added a necklet of leather, sewn with blue and white beads, to his other possessions, an excitement reached the camp. Over the blue hills on the west a white man was approaching! News of him came to the village mysteriously between sundown and sunup, a time when no human is abroad. Neither did any stranger arrive. Yet, before the gates were thrown open for the cattle, all knew of this white man and what he looked like, and with how many men he traveled. How the news arrived is one of the mysteries of Africa. The village was ahum with it, and Toto and his companions lingered and procrastinated and delayed in order to hear more, until old Shimbo, the

Never Had Been Such a Boy—So Straight, So Confident, So Bold!

witch doctor, laid to them with his staff. There were no games that day. The boys squatted in a compact little group and talked.

They had all heard of white men, but none of them had ever seen one. This was in the days when white men were very few. The boys were secretly a little afraid; outwardly, of course, very boastful. They all bragged of what they would do were they elders and were a white man to enter their country; and they dismissed with airy nonchalance the stories of the white man's wonders—the striking of fire, the gun, the tents and chairs, and everyday miracles that, garbled and distorted in transmission through many tongues, reached this hilltop in strange and awesome guises. The more they chattered the more excited they became. Only Maongo maintained his imperturbable, calm silence. And Toto, being by nature excitable, looked up to him the more on that account and admired his coolness and courage.

The cattle were driven from the hills earlier than usual that evening. Nobody objected, for the people were in a tumult. This little village lay near the edge of the higher hills on the eastward. From that direction came neither travel nor war. It was a backwater. Now suddenly it was called upon to take its part in the world's affairs.

Old Shimbo, the witch doctor, was very busy and very mysterious. He had on his headdress and mask with the wildebeest horns; and the feathered armlets and anklets; and the string of bells that reached from his waist to his knees.

And he had painted in white on his naked body a picture of his skeleton, death size, and was altogether an awful and inspiring object.

Before a little queer-smelling fire he was laying out certain sacred but undetermined objects and substances, muttering darkly to himself. From the forest came long files of women, bent double, carrying on their backs, by means of straps passing across the tops of their heads, great loads of firewood. This they deposited in the center of the village. And before all the huts the girls and younger women were sorting and polishing various articles of clothing, jewelry, beadwork, and other ornaments. A row of drums, as big as barrels, stood on the other side of the growing pile of fuel.

Toto and his companions hastily impounded the cattle and raced to the big tree, beneath which squatted every able-bodied man left in the village. His father was not there; and soon Toto learned that he, with others, had taken his spear, a section of sugar cane, and a gourd full of mixed blood and milk, and had gone forth to hover on the flanks of the white man's safari. From the conversation of those who remained he learned a number of things: that the white man was a very formidable and fearsome creature; that the warriors of the village would do their duty.

An impartial person would have detected more than a slight nervousness beneath this loudly expressed determination; and if he was particularly intelligent he would have foreboded trouble were that nervousness allowed to explode into action! There is danger in any situation that no one quite knows how to handle.

For the duty of this village was very simple. It was the law that through the lands of these people no man should pass without permission from the paramount chief, Leyeye. This permission was to be obtained by the payment of a tribute called *honga*. A high official of Leyeye's court met all strangers at the frontier. He planted his long spear upright in the ground. The traveler then threw over it coils of copper or iron wire. His treatment depended on how far up the spear the coils of wire extended.

Very wealthy travelers had even been known to bury the spear completely. They were then permitted to go where they wished and to spend as long a time as they pleased. But such munificence was rare and not to be expected. And now, for the first time, this little village happened to be on the frontier. Its men must stop this white man and hold him until Leyeye's envoys arrived. They had never had any experience; and they had no idea how it was to be done. Suppose the white man refused to stop!

At dusk the fire was lighted. The drums began to roar. Shimbo, looking like a terrible devil with horns, capered round and round the blaze, throwing various queer-smelling, quick-burning substances on the flames. The women wailed shrill chants that swelled and died down, and swelled again, following the throbbing of the drums. The men, dressed in their utmost magnificence, looking fiercely imposing under their black ostrich plumes, shook their weapons and swayed them in unison.

All that night the *n'goma* lasted. It increased its intensity; it became toward the close an orgy of movement, of rhythmic emotion that at times suddenly broke into shrieking, foaming hysteria. Old Shimbo cast his spells, and at the dawn they all crept to their huts. But in some way it was felt that considerable had been done about it.

That very day the white man arrived. He marched over the hills, at the head of some thirty men; proceeded in businesslike fashion to the bottom land near the stream; looked about for a few moments; and then, standing upright in the center, began to give orders. In his hand he held a slender whip of rhinoceros hide, with which he pointed, now here, now there. And at his bidding his men scampered about, doing things in a marvelous and unheard-of manner.

Toto and his adored Maongo, and all the other boys of their age, were standing about, watching, you may be sure. For what purpose were the younger boys created, save to take over the job when their elders wished to view wonders? A disconsolate band of the smaller fry—some with fresh bruises on their topknots—watched the cattle.

Nothing escaped the keen eyes of the older boys. The white man was satisfactorily big and wore a bushy black beard, which, among people comparatively beardless, was distinction enough. It must be remembered that even the smallest, pettiest, most trivial detail—buttons and buttonholes, belt buckles, the cut of clothes, the hat, hobnails, and half a hundred such trifles—were not only brand-new and strange, but the use and wearing of them must often be guessed. Toto and his friends stood like little straight bronze statues; their elders squatted about at a little distance, motionless; but a hundred pairs of eyes brimmed with quick curiosity and observation.

Things moved in that camp with incredible swiftness. A double tent went up, chop boxes were piled to make a sort of table, a tin box was deposited and unlocked, a light folding chair was placed. The white man sat down in this and filled a pipe. Then occurred the first miracle. The white man produced a tiny sliver of wood, no bigger than a twig. He touched it carelessly to the underside of the thing on which he sat. And instantly it burst into flame!

This was too much. The carefully preserved equilibrium tottered. A simultaneous cry of amazement broke from all in sight.

With this definite transcending of the laws of Nature, the white man entered once and for all the ranks of a different species, possessed of extrahuman powers. Anything in the miracle line he might in the future perform would perhaps terrify, and certainly interest, but would not astonish. Why should it? When a man proves himself superior to one immutable natural law, what is to prevent his being superior also to the others? If he can make fire with a twig—which is, of course, impossible—why should he not fly or talk over a wire or jump over the moon, or do any other thing that may please his fancy?

This white man was not a reassuring individual. He never so much as glanced toward any of his numerous audience. His own affairs he carried on briefly with a small, lively black man whose face was wrinkled. After a few minutes this little man whom Toto heard named as Cazi Moto, brought food and served it, which was another most absorbing thing to watch.

Toto's imagination cooled in contemplation of what he would do toward detaining this awesome individual should the latter not care to be detained. Realizing to the full his hopeless inferiority in such matters as diplomatic negotiation and miracles, he could think of nothing save to get together as big a crowd as possible and, all together, rush in and kill. Which was precisely the reasoning that was passing through the minds of his elders.

By now the more important of the latter were beginning officially to appear. For a time they had squatted with the common herd, satisfying their curiosity; but soon they had retired to the village in search of grandeur. They came by twos and little groups, and they were very wonderful to look upon, what with the encircling ostrich plumes, and their polished wire and bead jewelry, and their long bright spears, and their lozenge-shaped painted hide shields. Silently they gathered closer and closer, until they stood in an unbroken semicircle ten feet distant. The white man seemed unaware of their existence, and continued to eat his food. The warriors shifted from one foot to the other, a good deal, it must be confessed, like waiting schoolboys. Finally young Sabuk, the biggest dandy and the most self-assured, grinned and ventured a bashful greeting:

"*Jambo, bwana!*"

The white man leisurely lifted a hard, aggressive stare to Sabuk's face. After several tense and—to Sabuk—agonizing seconds he called:

"Cazi Moto!"

The little black man hurried up. The white man pointed to Sabuk with his whip.

"Is this the *n'ympara?*" * he asked in Swahili.

A chorus answered him in the negative. The traveler, paying no attention to these volunteer replies, waited for Cazi Moto.

"Tell this man who has spoken that I wish to see the *n'ympara* immediately," he commanded, and at once became totally oblivious of all human insects.

After a few moments he entered his tent and the flaps fell behind him. The boys—and their elders—remained staring after him. Here, thought Toto, was a great lord.

The Situation Was Serious Enough. One Blow of That Huge Paw Would be Sufficient—

* The form of this question in itself indicated the traveler's knowledge of his subject. *N'ympara* means headman. If the white man had desired to convey a compliment, or sense of importance, he would have inquired for the *Sultani*, which means king.

(Continued on Page 30)

Putting the Red Cross on a New War Basis—By Elizabeth Frazer

IN MY article last week I finished with the pre-war period, and we now pass from ancient and medieval into modern history—the events of the past three months. The dividing line between the two eras is the day when Von Bernstorff received his passports. After that date events pressed thick upon one another. On the night of April second, in Congress, Mr. Wilson asked the legislators of the country to declare that a state of war existed against the Prussian autocracy. This was done. And straightway the atmosphere cleared. After two years of turbulence and spiritual unrest, the nation was embarked upon the broad seas of open warfare, with a definite, clean-cut issue before it: Pike's Peak or Bust!

The first result of this cleared atmosphere was that the Red Cross automatically discarded what the pro-Germans had pleased to term her Christlike attitude. Then, early in May, Mr. Wilson added an entirely new department, called the Red Cross War Council, composed of some of the biggest brains in the country, and he placed at its head as chairman Henry P. Davison, of the J. Pierpont Morgan banking firm. A new Red Cross War Council! Its helmsman a partner in one of the largest, livest financial houses that ever flourished on this globe! That looked like reorganization, reconstruction, Big Business with a capital B. With the creation of the Red Cross War Council, the old régime passed, a new régime reigned. It was another instance of The king is dead. Long live the king!

But we are getting ahead of our news story. Let us go back to September, 1916. For in that month something happened. It was a conjunction which happened. And here, as in the case of the war council, it was President Wilson who caused the conjunction. This conjunction was nothing more or less than the appointment of Mr. Eliot Wadsworth as active chairman of the National Red Cross. On the surface this single act of reorganization spells nothing, but it was nevertheless an act of such acute, long-range perception, that one must credit the chief executive with rare intelligence and with knowing precisely what he was up to all along. For that was six months or more before war was declared; and the heavier, more extended responsibilities that would confront the Red Cross in such an event were not generally appreciated. The eyes of the Republic were fixed across the water, and few realized that the American Red Cross had turned over a fresh leaf and was entering upon the third phase of her existence.

Mr. Davison Explains His Job

THE new active chairman, Mr. Wadsworth, was a young business man with a very special kind of training. He was connected with a large business corporation of construction engineers that built dams, business blocks, and so on, all over the country, and financed electrical properties. One of its specialties was to take over defective or moribund surface railway companies or electric interurbans and put them into good financial shape so that they paid dividends to their owners. Sometimes this firm bought the concerns outright; sometimes it merely operated them for the owners. But their problem in either event was the same: to turn liabilities into assets, debits into credits; to conquer the law of inert mass and make a business proposition that had lost heart and started to slide downhill stop, turn round in its tracks, and begin to move in the opposite direction.

In these particular operations Mr. Wadsworth acted in the capacity of financial agent, which means simply that he went out and pulled the ship off the rocks. It will be seen that such a task requires a fairly large streak of constructive genius. It's the kind of problem that keeps many a keen business man turning restlessly on his pillow at night. And now the wisdom of Mr. Wilson in appointing Mr. Wadsworth to the position of active chairman of the Red Cross becomes more manifest. Had it been a perfect organization, functioning smoothly and with speed, the chances are it would not have interested Mr. Wadsworth. Its very imperfections constituted its biggest appeal. And so he took charge. There for the present we shall leave him, in his new office, a rather cramped little affair, with a stenographer or two, with not even a private telephone, but a wire through the Treasury Building.

Now let us jump from September, 1916, into June, 1917. We are at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, and Mr. Henry P. Davison is talking. Personally, the chairman of the new Red Cross War Council is a simple, genial, inconspicuous, modest sort of person. In figure he is compact, closely knit, with keen, straight-gazing gray eyes, almost concealed by drooping eyelids; a mouth mobile, wide, witty, but shrewd, very shrewd; and a magnetic, persuasive manner of speech that could coax the leaves off a tree—in short, a big, dynamic personality. The story that follows is the story of how Big Business goes into action to accomplish a given design.

"When Mr. Wilson," he began, "invited me down to Washington to consider ways and means of raising funds for the American Red Cross in the crisis that confronted it, I had no idea of going into the organization. I have private affairs that keep me fairly busy. There was a luncheon at the Metropolitan Club, with thirty or forty men from all parts of the country present. At the commencement of the banquet I was handed a note from the Treasury that demanded my presence, and so I had to leave, and did not get back until the luncheon was over and the guests were dispersing. But there were half a dozen or so left who remained to discuss the situation. I listened.

"And finally, after I'd got their point of view, I said: 'But look here, gentlemen: Money's not the only thing we need! As I conceive it, it's not even the chief thing. We want money, to be sure. But even more we want brains! We want all the brains, all the light, all the expert intelligence that the country can bring to bear on this problem. This is a big, a stupendous enterprise, and we've got to see it big—or we stand to make a stupendous failure, a fiasco that will echo round the world. The Red Cross needs money; but also, even more, it needs to extend its borders, widen its scope, supplement the administration in a million ways. And for that we've got to have brains, big live experts, and lots of them. We've got to cull the entire country. Why, gentlemen, what we really need, in my estimation, is a sort of big Red Cross War Council.'"

That was the inception of the idea. Not money. At least, not money first; but brains first and money afterward. And the idea took. Mr. Wilson created a new war council, and named the originator of the scheme chairman.

"I didn't want to take the job," he continued soberly. "I didn't feel I was the best man for the place. I don't feel so yet. But the others seemed to think I was needed, and I couldn't see my way to refuse. So here I am! Now what do you want me to talk about?"

"Scope, policy, vision. What's the program of the new Red Cross?"

"We've got a whale of a program!" He laughed, and added gravely: "The most stupendous and appealing call in the history of the world confronts us. Millions of men who have been fighting for liberty lie dead or wounded; millions of women and children are homeless; hundreds of towns and villages have been destroyed; disease is rampant. Up to now our own people have not suffered. While Europe has been pouring out her lifeblood, America has experienced a prosperity she has never known before.

"But now we ourselves are in this gigantic struggle. Hundreds of American doctors and nurses are already at the Front. A force of twelve thousand American engineers will soon be rebuilding the railroads of France. Upward of twenty-five thousand American men are already fighting on the Western battle front as volunteers; soon twenty-five thousand regulars will be added to their number. Inside a few months we shall have an army of one million men and a navy of one hundred and fifty thousand men. We must plan for the material and also the moral welfare of millions of troops. We must plan on the assumption that millions of American soldiers are going to fight on the side of our allies. That is a big job in itself. Wholly unexampled stores of medical supplies and equipment must be assembled. Thousands of nurses and doctors must be enlisted. Shipping must be found to take care of our end of the war labor. I'll return to that point later.

"Problems never before even considered must be solved swiftly. Some of these problems have to do with keeping our troops over there in mental as well as physical health. There must be means found to safeguard our boys so that they will return to us as fine as we sent them. Anybody who knows anything about armies in the field knows that there is always disease prevalent. Now thousands of our young men are going into camps abroad. It is extremely important that they should return fine and healthy, not broken-down and riddled by disease. For this purpose bases of welfare work are being established so that the American soldiers off duty may have opportunities for play and relaxation that will protect them from dangerous influences and disease-producing dissipation. Also we must safeguard them from the tuberculosis that is spreading through France.

"But the care of our army abroad is only one portion of our task. Another one of our chief aims is to hearten our allies. I believe that in most of the countries at war with Germany the people are tired, worn out by their terrific endurances. Now one of our most important tasks must be to spread sympathy and encouragement among these weary peoples; to make them feel that the United States of America has their present comfort and future upbuilding closely at heart, and is eager to give them good cheer, as well as medicines and doctors and money and bread and meat. This is the new and unprecedented side of our program.

"There has been some talk, I believe, that we had in mind to rebuild and rehabilitate the ruined villages of France. That is not literally true. What we have in mind is this: We know that back of the fighting Fronts in France are thousands of impoverished, miserable, helpless men and women and children. They own nothing in this world except the rags on their backs. They cling desperately to the fringe of the armies. They have no homes but dugouts. They have no tools. Their livestock has been stolen. In all the world's history there has not been such massed misery. No mere words can picture their destitution. Well, what is our duty here? It is simply to help them build homes for themselves, plain and simple huts; help them find tools and seeds so they may begin to till their wasted lands; to furnish them with a horse or maybe a cow; to doctor their sick and give them a fresh inspiration to go on."

A Colossal Program

"AND this is not charity. Don't let anybody get that idea for a moment. It is debt paying. We owe all that and vastly more to France, who has poured out her lifeblood for us. We are simply taking from the shoulders of an overburdened nation the task of helping these unfortunates and thus increasing the man power of France at the very time when this counts most. Then ——"

"Wait a minute! That scheme is vast, fabulous, colossal! How do you intend to carry it out?"

Mr. Davison laughed. "But that's not policy—that's administration. And you asked me to talk on policy! I'm not near through yet. There's Russia; the relief in Serbia; and I've not even touched America, the home end of the proposition! However, now we're on the subject, we'll finish it up. How are we going to do all that, eh? Well, this is how: We've formed a commission to handle the entire European situation. The composition of that commission is interesting. It consists of men picked from all over the country, each an expert in his own specialty. There are big medical and sanitary experts; construction engineers and transportation experts; Y. M. C. A. welfare men; civilian relief experts; men who have distinguished themselves in time of fire or flood. At the head of the commission is Grayson M. P. Murphy.

"They are already in France. And this is to be the method of their procedure: The leaders will go to the French Government bearing credentials from our Government, and they will say: 'Form a committee of five men to work with us. Form it outside of political and partisan lines. We want to work with it and through it for France.' And to this committee our committee will say: 'Now, what is your worst, most pressing problem? What do you want us to tackle first?' Suppose the French committee replies 'Tuberculosis. It's getting the upper hand of our men.' Then the commission, with its medical and sanitary experts backed by the tremendous power and financial support of the American Red Cross, will turn itself loose on that problem. Do you begin to get the idea?

"Or suppose they say 'It's transportation.' Or 'It's food supplies, the bare necessities of life for our civilian population'—and, speaking personally, I think they will say the latter first. Then that's what the commission will go after. And they will say, in effect, to these homeless men and women and families: 'Where did you come from? Well, you shall go back there! And your neighbors, if we can find them, shall go back there also. We'll provide you with a little house, tools, whatever you need to start out with. And then you go to it! Build yourself back into your country again!'

"This in itself is a vast field, to be handled with extreme delicacy and perception; and so the French people, with their various relief agencies, are to be the agents of distribution through which our commission works, as was the case with the Belgian Commission."

"Isn't this going to take a considerable sum of money?" I asked.

"Yes!"

"Do you think you will raise that first hundred million?"

The king of modern finance looked at me and permitted himself a smile. This smile signified that the raising of a hundred million dollars was the very least of his troubles. And I thought so too. I just asked him to see what he would say.

"And now," he resumed, "to come back to America. Here the problem resolves itself into camps, supplies, dependent families, transportation, each with a group of trained experts on the job. Let's have a look at the question of transportation. That's been a knotty proposition, and in the past the independent relief societies have beaten the Red Cross on speed—two reasons being, of course, that our bulk was so much greater and that the French lines were the sole carriers.

"But now all that's being changed, and henceforth we're going to be the world beaters on speed; and the other societies will have to come to us, because we'll have the ships: We'll have our own ships for carriers and route them right straight through under the protection of our Admiralty. The expert in charge of that special branch is D. W. Cooke, vice president of the Erie Railroad, head of the traffic department.

"Now suppose we discuss the problem of organization. My idea in taking hold was to form the Red Cross War Council—you know them: Charles D. Norton, Grayson Murphy, Cornelius Bliss, Jr., and Edward Hurley, all men of large affairs—into a kind of cabinet about me, parcel off to each one his special task, and then let him build his own organization to carry out his idea."

"And where did you come in, if you parceled off all the work?"

Quick Action and No Red Tape

"THAT'S it. I don't have anything to do at all. I just sort of stand round and look on." And Mr. Davison leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "we've practically revolutionized the entire internal organization. What we aim to do is to scrap all useless red tape and construct a machine that will function swiftly and directly for the present emergency. We're not building for time and eternity. We're after speed, and we're after it right now in order to beat the Germans; and for that reason we're going to tear down whatever operates against speed. We've got to keep things big and limber and supple.

"Without doubt, in building up an emergency plant like this, with speed as a determining factor, we're bound to make some mistakes—get an organization that will plague and torment us in the future! But the main thing now is to get action! One of our plans is to decentralize affairs, take details from the main offices in Washington and place them where they belong, in the branches. For example, under the older régime, let us say that a new unit wished to form in Azalea. Azalea wrote to Washington for permission, and Washington wrote back to the state for particulars; Azalea furnished the state the particulars, and the state furnished them to Washington, and in due time the new unit was formed.

"It reminds me of the story of a certain army carpenter who wanted a new kind of auger. So he sent in an order to the army stores, and then he waited. Presently the reply came back: 'We have received your order but beg to inform you that the auger you describe is not sold separately. It only comes with a complete chest of tools.' 'All right,' wrote the carpenter, 'send along the tool chest.' And again he waited. After a considerable time another letter came from a different department, which ran as follows: 'Dear sir, your request for a tool chest containing a certain kind of auger has been transferred to our branch. We beg to inform you that we do not supply separate tool chests. We would have to install an entire carpenter shop which would contain the tool chest which would contain the auger you desire.'

"But by this time," laughed Mr. Davison, "that army carpenter was dead! That's the kind of red tape we propose to eliminate."

"What's the relationship of the new Red Cross to the various independent organizations?"

"A very warm relationship!" said Mr. Davison, smiling. "If we're not married, we're engaged at least! As cordial a relationship as that. Already, since our reorganization, some of the societies have asked to come in with us. Others, with excellent methods and personnel, who are already doing fine work, we shall simply cooperate with as separate entities, delegate them a block of work and let them handle it in their own way. They'll become, in a sense, auxiliaries.

"This Red Cross," he concluded gravely, "as it now stands, reconstructed, revitalized, makes its personal appeal to every man, woman and child in the Union. It's not a Red Cross that belongs to an organization; it's not a charity. It's simply a big, democratic, federalized human proposition for handling our boys at home and abroad and for heartening our allies. Its success depends directly on the amount of faith the people have in it. We're bound to have criticism. But I'd like our critics to remember that the Red Cross War Council is a brand-new organization with a brand-new program. We're less than sixty days old, and we've had to build in all directions at once—tear out the older organization where it didn't meet the emergency needs and create whole new departments. So let the criticism be as helpful as possible. And for the sake of the few who sit on the side lines and jeer at all endeavor, I think we'll have to hang out the placard I once saw in a little Western church. That placard read: 'Do not shoot the organist! He's doing the best he can!'"

From the president of the War Council, I sought the active chairman, Mr. Wadsworth. I found him on the second floor of the handsome large new building, in the center of a humming workshop of labor. The clatter and pace resembled nothing so much as a huge factory-loft business plant during the rush season. Dozens of pages ran to and fro; quiet, important-looking men hurried into private offices; and everywhere, in every available foot of space, were stenographers. Their tables filled the spacious corridors, overflowed from anterooms, and even down in the big marble entrance hall their desks crowded to the very doors.

"What has been the physical growth of this organization," I asked, "since you took charge?"

The active chairman laughed. "Look about you!" he said. "When I came in we had one secretary who had charge of the mail. Now see this!" He opened a door and revealed an entire room given over to girls who divided and sorted the day's mail. "Our letters used to go out once or twice a day. Now they go out every hour with our own motor cycle. Formerly we received and sent a telegram or so a day. Now hundreds pour in. Under the older régime we had no telephone of our own, but had to rely on the Treasury wire. Now we have fifteen trunk lines, busy every hour of the day. When we got into this new building I thought we were going to have plenty of space. But already we've outgrown it! And so we erected an annex in the rear that contains even more floor space than this building. It's a model factory-loft construction with a saw-tooth roof for ventilation. That's for the use of the several departments. We can't expect high-grade efficiency under cramped conditions like these!"

"You seem to be getting it!"

"We'll get more than this," he observed laconically. "We've barely begun the race."

"How has your membership grown?"

Gaining by Leaps and Bounds

"WHEN Von Bernstorff received his passports the membership was 286,000. To-day it's over two million, and increasing by great leaps and bounds. At that time we had about 260 chapters; now we have about a thousand, and others are springing up overnight like mushrooms. It's fabulous. Mr. E. H. Wells has charge of the membership end of the game, and he, together with Mr. Albert Staub, director of the Atlantic Division, is rigging a simplified scheme of organization."

"What about those nursing courses?"

"We're revising the manuals. And the problem, in particular, of adequate training for the volunteer aid is very much on our minds. The British Government has just dealt a rather hard blow, you know, to volunteer nurses' aids in refusing their services. Nevertheless, if we decide on nurses' assistants in our own American hospitals over there we'll have them; and we'll have an adequate course of instruction, and scrap whatever isn't adequate."

And I believe him!

The American Red Cross, on its new basis, has shown a splendor of vision and a quality of power and speed, in the sixty-odd days of its existence, that take the imagination by storm.

Hundreds of big alert brains are on the job. They would be on the job day and night and Sunday were it not for the stern edict of their business boss.

"We don't intend to repeat England's blunder," said Mr. Wadsworth.

This, in brief, is the framework of the Red Cross War Council that President Wilson called into existence in May. As it stands to-day, the American Red Cross is the patent safety device on the huge grim engine of modern warfare. Its object, like that of every safety device, is to cut down the terrible human waste—to preserve life and build it back into the structure of civilization.

That it will get the money it needs goes without saying, for its projects lie close to the heart of every father and mother in the land. And if you can't afford the price of a membership button, at least heed the final adjuration of the chief of the War Council: "Do not shoot the organist! He's doing the best he can!"

"The Advance Agent"

THE THRIFT OF MARTHA

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HOTTINGER

OUT of his salary as a clerk in the purchasing department of Quimby & Graw, Perry Brigham saved every week—nothing. Every week, for five years, he had subtracted this minimum amount from his pay envelope and carefully invested it in preferred stock of Vacuum Limited. After a year or two it became a habit; and it cost Perry Brigham no more effort to save nothing than it cost him to find his way to the office in the morning.

Dull you may be in mathematics; but the Arabic numeral zero is so easy to manipulate that you can figure totals without resorting to your cuffs. Nothing a week is—ahem—nothing a month. Nothing a month for sixty months is—let's see—nothing in five years. Simple!

This is a free country. The fact has been aptly, even belligerently stated by capitalist, proletarian, distiller, gunman, vagrant and anarchist. It is a sort of refreshment to know that you don't have to save money if you don't want to do so. There is no sumptuary law that forces a man to hit the trail, on pay days, toward the little old four-per-cent emporium. You can even, by a shrewd analysis of the forbearance of your neighbors, save less than nothing. Many do this and find it sufficiently exciting.

But Perry Brigham hadn't worked out his system with the aid of midnight oil or by means of pure logic. It came easy to him. He was what you might call a self-made saver of nothing. Some persons can sit down and make a free-hand drawing of a cow that will almost give cream. It's a knack. Well, it was Perry's knack to save nothing.

Now if you want to parry with a sharp riposte you can say that a lot of good people have lived and saved nothing, and left the world richer, though they saved nothing. Quite so; quite so. Diogenes saved nothing. So did Socrates. John Bunyan didn't leave a residuary estate large enough to feed a pet germ. If Homer enriched his heirs and assigns the probate records do not show it. Hundreds of other intellectuals were gladly buried at the expense of their compatriots. Some were buried more gladly than others.

But these stars of impecuniosity were separated from Perry Brigham by at least two wide distinctions: They didn't work for Old Man Quimby, of Quimby & Graw; and they didn't want to marry Martha.

Old Man Quimby, the senior partner, believed in thrift. He talked thrift to others and he practiced thrift himself. He was born somewhere up near the Canadian border, on a rocky farm situated about four inches from the poorhouse. Whenever, in his early years, he managed to sink a shilling into his wallet, it made him dizzy. Drop in on him sometime and he'll shunt all business cares for ten minutes to tell you how he saved his first thousand. You won't need to know what he did with it. Quimby & Graw—mostly Quimby—are about the biggest agateware manufacturers in the country.

It simmers down to this in the end: Old Man Quimby has a kind eye for any decent young fellow who works for him. He knows them all and watches them all. He never goes outside to fill an executive position. He reaches down into the organization and jerks some promising youngster to the top. He summons him into the presence, fixes two gray eyes on him and says: "Young man, how much have you saved since you came here?" He wants to know all the details. And if the young man hasn't saved during this period—well, the elevator is going down!

You may not like this method. You may say it savors of Prussianism. But that's the way Old Man Quimby does it.

Secondly, as to Martha Barnett:

When Martha came into the office from a commercial school she was placed in the purchasing department. There was a young fellow there—tall, quiet, with a manner that spoke good breeding and innate decency.

On a Saturday Afternoon, When They Sat in the Sand on a Near-By Beach Together, He Told Her—What She Already Knew

She was an uncommonly pretty girl. And something about the little unborn laugh that was always hovering round her mouth told a number of the young fellows in the office that she might flirt. They recovered from this delusion with the suddenness of falling through a trapdoor.

The tall, quiet chap was Perry Brigham. He did not initiate her into the mysteries of the profession by addressing her as Kiddo. He did not sit on the edge of her desk when the boss wasn't looking and tell her she resembled Annette Kellermann. It was a long, long time before he asked her what she did with her evenings—and then he didn't ask her like that. The words "evenings" and "do" and "with" just naturally edged in somehow.

Anyway, after two weeks of it Martha permitted herself to harbor the notion, as yet of low visibility, that Mr. Brigham was a nice young fellow. And she was right. He was. She saw, too, that he was a clean, quick, willing worker, and that he stood well with the head of the department. She instinctively liked the way he stood, with his shoulders thrown back and his chin well tucked in. She analyzed the atmosphere surrounding him, and the analysis showed that he was about ninety-five per cent solid platinum as to disposition and habits. He analyzed so high, in fact, that Martha was quite relieved when she smelled that he smoked a pipe when off duty.

Schemer, was she? Not while good women exist to make tolerable the world. It was that at the age of twenty, without a mother, and with her father working on a piece of railroad engineering in far-off Bolivia, she saw the vital necessity of not carrying that heart of hers, brimming with tenderness, to the wrong port. And if it is brazen for a young woman to want to create a bright domestic estate round her buxom, blithesome self—then make the most of it! For that is what Martha aimed to do.

The days came and the days came; and on a Saturday afternoon, when they sat in the sand on a near-by beach together, he told her—told her what she already knew. And then she told him what he had been hoping; and as they had nothing more to say after that for some little convalescent period, they just sat hand in hand and looked out on the blue sparkling water.

II

THIS was fine. This was radiant romance. They were engaged, and Perry mortgaged the forthcoming weeks to buy a ring. It was a small diamond. Had it been the Koh-i-nur, Martha would have been no happier.

Turn we now—as the late T. Carlyle loved to invert it—to the more fretful and less ethereal side of existence—the dollars-and-cents, debit-and-credit, income-and-outgo side. Martha discovered something startling about the young man she had come to love.

Often she had wondered why he felt it necessary, on their little excursions, to spend so much money upon her. Tactfully she had tried to make him see that it wasn't necessary. He never called without bringing a box of chocolates or some flowers. Delicately she hinted that she liked to have him come, for himself. It was no use. In Perry's hands money was fluid.

It ran away from him like water through a colander. And little by little it dawned upon her that Perry was a spender, a waster—a young man who had no rainy days in his almanac.

All this augured badly enough. But, to make it worse, Martha was soon introduced to one of the main exhausts of Perry's salary—his brother George. For some time before the introduction Perry had spoken about Brother George as the rare gem of the family. One evening he brought him to Martha's boarding place, and in that one evening the young woman discovered all that was necessary to know about George Brigham. He was about as pleasant-mannered a fellow as one could wish to know. He had the same graceful, courteous, innately kind disposition as Perry. But he had no job.

George was one of the young men who had just quit a job—through no fault of his own of course—or who was just on the point of getting a job. Meantime, as a strictly family matter, it was necessary for Perry to assist him through his temporary embarrassment. This temporary embarrassment usually occurred once every year and lasted ten months. Sometimes he occupied a couch bed in Perry's room; sometimes he visited with old friends; always he was sorry to have to ask—but could you find it convenient to let him have ten dollars for a little while?

All this came not as a sudden shock to Martha Barnett, but as a slow and painful revelation. She herself had been diligent in her business. The fact that the presence of Perry Brigham at her deskside made her heart beat a little faster and the color come into her cheeks did not prevent her from turning out the best work she knew how to do. It wasn't many months before the sales manager claimed her. Eighteen months after she entered the employ of Quimby & Graw she was spending part of the day taking dictation from Old Man Quimby himself.

The Old Man looked over the first batch of letters she handed to him and said: "Very good, Miss Barnett. Excellent! How much are you getting?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"We can do even better by you than that as time goes on. You ought to be able to lay by something out of that."

"I try to save half my salary, Mr. Quimby," the girl answered. "I can't always do it; but I do, nearly."

"Good! Let me tell you ——" The Old Man broke off suddenly; he had caught sight of that engagement ring on her finger. "Oh, pshaw!" he burst out. "You're going to get married, I suppose. When?"

"I don't know." She was very scarlet now, for many reasons.

"Well, it's natural enough," said the Old Man slowly. "But when we do get a young woman who can write a real letter we hate to see her go. . . . Take my advice, though, and marry a man who saves his money. If you don't you'll regret it. I ——"

"Thank you, sir!" she burst out, and fled from the room, leaving the senior partner wondering what tender spot he might have rudely touched.

He had truly touched a tender spot. Without knowing it, the senior had put into words of warning just those conclusions Martha had been fighting off.

It was one of the hardest things in the world to talk about when there were so many nicer things to talk about. Martha knew that. She trembled and felt cold whenever she thought of the subject. But she knew, if they were really going to be married, this was a vital issue. She spent several sleepless nights before she made up her mind. Then one evening she laid her hand softly upon Perry's and looked into his eyes with unmistakable affection.

"Do you know—how Mr. Quimby feels about saving money?" she asked soberly.

Perry became serious at once.

"Indeed I do!" he cried heartily. "And I know just what's on your mind, little girl! And I'm tickled to death you've mentioned the subject. I know I've got to begin to save money. I've been thinking about it a long time. Hang it all, it just slips through my fingers! If I see anything—a necktie or a shirt in a store—I pop in and buy it before I stop to think whether I ought to or not. I buy a lot of things I don't need—I realize it now! I've got to begin to save!"

The girl breathed a sigh of relief. The world suddenly seemed bright to her. He did see it, then—the necessity of saving. He wanted to save! Then it was very simple. They could be married; they could be happy after all!

"You see, dear," she murmured to him out of her returned confidence, "we must talk about those things now. We must plan for the future. It isn't that I want you to become rich and famous. Sometimes I think we'd both be happier if we didn't have so much. I love you just as you are; but—well, we have to have something to start with, don't we?"

"You bet we do!" was the cordial affirmation. "Now next Saturday, Martha, I'm going to take ten dollars out of my twenty-two and plant it in the savings bank. Er—will they take small amounts like that?"

"Didn't you ever put any money in the savings bank, Perry?" she asked, smiling in spite of her returning fears.

He grinned sheepishly.

"I'll own up I never did," he replied.

"Well, they will take anything from a dollar up." She had the embarrassed feeling of one who begins to teach the alphabet to a grown man. "If I may go with you I'll take you to the bank where I have some money. The Central City Savings Institution. They pay four per cent."

"Fine!" said Perry. "I'm going to save like a bee, little girl."

It was an amusing excursion they took together that Saturday night to the savings bank. The girl made her usual deposit and then a book was issued to Perry; and they came away as joyously as though they had been left a legacy.

Perry Brigham put the bank book into the inner breast pocket of his coat. At intervals of a few hours during the next two days, Sunday and Monday, he took it out and looked at it. For the first time in his life he realized what it was to be a capitalist.

"What a hick I've been, not to start this game before!" he told himself. "It's easy enough, once you get a start."

Then he began to figure. Ten dollars a week—which ought to be put away without any difficulty—was five hundred and twenty dollars a year. It would be more next year, as he certainly ought to get a raise. The interest on five hundred and twenty dollars a year at four per cent would be twenty dollars and eighty cents. That would make five hundred and forty, eighty. You get interest on interest, it seemed. He hadn't thought of that before. Suddenly he perceived how money begets money. He hadn't considered that either. Martha ought to be willing to take a chance when he had saved half a thousand! He couldn't see any reason why not.

Tuesday morning, on his way to work, he passed a haberdashery window that had been dressed with loving care. There was a silk-stripe shirt in the window, of a striking pattern. Perry had never seen one like it. Instantly he felt that he needed it. He started in—and stopped. It had occurred to him that he had tied up his surplus—over what he needed for the week. Then he felt a great surge of virtuous prudence; and, with a knowing shake of the head, he passed on.

At his boarding house Wednesday evening one of the boarders had tickets to sell for a dance and concert, for the purpose of raising funds for a Red Cross organization. The cause was entirely worthy and Perry's ready hand went into his pocket, as usual. The young fellow had always been a ready subscriber to anything of the sort. But again—he stopped. He felt of the leatherette covers of the bank book in his inside pocket, gave a deep sigh, and replied that he was afraid he couldn't afford it at this time. He had a sense of fighting a great fight now.

Thursday forenoon, while Perry was busily working in the office, word came in that his brother wanted to see him. With that fine oblivion concerning business proprieties that characterized him, George Brigham invariably made a point of calling Perry out from work whenever he wished to see him. Perry went out into the reception room.

"Hello, Perry!" cried George with outstretched hand. "I won't bother you but a minute. I wanted to see if you could let me have twelve dollars. I'm up against it, old man! I'm four weeks behind on my room; and the landlady's holding my stuff and won't let me in. If I can pay her ten dollars on account it will be all right."

"What about that job over at the Universal Lead Company?" asked Perry with a little hardening of the generosity he had never before felt.

"Oh, they gave me a raw deal over there, Perry. Just because I was three-quarters of an hour late keeping the appointment—I overslept a little—the employment man turned me down cold. But I'm on the trail of something better. I ought to land it next week, sure!"

"I'm really a little short myself this week, George ——" began Perry awkwardly.

"Oh, if you can't do it, you can't!" was the ready reply. "I know you've been mighty decent to me, Perry. I don't know where to turn though. I—to tell the truth, I've been grabbing free lunches since yesterday morning."

"Free lunches!"

The words raised a welt on Perry's imagination. His brother feeding at saloon counters! He hesitated. He fumbled in his pockets gropingly. George was looking at him with cowlike confidence. Finally Perry blurted out:

"George, if I let you have it will you get it back to me next week, sure? I—I've got to have it! There's a reason."

"Sure thing!" was the response. "Without fail."

George meant it. He hadn't the least idea where it was coming from, but he was a born optimist.

"All right then. Meet me here at the door at one o'clock and I'll give it to you."

At quarter past twelve Perry was standing in front of the paying teller's window in the savings bank. He pushed his book under the grating and whispered shamefacedly:

"I'd like to take this out."

"In full?"

"Y-yes."

The paying teller's mouth and eyes were just faintly sardonic; but he mechanically pushed out a slip and said:

"Sign there." Then he added helpfully: "Possibly you'd like to leave a dollar—just to hold the account open?"

"Yes, yes!" murmured Perry gratefully. He could make up the remaining three dollars out of his pocket money.

III

GEORGE BRIGHAM'S new vein proved to be sandstone instead of quartz. So the following week he not only didn't pay back the twelve dollars but got ten more. The week after that Perry had to make a payment on a new suit of clothes, and that kept the bank account stagnant at one dollar.

Then, on Saturday afternoon of that third week, Perry and Martha went down to the seashore. They walked the beach till they were tired, and then sat down. It was very warm. Martha held Perry's coat while he went to look at a big touring car that had broken down on the boulevard just above them, and as he dropped his coat the bank book slipped out.

She wondered, as she picked it up, whether it would be all right to look at it. She had a feeling that she ought not to do it—and yet she felt a certain partnership in his account. Nothing had been said between them since that Saturday of the ten-dollar deposit, about money; but Martha felt certain that Perry had seen the light at last. Finally she just opened the leaves a little and peeped in. She saw:

Aug. 22	10 00		10 00
Aug. 27		9 00	1 00

That was all. The young woman closed the book, put it in the pocket of the coat, folded the coat, laid it on the sand atop her own, and looked out upon the ocean. She felt suddenly weak, lifeless.

It wasn't the miserable ten dollars, she told herself, as the tears came into her eyes. It wasn't that there was anything particularly noble about putting money in the bank, or anything ignoble about withdrawing it. Money or no money, at heart this fine fellow was pure, fine and kind.

He had merits of soul, she told herself, that no money could buy. Those wonderful unfatiguing traits of gentleness and sweetness about him she loved, always would love—and wanted to keep near her forever. But ——

But —— But—in those clerkly written figures in the bank book she saw the whole dark future painted. The man did not understand the value of money! He did not see that there could be no home without the means of keeping soul and body together. He could not discern the bawling, intruding truth that when a woman marries she may at any moment cease to be an asset in the daybook of daily economy and become a liability. Something rose out of the dim past of her prudent Puritan ancestry and grasped her arm as though she were walking sleepily off a precipice. She put her handkerchief to her eyes—and then gave up and wept bitterly. He came back from the crowd and found her thus.

"Why, what's the matter, sweetheart?" he asked, dropping on one knee beside her.

"I think we had better go home."

"There's going to be a balloon ascension at five o'clock," he told her. "Unless you feel ill ——"

"No; I don't feel ill. I ——"

He took her by the hands; her fingers were cold.

"Tell me!" he pleaded.

The girl rose very slowly and painfully.

She took one of his hands, opened it, and he felt something round and metallic being pressed into his palm.

"Perry!" she sobbed, dropping her head upon his breast. "Forgive me! I—it is tearing my heart to pieces. But—we cannot go on."

He looked down at the ring in his hand. An uncomprehending smile flitted across his mouth and then vanished as he looked into her eyes.

"You—you are not in earnest. No, no—Martha!" he cried.

She nodded her head without looking at him.

"But why? Why? You can't do it! What have I done? Don't turn me down this way without any reason, Martha! If I've done anything or said anything ——"

"You haven't! It isn't that. You've been fine to me always. I shall never forget it. You have made me happy for months and months. But—we can't deceive ourselves any more. I can't wear this—because it isn't so. We can't be married."

"You're Starving!" She Burst Out. "Oh, Perry, What Have I Done?"

"We—we—can't—be—married!" he repeated, stunned. "I don't see ——"

He was obviously trying to grapple with the situation; but it was so unexpected, so overwhelming that, when he had read in her eyes that she was both serious and determined, the young fellow sank down beside her on the sand and silently waited for her reasons; for he knew she would have reasons. And he knew, as he sat there, that they would be good reasons.

She, too, was thinking hard and soberly, with a clutch at her heart. For she would have gladly given her right hand—yes, she would have given both her slender white hands at that moment—if she could have thrown them just once round his neck and leaned her forehead against his breast and whispered deliriously that she was all his.

Instead of that, she found herself telling him, in a voice the dryness and conviction of which startled her:

"First thing of all, dear boy, you must know that it isn't because I don't care for you. There—there is no one else. I feel now—something tells me—there will never be anyone else. And it is not my unhappiness that I am trying to avoid—it is our unhappiness! I have seen it fail miserably; I have seen it in my own family. Oh, I would gladly go hand in hand with you, without a penny in the world, and we would find a corner somewhere to love each other in—if that were the way of the world. It isn't possible! I have seen it fail miserably, and I think it must fail.

"I think love is the greatest thing in the world, Perry. I think it can exist wonderfully where there is no money at all. But a home! No! For you and for me there can't be any home—no little fireside; no little people for us to love and care for—without prudence. To live from hand to mouth—yes, I could do that. To live on a crust of bread—yes, with you I could do that. But to face all the possibilities of a lifetime with never anything saved against—against those chances—no, I—I—couldn't—I—couldn't!"

He didn't reply. Perhaps he didn't see the whole force of it. He had been so long unfrugal, so long accustomed to spending as he went, that the very contemplation of petty accounting of his own seemed a crime against the enjoyment of better things. But he knew she never talked idly or foolishly, and there was nothing he could say without urging affection against common sense.

"Besides," she went on, "there is something fully as bad: To marry you, as you are, would keep you forever a clerk."

He looked up at her.

"Is it so bad to be only a clerk?" he expostulated gently.

"Don't misunderstand!" replied the girl quickly. "To be a clerk—no; there is nothing bad about that. Do you suppose I should care for you any more just because you ceased to be a clerk? But to be content with remaining a clerk—doing the same things all your life—that is the horrible thing! And that is what would happen to you. You couldn't lift yourself out of it, once I became a burden to you. Besides, if you stayed with Quimby & Graw you couldn't rise a peg. I know it. I know how Mr. Quimby feels. Suppose there'd be a vacancy just above you, Perry? Would you get it? I know you wouldn't.

"There was a time, I suppose, when employers didn't care much about such things. But now they want to know what a man does with his money, because they think in that way they can tell how he would spend their money. They may be wrong. But that is what they are thinking. And that's what Mr. Quimby thinks. Oh, it's so hard, so cruel to talk about these things!" She tried to smile. "Maybe there's some other world where these things don't count."

Old Man Quimby Talked Thrift and Practiced Thrift

"I honestly tried to save—these last three weeks," he said weakly. "But—you ought to know the truth. I didn't even save that ten dollars. I drew it all out except one dollar."

That he should freely tell the truth, after she had let herself peep into his bank book, was somehow the last little straw that had dammed back her tears. It was that last evidence of what a really sterling character lay within him—and Martha let go. The tears trickled down her cheeks and she clung to his hand.

Yet when they rose and walked slowly over to the car-line terminus nothing had been undone. It was settled. The ring lay in Perry Brigham's pocket; and, though each felt that love was unsubdued, they went home to a greater loneliness than either had ever known.

IV

OLD Man Quimby was an old-fashioned man—at least he said he was; and he further stated, blowing out his big cheeks in a Johnsonian manner, that he liked old-fashioned women. Yes, sir! And then, like a lot of other old-fashioned men who declare in favor of old-fashioned women, Old Man Quimby went and straightway spilled his logical beans by doing ninety-five per cent of his confiding into the ears of women who weren't nearly so old-fashioned as a Chippendale manufactured in Brooklyn.

The Old Man's shrewd eyes observed the fact that the engagement ring was missing from Martha Barnett's finger. He wondered, with a little internal business emotion, whether she had just left it on the washstand or whether it was something more vital. He was too tactful this time to mention the subject; but he did say cheerily:

"Well, Miss Barnett, I must congratulate you on your spelling. On my word, you're the only person left in the world—except me—who can spell the word separate! And the word agate—say! I've had it agitt, aggatt, and even just agit—and more other ways than you'd think possible. And you seem to know the difference between principle and principal! You must have gone to school in the country. Now where I was raised ——"

Mr. Quimby handed the present educational system a neat blue eye; and then, having monologued himself into a pleasant condition of mind, he got back to his favorite subject of thrift. Martha saw it coming. She sat, white, trembling, waiting for the knife to turn in the wound. But this time Mr. Quimby ran toward a more specific line.

"Now," he began, "there's George Carter, the assistant in the purchasing department. He's a good fellow, but he hasn't saved what he ought to have. What's the result? The doctor thinks he's got the—you know—in here"—Mr. Quimby tapped his chest—"and it's only a matter of eight or ten months when he'll have to go out to Arizona or somewhere. Now of course I'm going to look out for him. But if he had been careful of his money ——"

Martha didn't hear any more. The Old Man kept on talking, being perfectly satisfied with a nod or a yes now and then. But what Martha was thinking of was that job as assistant. Who would get it? Oh, if Perry Brigham were only able to walk into the Old Man's office and say: "Yes, sir, I've got so much and so much in the bank!" And he hadn't a cent! If he could only go in and say: "Mr. Quimby, I've got five hundred dollars saved. I would have had more, but it was only last year that I learned to save. But I've had my lesson, and I'm saving now!" Even that, combined with his good record in the office, might land him the job. But as it was ——"

She was no longer thinking of herself in connection with Perry. Since that day on the beach they had not once been together. Always with the same smile—that smile which tried to hide his disappointment—Perry had greeted her in the office; and always she had tried to show him that she was still genuinely interested in his welfare. But that was all. He understood that she had made her decision, and he respected it. Sometimes—well, maybe she just faintly wished that he wouldn't respect her decision so steadfastly; but she always ended by being glad he did. It saved her—much.

But now a queer, maternal, protective, acquisitive feeling swept over her. She wanted him to have that job when it fell vacant. She marveled that she did not feel more sorry for George Carter, who was a fine fellow; but she was thinking of Perry. He must get that promotion. She must help him. She had a wild idea of using the little good will she had acquired with Old Man Quimby to this end. But instantly she knew that this would defeat the purpose utterly. The Old Man was too set in his ways for that.

There was only one argument; and Perry must make that argument himself—in cold figures. And he wouldn't. He couldn't. He couldn't save. With a twinge of recollection that was almost comic enough to bring mirth to her lips, Martha recalled that that very morning Perry had sailed in with a fine new light suit of clothes. It was good to look at; he wore it well; but—that was the answer!

Suddenly, from this dark-brown fog of hopelessness, Martha Barnett had an idea. It was an appalling notion—a scheme that brought the crimson color to her cheeks, and even made that same color creep down her neck and hide beneath the little wisps of hair that nestled there.

It was so revolutionary, so frightening, so—impossible—that she rose from her desk and closed the door of the little room which snuggled alongside that of the senior partner. Somehow she was even afraid that her thoughts might be detected. She paused irresolutely over the typewriter keys. The words she had been writing blurred before her eyes. Yet over and over she said to herself:

"I don't care! I don't care what he will think. I can do it for him. I can make him save. I don't care."

That was Friday, in the afternoon. On the following day, about a quarter to one—the one-o'clock rule holding good in the Quimby & Graw office throughout the year—there was the usual end-of-the-week rustle and hustle. The lean old-time assistant cashier, following ancient custom, had delivered each envelope to its owner at his desk. At one o'clock there was the usual snapping of desks and closing of drawers and slamming of lockers. And at that hour, with a white, scared face and dry lips, Martha Barnett approached Perry Brigham and said feebly:

"May I speak with you a moment, Perry?"

The gladness that came into his eyes and the alacrity with which he took her aside from the crowd made her breath come hard. They looked at each other a moment. Then she dropped her eyes.

"Perry," she said, "I—I don't know just how to ask you. I never did such a thing before. I—could use a little extra money this week—several weeks—I don't know how many. I can't tell you why I need it. But it will be quite safe with me. I ——"

You Could See From a Distance That She Was an Uncommonly Pretty Girl

"Martha!" cried the young fellow, beaming. "You don't mean—that you'll let me—lend you the money? Oh, say, will you? Gee, but it's decent of you to come to me first! I tell you I appreciate it. And next week too? Fine!"

She felt choked. The most shocking thing she had ever considered in her life, next to impurity of soul, was no worse than borrowing money—of a man! Something big and hard came up into her throat and nearly choked her. She could barely gasp out:

"Th-th-ank you, Perry. T-ten dollars. C-could you?"

She crumpled the bill in her hand; it burned there—burned as her face was burning.

She saw Perry Brigham turn away with a little hesitant wistfulness, as though eager to talk with her but afraid of permitting himself to take advantage of her advance. The door closed after him and Martha nearly gave way to the impulse to run after the young fellow and return the money.

But she had made up her mind. She went round to the savings bank that night, deposited her own little savings, and with it the ten dollars of Perry's. She knew very little of the mechanism of finance. And so she blundered into a perfectly adequate way, however clumsy, of insuring the young fellow the return of his money. She wrote out a delightfully naïve statement on the typewriter, noting what she was doing and asking, in case of accident to her, that, from date, the sum of ten dollars a week, plus interest as accumulated, be deducted from her little hoard. Then, sealing it in an envelope, she asked the cashier at Quimby & Graw's if he would put this statement into the office safe. The cashier smilingly assented; and she breathed more easily.

"I know," she told herself, "that when Perry finds how much I have saved for him he will go on saving. And besides, when the time comes he will have something to show, even if it is only a few hundred dollars."

It came bitterly hard at first. She wondered painfully whether by any chance she might be causing Perry to want for anything he really needed. But her maternal eye concluded that he seemed well fed and well clothed. It was wormwood the first several times to go to him for this loan. After a few weeks, however, Perry got into the habit of coming to Martha, often with a little joking phrase, and dropping a folded ten-dollar bill into her lap. Once he said to her, laughing:

"I'll bet you're investing this, Martha!"

"Yes," she replied, "I am—in a way. But it's perfectly safe. Please don't ask me any more about it, Perry."

Sometimes he lingered at her side for a few moments, as though he had something he was bursting to say but held it back. She knew well enough what it would be. The decent fellow would have asked if he couldn't just come round and see her in the evening. She felt that he would promise all sorts of things—and that she would be safe with him.

She was not so sure that he would be safe with her. It was better, then, she concluded sadly, that they didn't meet, except in the office.

The weeks went by. Every Saturday Perry made what he cheerily called his deposit, without dreaming how accurate the word was. Every week Martha got out her bank book and looked into it several times, and was rejoiced to find how her Perry Fund, as she called it, was growing.

Meantime, finding her shrewd and tactful and discreet, Old Man Quimby had definitely made her his secretary. Without a word from her he had raised her salary to eighteen dollars, and he treated her judgment with marked respect. One day she summoned up all her courage and said to the senior, after he had been dilating on his favorite subject:

"I suppose, Mr. Quimby, everyone has to learn how to save—that is, I mean, if a person hasn't been careful with money, it takes some sort of object lesson to show them its value. Then they really know how important it is."

The Old Man glanced at her sharply, and then nodded: "I dare say." *(Continued on Page 74)*

TINTED AND TAINTED NEWS

By Walter S. Rogers

AMERICA is fighting for the freedom of the press, for a freedom of the press in a newer and larger sense—for the free and generous exchange of news between countries, that through reading about one another the various peoples may come to understand one another.

America does not know this yet. The already commonplace expression is that "America is fighting to save democracy." America has found that to save her own democracy the world must be made more democratic. And if democracy is a flaming torch, the freedom of the press is at least the illuminant. Now that the world has become so small that all the nations rub elbows, there lies no hope for democracy but in an international freedom of the press, through which the peoples of the world may exchange ideas, become acquainted and interested in one another.

A political boss once remarked that he could defeat any man who ran for office in his town. How? He would send out good mixers, reaching into the various classes of society, to spread stories designed to create prejudice against the candidate. To Catholics it would be whispered that the candidate was an A. P. A.; to Protestants, that he had given his word not to appoint any but Catholics to office; to teetotalers, that the candidate was drunk on his last birthday; to manufacturers, that he had agreed not to molest I. W. W. agitators; and so on, there being no limit to the number of lies that can slide out of a well-greased imagination.

What has all this to do with international freedom of the press? Not much, beyond recalling the fact that our thoughts and actions are largely determined by the ideas that float about us. As to current events, most people pick their ideas from their newspapers. As for the newspapers—no one can learn where some of their ideas come from—the news about things happening at a distance from their own town they generally receive from a press association.

World-Thought Based on the News

THE press associations gather up news and spread it all over the world by telegraph, cable and wireless. The temptation is too great to avoid saying that the task of the press association is to fertilize the thought of the world daily.

The same type of mind that would artfully spread poisonous stories throughout a city, under the alias of statesmanship has sought to set people against people. Only a few weeks ago, in China, an experienced, sane European journalist, after explaining how the Japanese were getting control of the Chinese press and were pushing forward a press association owned by them, exclaimed that should they succeed they might hammer away on "Asia for the Asiatics and the superiority of the yellow races" until they united the yellow races for a world war against the whites. Quite possibly the journalist was seeing things; the place was the Shanghai Club, and he was leaning against the longest bar in the world.

But notice the journalist's world point of view. He sees something more than the newspaper on the breakfast table. In every city and town in the world he sees newspapers. People are reading them, getting ideas and impressions on which they are forming opinions and basing their actions. In the newspaper offices he watches the staff handling telegrams, some from his own country, some from battlefields, some from the other side of the world. In his mind he follows the thousands of miles of telegraph and cable lines linking all the newspaper offices, a network of wire enmeshing, inclosing the globe.

With a thrill he realizes that the message he typed a short while ago is now the subject for brief comment in remote editorial rooms. That coatless cub in Buenos Aires and the sober, kimono-clad subeditor in Tokio both throw it aside as not being worth publication! Rotten judgment.

In another mood he passionately longs to utilize the news machinery to preach and inspire the world! But he clings to reality. Being an honest journalist, working for an honest news organization, his task is to write impartially about the important events that come to his attention. Yet he knows that not all want to be honest; many are busy trying to utilize the newspapers and the press associations for the furtherance of their personal interests. Countries, like Germany, set out deliberately to control the news of the world in their own favor.

Here is a world problem—to see that the world gets honest news and a sufficient amount of news to enable the reader to get a fair idea of what is going on in the world. With all the world getting facts honestly and entertainingly told, and each country getting its hearing with its tragedies and its comedies intermingled—well, that will be one kind of world. With various nations subsidizing newspapers and press associations, creating hatred and suspicion, obliquely pushing forward their commercial, political and dynastic ambitions—well, that will be another kind of world, with hell popping loose frequently.

The problems involved in creating the necessary restraints to prevent the corruption of the world's news and in making possible a generous flow of news over the world so that the commercial, political and social story of each country is told, are new and intricate.

At the very start one needs to have a detailed knowledge of the telegraph, cable and wireless systems of the world; their rates and interrelations; an understanding of the newspapers of the various countries; an insight into the ownership and workings of the press associations of the world; a familiarity with press and censorship laws; a sense for what is news and what is interesting and entertaining.

These complicated questions lead statesmen to foresee the coming of the international publicity expert. In time they believe he will be as important as the international lawyer. Possibly the war has annulled most of the international law and, if democracy survives, the international publicity expert may henceforth be largely responsible for international relations.

The reasoning of the statesmen is something like this: Hereafter we must have the support and approval of our citizens. For our commercial and political interests and for the sake of world stability we must have the support of other peoples. In the old days we made deals with their rulers, but the countries are becoming democratic. Possibly in a pinch the rulers cannot deliver their people.

We must win the respect, at least, and, if possible, the support and affection of the peoples. Consequently we must adopt policies which the peoples of the countries whose support we want will approve. Having adopted such policies, we must see that the man in the street in the various countries gets the idea. We must have men trained to understand the peoples of other countries and to make sure that our case is presented.

The Subsidized Press of Germany

GERMANY caught a glimpse of this idea a long time ago. One of the counts in the indictment the allied statesmen bring against the Hohenzollerns is that they did not play the publicity game fairly. Germany was not content with stating her case; by controlling newspapers and their editors and by subsidizing news-distributing agencies she sought to discolor and distort the news reaching her own people and the rest of the world.

Some agency has to carry ideas, as the rat carries the bubonic plague, or the ideas stay at home. Because Washington knows about a matter is no reason why Petrograd does. Take a single illustration: It is no lover's secret that the present national administration's attitude toward Mexico was and is tempered by a regard for the feelings of all of Latin America. The United States cannot win and hold the approbation of South America if the people living in that part of the world believe this country is unjustly and for selfish reasons hopping on a Latin American country. All right. An American correspondent in South America hit on the happy thought that it would be worth while to obtain an interview from an influential South American telling what he thought of the Mexican situation.

At the correspondent's request a friendly cabinet officer in a South American country prepared a statement. It was a beauty of an interview, terse and well put; it was thoroughly thought out—but it was all wrong! The man's argument was cogent, but his ideas as to what constituted the American attitude were ninety per cent askew! The man was not to blame; the official American statements had never been printed in the newspapers which came to him.

The interview was shown to an official of the State Department, who dismissed it with the remark that

"Made in Germany"

the South American was crazy—he had disregarded the facts given out at Washington. Someone was crazy; there may be a difference of opinion as to the person.

Of course the South American cabinet officer should have been informed; that is self-evident to anyone who thinks in 1917 terms. But to argue that because a statement is given out in Washington the rest of the world may be presumed to have knowledge of it indicates a woeful lack of information as to how people abroad get the news.

There are newspapers most everywhere, and they tend to be much the same. A Korean was charged with having sold his wife and with the proceeds bought a phonograph. Just as the American paragrapher would have done, the local humorist remarked that the man wanted a talking machine he could stop.

To know what news, local and foreign, a people—say, the Japanese—reads, it is necessary to learn about its newspapers and the press-association service the papers receive. If you know the newspapers a man reads the chances are that you can classify him. Likewise, if you intimately know the newspapers of a country you come to have a good idea of the people.

In Tokio there are at least three daily newspapers that are quite comparable to the best American papers. There is a theory kicking about that every class in a community that will support a paper ought to have one. Maybe so! In any event, in the Japanese capital there are papers for every point of view and taste; there were, February sixteenth last, twenty-six morning and seven evening papers. The date is important for accuracy's sake; a count now might give a different result, as every few days a new paper is started or one of the papers started last week suspends publication. The few great papers serenely go about their business—and make money.

A newspaper connoisseur has raved over these papers—there are judges of newspapers as well as of marble ladies. According to this British expert the Asahi—Rising Sun—is a "well-balanced daily newspaper, showing intelligent editorial direction and a high amount of technical ability. Every page has its own distinctive character, and the general impression that one gets is that of a well-balanced presentation of the day's news, with a sufficient relief in the shape of good special articles and light features." The Jiji—Times—"ranks with the very best of modern newspapers; is sane and moderate, with a sense of proportion and perspective." It is the paper of the substantial, conservative business man. The Nichi-Nichi—Day-by-Day—is a "careful, reliable, well-informed paper, quite in line with modern journalism." It is especially well informed about politics, and the politicians read it.

Tokio is not without its papers that blow their horns loudly. With maidenly modesty one of the papers labels itself "an inexhaustible source of interest and improvements," and has for its editorial motto "No holiday while the world goes round." Another paper goes in for competitions—the largest family, the fattest baby, and so on. On still another the reporters are really criminal detectives, and frequently the paper gloats over the fact that its young men have unearthed some criminal while the police were still groping.

For those who need such a tonic there is a daily cartoon, a picture of the prettiest bride of the day, recipes and various household hints. But the fan who looks for the sports page will be disappointed; only an occasional sports item strays into the paper; in Japan there are but few competitive sports.

For those who must have their daily thrill there are irresponsible, sensational, chauvinistic sheets. Then there are the papers that exploit the "third page." Often the "third page" isn't the third page. It is the trade name for the page on which these papers chronicle the social activities of the demimonde and the geishas.

Incidentally the bravest subeditor in the universe works on one of the Tokio papers; he conducts a question-and-answer column, keeps regular office hours and encourages readers to call on him in person for friendly advice.

The papers take a wide liberty in attacking individuals. Some of them seem to keep in their files for ready reference a catalogued list of the sins of prominent people. Of course no American paper ever did anything of the kind! Not so long ago a man protested to the Tokio public prosecutor that a certain paper had grossly libeled him and insisted on the prosecution of the editor. Little satisfaction did the irate victim receive; he was informed that there was no reason, none at all, for his becoming excited—the paper had said much worse things about other people, who had not complained.

The Japanese censorship is a peculiar institution. It is applied sporadically. The censor passes on a newspaper after it is printed and distributed. The censorship has a restraining influence on the newspapers and gives to the bureaucracy a treasured power. It also has the effect of making the government in a way responsible for everything that is printed. For several months the papers amused themselves taking cracks at the British, Japan's ally. The British were enraged and apprehensive, as they believed that the government could, if it would, repress the outbreaks.

Immediately after the Russian revolution the papers printed long dispatches setting forth the iniquities of the autocracy and of the czar and czarina. And Japan is an autocracy too! After a few days—perhaps on a tip from the censor—they began to tone down their enthusiasm.

Possibly on a show-down the press is powerful enough to defy the bureaucracy. There are those who assert that Japan is becoming a newspaper-governed country, and from that premise draw the conclusion that Japan is becoming democratic! The press is powerful. As is generally true, it represents a class and shapes the ideas of the masses. The papers are mostly progressive—in the Japanese sense of the term. They favor party government, an extension of the franchise and ministerial responsibility. The papers express little sympathy with autocratic Japan;

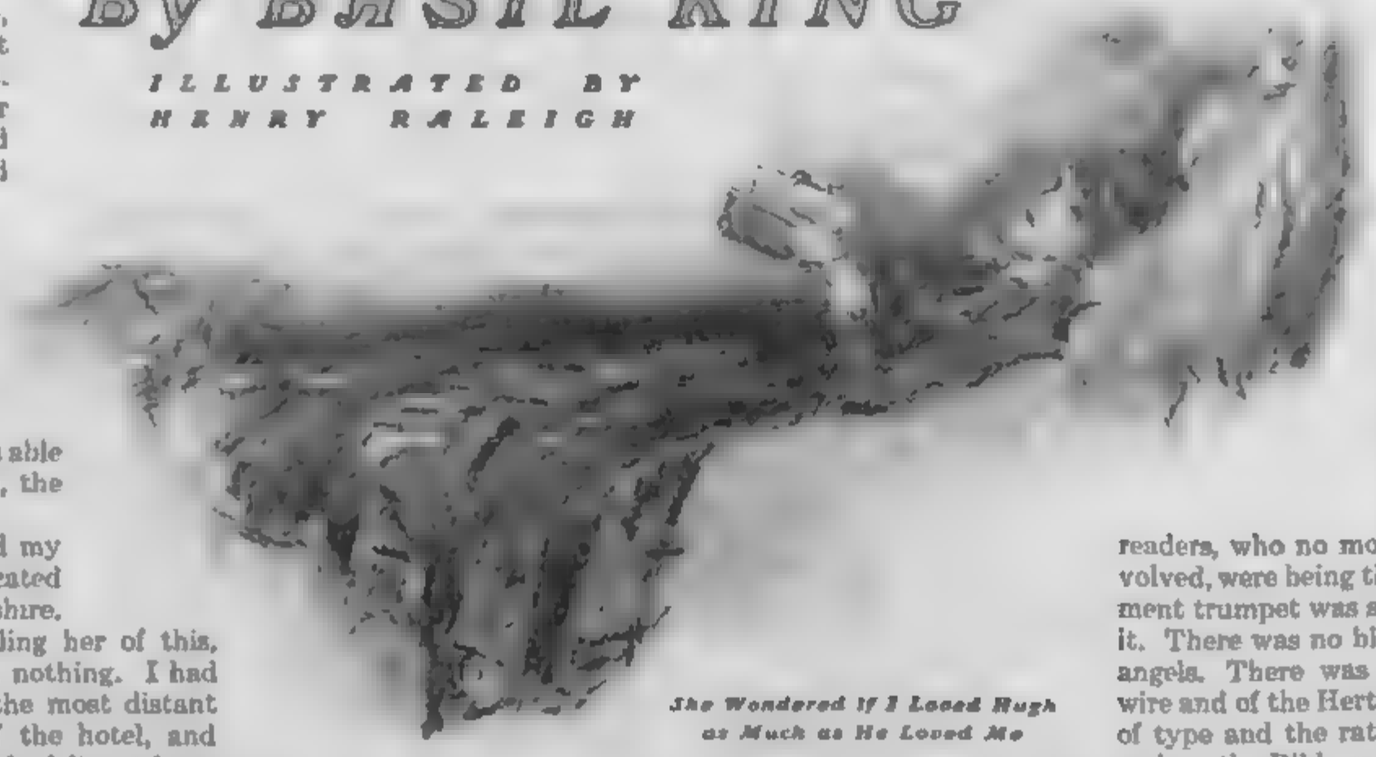
(Continued on Page 78)

THE HIGH HEART

XX

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



She Wondered If I Loved Hugh as Much as He Loved Me

MR. BROKENSHIRE arrived on the twenty-sixth of June, thus giving us forty-eight hours' grace. In the interval Mrs. Brokenshire remained in bed, neither tired nor ill, but white, silent and withdrawn. Her soul's tragedy had plainly not ended with her skimming retreat through Clover Lane. In the new phase on which it had entered it was creating a woman, possibly a wife, where there had been only a lovely child of arrested development. Slipping in and out of her room, attending quietly to her wants, I was able to note, as never in my life before, the beneficent action of suffering.

Because she was in bed, I folded my tent like the Arab and silently vacated my room in favor of Mr. Brokenshire. I looked for some objection on telling her of this, but she merely bit her lip and said nothing. I had asked the manager to put me in the most distant part of the most distant wing of the hotel, and would have stolen away altogether had it not been for fear that my poor dear little lady might need me.

As it was, I kept out of sight when Mr. Brokenshire drove up with secretary, valet and chauffeur, and I contrived to take my meals at hours when there could be no encounter between me and the great personage. If I was wanted I knew I could be sent for; but the twenty-seventh passed and no command came.

Once or twice I got a distant view of my enemy, as I began to call him—majestic, noble, stouter too, and walking with a slight waddle of the hips, which had always marked his carriage and became more noticeable as he increased in bulk. Not having seen him for nearly three months, I observed that his hair and beard were grayer. During those first few days I was never near enough to be able to tell whether or not there was a change for the better or the worse in his facial affliction.

From a chance word with the cadaverous Spellman on the twenty-eighth I learned that a sitting room had been arranged in connection with the two bedrooms Mrs Brokenshire and I had occupied, and that husband and wife were now taking their repasts in private. Later that day I saw them drive out together, Mrs. Brokenshire no more than a silhouette in the shadows of the limousine. I drew the inference that, however the soul's tragedy was working, it was with some reconciling grace that did what love had never been able to accomplish. Perhaps for her, as for me, there was an appeal in this vain, fatuous, suffering magnate of a coarse world's making that, in spite of everything, touched the springs of pity.

In any case I was content not to be sent for—and to rest. After a tranquil day or two my own nerves had calmed down and I enjoyed the delight of having nothing on my mind. It was extraordinary how remote I could keep myself while under the same roof with my superiors, especially when they kept themselves remote on their side. I had decided on the first of July as the date to which I should remain. If there was no demand for my services by that time I meant to consider myself free to go.

But events were preparing, had long been preparing, which changed my life as, I suppose, they changed to a greater or lesser degree the majority of lives in the world. It was curious, too, how they arranged themselves, with a neatness of coincidence which weaves my own small drama as a visible thread—visible to me, that is—in the vast tapestry of human history begun so far back as to be time out of mind.

It was the afternoon of Monday the twenty-ninth of June, 1914. Having secured a Boston morning paper, I had carried it off to the back veranda, which was my favorite retreat because nobody else liked it. It was just outside my room, and looked up into a hillside pine wood, where there were birds and squirrels, and straight bronze trunks wherever the sunlight fell aslant on them. At long intervals, too, a partridge hen came down with her little brood, clucking her low wooden cluck and pecking at tender shoots invisible to me, till she wandered off once more into the hidden depths of the stillness.

But I wasn't watching for the partridge hen that afternoon. I was thrilled by the tale of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg, which had taken place at Sarajevo on the previous day. Millions of other readers, who no more than I felt their own destinies involved, were being thrilled at the same moment. The judgment trumpet was sounding—only not as we had expected it. There was no blast from the sky—no sudden troop of angels. There was only the soundless vibration of the wire and of the Hertzian waves; there was only the casting of type and the rattling of innumerable reams of paper; and, as the Bible says, the dead could hear the voice, and they that heard it stood still; and the nations were summoned before the Throne "that was set in the midst." I was summoned, with my own people—though I didn't know it was a summons till afterward.

The paper had fallen to my knee, when I was startled to see Mr. Brokenshire come round the corner of my retreat. Dressed entirely in white, with no color in his costume save the lavender stripe in his shirt and collar, and the violet of his socks, handkerchief and tie, he would have been the perfect type of the middle-aged exquisite had it not been for the pitiless distortion of his eye the minute he caught sight of me. That he had not stumbled on me accidentally I judged by the way in which he hfted a Panama of the kind that is said to be made under water and is costlier than the costliest feminine confection from Paris.

I was struggling out of my wicker chair when the uplifted hand forbade me.

"Be good enough to stay where you are," he commanded, but more gently than he had ever spoken to me. "I've some things to say to you."

Too frightened to make a further attempt to move, I looked at him as he drew up a chair similar to my own, which creaked under his weight when he sat down in it. The afternoon being hot, and my veranda lacking air, which was one of the reasons why it was left to me, he

mopped his brow with the violet handkerchief, on which an enormous monogram was embroidered in white. I divined his reluctance to begin not only from his long hesitation but from the renewed contortion of his face. His hand went up to the left cheek as if to hold it in place, though with no success in the effort. When, at last, he spoke there was a stiffness in his utterance suggestive of an affection extending now to the lips or the tongue.

"I want you to know how much I appreciate the help you've given to Mrs. Brokenshire during her—her"—he had a difficulty in finding the right word—"during her indisposition," he finished rather weakly.

"I did no more than I was glad to do," I responded.

"Exactly; and yet I can't allow such timely aid to go unrewarded."

I was alarmed. Grasping the arms of the chair I braced myself. "If you mean money, sir ——"

"No; I mean more than money." He, too, braced himself. "I—I withdraw my opposition to your marriage with my son."

The immediate change in my consciousness was in the nature of a dissolving view. The veranda faded away, and the hillside wood. Once more I saw the imaginary dining room, and myself in a smart little dinner gown seating the guests; once more I saw the white-enameled nursery, and myself in a lace peignoir leaning over the bassinet. As in previous visions of the kind, Hugh was a mere shadow in the background, secondary to the home and the baby.

Secondary to the home and the baby was the fact that my object was accomplished and that my enemy had come to his knees. Indeed, I felt no particular elation from that element in the case; no special sense of victory. Like so many realized ambitions, it seemed a matter of course, now that it had come. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that for my own sake and for the sake of the future I must have a more definite expression of surrender than he had yet given me.

I remembered that Mrs. Brokenshire had said she would help me, and could imagine how. I summoned up everything within me that would rank as force of character, speaking quietly.

"I should be sorry, sir, to have you come to this decision against your better judgment."

"If you'll be kind enough to accept the fact," he said sharply, "we can leave my manner of reaching it out of the discussion."

In spite of the tone I rallied my resources.

"I don't want to be presumptuous, sir; but if I'm to enter your family I should like to feel sure that you'll receive me wholeheartedly."

"My dear young lady, isn't it assurance enough that I receive you at all? When I bring myself to that ——"

"Oh, please don't think I can't appreciate the sacrifice."

"Then what more is to be said?"

"But the sacrifice is the point. No girl wants to become one of a family which has to make such an effort to take her."

There was already a whisper of insecurity in his tone.

"Even so, I can't see why you shouldn't let the effort be our affair. Since we make it on our own responsibility ——"

"I don't care anything about the responsibility, sir. All I'm thinking of is that the effort must be made."

"But what did you expect?"

"I haven't said that I expected anything. If I've been of the slightest help to Mrs. Brokenshire I'm happy to let the service be its own reward."

"But I'm not. It isn't my habit to remain under an obligation to anyone."

"Nor mine," I said demurely.

He stared.

"What does that mean? I don't follow you."

"Perhaps not, sir; but I quite follow you. You wish me to understand that, in spite of my deficiencies, you accept me as your son's wife—for the reason that you can't help yourself."

A sharp hectic spot came out on each cheek bone.

"Well, what if I do?"

"I'm far too generous to put you in that position. I couldn't take you at a disadvantage, not even for the sake of marrying Hugh."

I was not sure whether he was frightened or angry, but it was the one or the other.

"Do you mean to say that, now—now that I'm ready ——"

"That I'm not? Yes, sir. That's what I do mean to say. I told you once that if I loved a man I shouldn't stop to consider the wishes of his relatives; but I've repented of that. I see now that marriage has a wider application than merely to individuals; and I'm not ready to enter any family that doesn't want me."

I looked off into the golden dimnesses of the hillside wood in order not to be a witness of the struggle he was making.

"And suppose"—it was almost a groan—"and suppose I said we—wanted you?"

It was like bending an iron bar; but I gave my strength to it.

"You'd have to say it differently from that, sir."

He spoke hoarsely.

"Differently—in what sense?"

I knew I had him, as Hugh would have expressed it, where I had been trying to get him.

"All We'll Have to Do for the Rest of Our Lives Will be to Get Away With Our Thousand Dollars a Month"

"In the sense that if you want me you must ask me."

He mopped his brow once more.

"I—I have asked you."

"You've said you withdrew your opposition. That's not enough."

Beads of perspiration were again standing on his forehead.

"Then what—what would be—enough?"

"A woman can't marry anyone unless she does it as something of a favor."

He drew himself up.

"Do you remember that you're talking to me?"

"Yes, sir; and it's because I do remember it that I have to insist. With anybody else, I shouldn't have to be so crude."

Again he put up a struggle, and this time I watched him. If his wife had made the conditions I guessed at, I had nothing to do but sit still. Grasping the arms of his chair he half rose as if to continue the interview no further, but immediately saw, as I inferred, what that would mean to him. He fell back again into the creaking depths of the chair.

"What do you wish me to say?"

But his stricken aspect touched me. Now that he was prepared to come to his knees, I had no heart to force him down on them. Since I had gained my point, it was foolish to battle on, or to try to make the Ethiopian change his skin.

"Oh, sir, you've said it!" I cried with sudden emotion. I leaned toward him, clasping my hands. "I see you do want me; and since you do I'll—I'll come."

Having made this concession, I became humble and thankful and tactful. I appeased him by saying I was sensible of the honor he did me, that I was happy in the thought that he was to be reconciled with Hugh; and I inquired for Mrs. Brokenshire. Leading up to this question with an air of guilelessness, I got the answer I was watching for in the ashen shade that settled on his face.

I forget what he replied; I was really not listening. I was calling up the scene in which she must have fulfilled her promise of helping Hugh and me. From the something crushed in him, as in the case of a man who knows the worst at last, I gathered that she had made a clean breast of it. It was awesome to think that behind this immaculate white suit with its violet details, behind this pink of the old beau, behind this moneyed authority and this power of dictation, to which even the mighty sometimes had to bow, there was a broken heart.

He knew now that the bird he had captured was nothing but a captured bird, and always longing for the forest. That his wife was willing to bear his name and live in his house and submit to his embraces was largely because I had induced her. Whether or not, in spite of his pompousness, he was grateful to me I didn't know; but I guessed that he was not. He could accept such benefits as I had secured him and yet be resentful toward the curious providence that had chosen me in particular as its instrument.

I came out of my meditations in time to hear him say that Mrs. Brokenshire being as well rested as she was there would be no further hindrance to their proceeding soon to Newport.

"And I suppose I might go back to my home," I observed with no other than the best intentions.

He made an attempt to regain the authority he had just forfeited.

"What for?"

"To be married," I explained—"since I am to be married."

"But why should you be married there?"

"Wouldn't it be the most natural thing?"

"It wouldn't be the most natural thing for Hugh."

"A man can be married anywhere; whereas a woman, at such a turning point in her life, needs a certain backing. I've an uncle and aunt and many friends ——"

The effort at a faint smile drew up the corner of his mouth and set his face awry.

"You'll excuse me, my dear"—the epithet made me jump—"if I correct you on a point of taste. In being willing that Hugh should marry you I think I must draw the line at anything like parade."

I know my eyebrows went up.

"Parade? Parade—how?"

The painful little smile persisted.

"The ancient Romans, when they went to war, had a custom of bringing back the most conspicuous of their captives and showing them in triumph in the streets——"

I, too, smiled.

"Oh; I understand. But you see, sir, the comparison doesn't hold in this case, because none of my friends would know anything more about Hugh than the fact that he was an American."

The crooked features went back into repose.

"They'd know he was my son."

I continued to smile, but sweetly.

"They'd take it for granted that he was somebody's son—but they wouldn't know anything about you, sir. You'd be quite safe so far as that went. Though I don't live many hundreds of miles from New York, and we're fairly civilized, I had never so much as heard the name of Brokenshire till Mrs. Rossiter told me it was hers before she was married. You see, then, that there'd be no danger of my leading a captive in triumph. No one I know would give Hugh a second thought, beyond being nice to the man I was marrying."

That he was pleased with this explanation I cannot affirm, but he passed it over.

"I think," was his way of responding, "that it will be better if we consider that you belong to us. Till your marriage to Hugh, which I suppose will take place in the autumn, you'll come back with us to Newport. There will be a whole new—how shall I put it?—a whole new phase of

"I Couldn't Take You at a Disadvantage, Not Even for the Sake of Marrying Hugh"

life for you to get used to. Hugh will stay with us, and I shall ask my daughter, Mrs. Rossiter, to be your hostess till ——"

As, without finishing his sentence, he rose I followed his example. Though knowing in advance how futile would be the attempt to present myself as an equal, I couldn't submit to this calm disposition of my liberty and person without putting up a fight.

"I've a great preference, sir—if you'll allow me—for being married in my own home, among my own people, and in the old parish church in which I was baptized. I really have people and a background; and it's possible that my sisters might come over ——"

The hand went up; his tone put an end to discussion.

"I think, my dear Alexandra, that we shall do best in considering that you belong to us. You'll need time to grow accustomed to your new situation. A step backward now might be perilous."

My fight was ended. What could I do? I listened and submitted, while he went on to tell me that Mrs. Brokenshire would wish to see me during the day, that Hugh would be sent for and would probably arrive the next afternoon, and that by the end of the week we should all be settled in Newport. There, whenever I felt I needed instruction, I was not to be ashamed to ask for it. Mrs. Rossiter would explain anything of a social nature that I didn't understand, and he knew I could count on Mrs. Brokenshire's protection.

With a comic inward grimace I swallowed all my pride and thanked him.

As for Mrs. Brokenshire's protection, that was settled when later in the afternoon we sat on her balcony, and laughed and cried together, and held each other's hands, as young women do when their emotions outrun their power of expression. She called me Alix and begged me to invent a name for her that would combine the dignity of Hugh's stepmother with our standing as friends. I chose Miladi, out of Les Trois Mousquetaires, with which she was delighted.

I begged off from dining with them that evening, nominally because I was too upset by all I had lived through in the afternoon, but really for the reason that I couldn't bear the thought of Mr. Brokenshire calling me his dear Alexandra twice in the same day. Once had made my blood run cold. His method of shriveling up a name by merely pronouncing it is something that transcends my power to describe. He had ruined that of Adare with me forever, and now he was completing my confusion at being called after so lovely a creature as our queen. I have always admitted that, with its stately, regal suggestions, Alexandra is no symbol for a plain little body like me; but when Mr. Brokenshire took it on his lips and called me his dear I could have cried out for mercy. So I had my dinner by myself, munching slowly, and meditating on what Mr. Brokenshire described as "my new situation."

I was meditating on it still when, in the course of the following afternoon, I was sitting in a retired grove of the hillside wood waiting for Hugh to come and find me. He was to arrive about three and Miladi was to tell him where I was. In our crowded little inn with its crowded grounds nooks of privacy were rare.

I had taken the Boston paper with me in order to get further details of the tragedy of Sarajevo. These I found absorbing. They wove themselves in with my thoughts of Hugh and my dreams of our life together. An article on Serbia, which I had found in an old magazine that morning, had given me, too, an understanding of the situation I hadn't had before. Up to that day Serbia had been but a name to me; now I began to see its significance. The story of this brave, patient little people, with its one idea—an *idée fixe* of liberty—began to move me.

Of all the races of Europe the Serbian impressed me as the one that had been most constantly thwarted in its natural ambitions—struck down whenever it attempted to rise. Its patriotic hopes had always been inconvenient to some other nation's patriotic hopes, and so had to be blasted systematically. England, France, Austria, Turkey, Italy and Russia had taken part at various times in this circumvention, denying the fruits of victory after they had been won. Serbia had been treated like a poor little guttersnipe brother of Europe, kept out of the inheritance of justice and freedom and commerce when others were admitted to a share. For some of them there might have been no great share; but for little Serbia there was none.

It was terrible to me that such wrong could go on, generation after generation, and that there should be no Nemesis. In a measure it contradicted my theory of right. I didn't want anyone to suffer, but I asked why there had been no suffering. Of the nations that had knocked Serbia about, hedged her in by restrictions, dismembered her and kept her dismembered, most were prosperous. From Serbia's point of view I couldn't help sympathizing with the hand that had struck down at least one member of the House of Hapsburg; and yet in that tragic act there could be no adequate revenge for centuries of repression. What I wanted I didn't know; I suppose I didn't want anything. I was only wondering—wondering why, if individuals couldn't sin without paying for the sin they had committed, nations should sin and be immune.

Strangely enough these reflections did not shut out the thought of the lover who was coming up the hill; they blended with it; they made it larger and more vital. I could thank God I was marrying a man whose hand would always be lifted on behalf of right. I didn't know how it could be lifted in the cause of Serbia against the influences represented by Franz Ferdinand; but when one is dreaming one doesn't pause to direct the logical course of one's dreams. Perhaps I was only clutching at whatever I could say for Hugh; and at least I could say that. He was not a strong man in the sense of being fertile in ideas; but he was brave and generous, and where there was injustice his spirit would be among the first to be stirred by it. That conviction made me welcome him when, at last, I saw his stocky figure moving lower down among the pine trunks.

I caught sight of him long before he discovered me, and could make my notes upon him. I could even make my notes upon myself, not wholly with my own approval. I was too businesslike, too cool. There was nothing I possessed in the world that I would not have given for a single quickened heart-throb. I would have given it the more when I saw Hugh's pinched face and the furbished-up spring suit he had worn the year before.

It was not the fact that he had worn it the year before that gave me a pang; it was that he must have worn it pretty steadily. I am not observant of men's clothes. Except that I like to see them neat, they are too much alike to be worth noticing. But anything not plainly opulent in Hugh smote me with a sense of guilt. It could so easily be attributed to my fault. I could so easily take it so myself. I did take it so myself. I said as he approached: "This man has suffered. He has suffered on my account. All my life must be given to making it up to him."

I make no attempt to tell how we met. It was much as we had met after other separations, except that when he slipped to the low bowlder and took me in his arms it was with a certainty of possession which had never hitherto belonged to him. There was nothing for me but to let myself go, and lie back in his embrace.

I came to myself, as it were, on hearing him whisper, with his face close to mine:

"You witch! You witch! How did you ever manage it?"

I made the necessity for giving him an explanation the excuse for working myself free.

"I didn't manage it. It was Mrs. Brokenshire."

He cried out incredulously: "Oh, no! Not the madam!"

"Yes, Hugh. It was she. She asked him. She must have begged him. That's all I can tell you about it."

He was even more incredulous.

"Then it must have been on your account rather than on mine; you can bet your sweet life on that!"

"Hugh, darling, she's fond of you. She's fond of you all. If you could only have ——"

"We couldn't." For the first time he showed signs of admitting me into the family sense of disgrace. "Did you ever hear how dad came to marry her?"

I said that something had reached me, but one couldn't put the blame for that on her.

"And she's had more pull with him than we've had," he declared resentfully. "You can see that by the way he's given in to her on this ——"

I soothed him on this point, however, and we talked of a general reconciliation. From that we went on to the subject of our married life, of which his father, in the hasty interview of half an hour before, had briefly sketched the conditions. A place was to be found for Hugh in the house of Meek & Brokenshire; his allowance was to be raised to twelve or fifteen thousand a year; we were to have a modest house or apartment in New York. No date had been fixed for the wedding, so far as Hugh could learn; but it might be in October. We should be granted perhaps a three months' trip abroad, with a return to New York before Christmas.

He gave me these details with an excitement bespeaking intense satisfaction. It was easy to see that, after his ten months' rebellion, he was eager to put his head under the Brokenshire yoke again. His instinct in this was similar to Ethel's and Jack's—only that they had never declared themselves free. I could best compare him to a horse who for one glorious half hour kicks up his heels and runs away, and yet returns to the stable and the harness as the safest sphere of blessedness. Under the Brokenshire yoke he could live, move, have his being, and enjoy his twelve or fifteen thousand a year, without that onerous responsibility which comes with the exercise of choice. Under the Brokenshire yoke I, too, should be provided for. I should be raised from my lowly estate, be given a position in the world, and, though for a while the fact of the mésalliance might tell against me, it would be overcome in my case as in that of Libby Jaynes. His talk was a paean on our luck.

"All we'll have to do for the rest of our lives, little Alix, will be to get away with our thousand dollars a month. I guess we can do that—what? We shan't even have to save, because in the natural course of events ——" He left this reference to his father's demise to go on with his hymn of self-congratulation. "But we've pulled it off, haven't we? We've done the trick. Lord, what a relief it is! What do you think I've been living on for the last six weeks? Chocolate and crackers for the most part. Lost thirty pounds in two months. But it's all right now, little Alix. I've got you and I mean to keep you." He asked suddenly: "How did you come to know the madam so well? I'd never had a hint of it. You do keep some things awful close!"

I made my answer as truthful as I could.

"This was nothing I could tell you, Hugh. Mrs. Brokenshire was sorry for me ever since last year in Newport. She never dared to say anything about it, because she was afraid of your father and the rest of you; but she did pity me ——"

"Well, I'll be blowed! I didn't suppose she had it in her. She's always seemed to me like a woman walking in her sleep ——"

"She's waking up now. She's beginning to understand that perhaps she hasn't taken the right attitude toward your father; and I think she'd like to begin. It was to work that problem out that she decided to come away with me and live simply for a while. . . . She wanted to escape from everyone, and I was the nearest to no one she could find to take with her; and so —— If your sisters or your brother ask you any questions I wish you would tell them that."

We discussed this theme in its various aspects while the afternoon light turned the pine trunks round us into columns of red gold, and a soft wind soothed us with balsamic smells. Birds flitted and fluted overhead, and now and then a squirrel darted up to challenge us with the peak of its inquisitive sharp little nose. I chose what I thought a favorable moment to bring before Hugh the

matter that had been so summarily shelved by his father. I wanted so much to be married among my own people and from what I could call my own home.

His childlike, wide-apart, small blue eyes regarded me with growing astonishment as I made my point clear.

"For Heaven's sake, my sweet little Alix, what do you want that for? Why, we can be married in Newport!"

His emphasis on the word Newport was as if he had said Heaven.

"Yes; but you see, Hugh, darling, Newport means nothing to me ——"

"It will jolly well have to if ——"

"And my home means such a lot. If you were marrying Lady Cissie Boscobel you'd certainly go to Goldborough for the occasion."

"Ah, but that would be different!"

"Different in what way?"

He colored and grew confused.

"Well, don't you see?"

"No; I'm afraid I don't."

"Oh, yes, you do, little Alix," he smiled cajolingly. "Don't try to pull my leg. We can't have one of these bang-up weddings as it is. Of course we can't—and we don't want it. But they'll do the decent thing by us, now that dad has come round at all, and let people see that they stand behind us. If we were to go down there to where you came from—Halifax, or wherever it is—it would put us back ten years with the people we want to keep up with."

I submitted again, because I didn't know what else to do. I submitted, and yet with a rage which was the hotter for being impotent. These people took it so easily for granted that I had no pride, and was entitled to none. They allowed me no more in the way of antecedents than if I had been a new creation on the day when I first met Mrs. Rossiter. They believed in the principle of inequality of birth as firmly as if they had been minor German royalties. My marriage to Hugh might be valid in the eyes of the law, but to them it would always be more or less morganatic. I could only be Duchess of Hohenberg to this young prince; and perhaps not even that. She was noble—*adel*, as they call it—at the least; while I was merely a nursemaid.

But I made another grimace—and swallowed it. I could have broken out with some vicious remark, which would have bewildered poor Hugh beyond expression and made no change in his point of view. Even if it relieved my pent-up bitterness, it would have left me nothing but a nursemaid; and, since I was to marry him, why disturb the peace? And I owed him too much not to marry him—of that I was convinced. He had been kind to me from the first day he knew me; he had been true to me in ways in which few men would have been true. To go back on him now would not be simply a change of mind; it would be an act of cruel treachery. No, I argued; I could do nothing but go on with it. My debt could not be paid in any other way. Besides, I declared to myself, with a catch in the throat, I—I loved him. I had said it so many times that it must be true.

When the minute came to go down the hill and prepare for the little dinner at which I was to be included in the family my thoughts reverted to the event that had startled the world.

"Isn't this terrible?" I said to Hugh, indicating the paper I carried in my hand.

He looked at me with the mild wondering which always made his expression vacuous.

"Isn't what terrible?"

"Why, the assassinations in Bosnia."

"Oh! I saw there had been something."

"Something!" I cried. "It's one of the most momentous things that have ever happened in history."

"What makes you say that?" he inquired, turning on me the innocent stare of his baby-blue eyes as we sauntered between the pine trunks.

I had to admit that I didn't know. I only felt it in my bones.

"Aren't they always doing something of the sort down there—killing kings or queens, or something?"

"Oh, not like this!" I paused. "You know, Hugh, Serbia is a wonderful little country when you've heard a bit of its story."

"Is it?" He took out a cigarette and lit it.

In the ardor of my sympathy I poured out on him some of the information I had just acquired.

"And we're all responsible," I was finishing; "English, French, Russians, Austrians ——"

"We're not responsible—we Americans," he broke in quietly.

"Oh, I'm not so sure about that. If you inherit the civilization of the races from which you spring you inherit some of their crimes; and you've got to pay for them."

"Not on your life!" he laughed easily; but in the laugh there was something that cut me more deeply than he knew.

XXI

BUT once we were settled in Newport, I almost forgot the tragedy of Sarajevo. The world, it seemed to me, had forgotten it too; it had passed into history. Franz Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek being dead and buried, we had gone on to something else.

Personally I had gone on to the readjustment of my life. I was with Ethel Rossiter as a guest. Guest or retainer, however, made little difference. She treated me just as before—with the same detached, live-and-let-live kindliness that dropped into the old habit of making use of me. I liked that. It kept us on a simple, natural footing. I could see myself writing her notes and answering her telephone calls as long as I lived. Except that now and then, when she thought of it, she called me Alix, instead of Miss Adare, she might still have been paying me so much a month.

"Well, I can't get over father," was the burden of her congratulations to me. "I knew that woman could turn him round her finger; but I didn't suppose she could do it like that. You played your cards well in getting hold of her."

"I didn't play my cards," was my usual defense, "because I had none to play."

"Then what on earth brought her over to your side?"

"Life."

"Life—fiddlesticks! It was life with a good deal of help from Alix Adare." She added on one occasion: "Why didn't you take that young Strangways—frankly now?"

"Because," I smiled, "I don't believe in polyandry."

"But you're fond of him. That's what beats me! You're fond of one man and you're marrying another; and yet ——"

I don't know what color I turned outwardly, but within I was fire. It was the fire of confusion and not of indignation. I felt it safest to let her go on, hazarding no remarks of my own.

"And yet—what?"

"And yet you don't seem like a girl who'd marry for money—you really don't. That's one thing about you."

I screwed up a wan smile.

"Thanks."

"So that I'm all in the dark. What you can see in Hugh ——"

"What I can see in Hugh is the kindest of men. That's a good deal to say of anyone."

"Well, I'll be hanged if I'd marry even the kindest of men if it was for nothing but his kindness."

The Jack Brokenshires were jovially noncommittal, letting it go at that. In offering the necessary good wishes Jack contented himself with calling me a sly one; while Pauline, who was mannish and horsy, wrung my hand till she almost pulled it off, remarking that in a family like the Brokenshires the natural principle was The more, the merrier. Acting doubtless on a hint from higher up, they included Hugh and me in a luncheon to some twenty of their cronies, whose shibboleths I didn't understand and among whom I was lost.

As far as I went into general society it was so unobtrusively that I might be said not to have gone at all. I made no sensation as the affianced bride of Hugh Brokenshire. To the great fact of my engagement few people paid any attention, and those who referred to it did so with the air of forgetting it the minute afterward. It came to me with some pain that in his own circle Hugh was regarded more or less as a nonentity. I was a "queer Canadian." Newport presented to me a hard, polished exterior, like a porcelain wall. It was too high to climb over and it afforded no nooks or crevices in which I might find a niche. No one ever offered me the slightest hint of incivility—or of interest.

"It's because they've too much to do and to think of," Mrs. Brokenshire explained to me. "They know too many people already. Their lives are too full. Money means nothing to them, because they've all got so much of it. Quiet good breeding isn't striking enough. Cleverness they don't care anything about—and not even for scandals outside their own close corporation. All the same"—I waited while she formulated her opinion—"all the same a great deal could be done in Newport in New York—in Washington—in America at large—if we had the right sort of women."

"And haven't you?"

"No. Our women are—how shall I say?—too small-too parochial—too provincial. They've no national outlook; they've no authority. Few of them know how to use money or to hold high positions. Our men hardly ever turn to them for advice on important things, because they've rarely any to give."

Her remarks showed so much more of the reflecting spirit than I had ever seen in her before that I was emboldened to ask:

"Then, couldn't you show them how?"

She shook her head.

"No; I'm an American, like the rest. It isn't in me. It's both personal

(Continued on Page 63)

"It Isn't Merely a European Struggle; It's a Universal One. I'd Do Anything Rather Than Not Fight"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 21, 1917

The Greatest Opportunity

WE DO not need any marvelous new invention to win the war. The invention that can win the war is in our hands now—an American invention, the aëroplane.

To beat the enemy decisively in the air means that your artillery fire goes straight and his goes half blind—and artillery fire has been the determining factor all along.

It means that you can conceal the movement of troops and supplies behind the lines and detect every like move made by the enemy. It means that you know what he is doing and he does not know what you are doing.

It means much to morale. Your army knows that vigilant eyes are guiding its every movement, protecting it against every surprise. The enemy's army knows it suffers a corresponding disadvantage.

It means that you can bomb enemy depots, transports, reserves, far behind the lines, while your own are safe.

We make more gasoline engines than all the rest of the world put together. On rather short notice we can make as many aëroplanes as the rest of the world put together.

According to the best information, England and France, considering the other imperative demands upon them, are about at the limit of aëroplane production. Germany, also, is pretty close to the limit. Between the Allies and the Central Powers it is substantially a balance.

The United States can upset that balance decisively. That means production on a big scale; for the average life of an aëroplane in service is about fifty hours. But we have the equipment that can easily be turned to big production in this field.

It is our great immediate opportunity. By rising to it with all our might, and keeping up the shipbuilding program, we can strike the enemy harder within the next twelve months than in any other way.

Congress should immediately set up a Department of Aëronautics and appropriate at least six hundred million dollars for aircraft and aviators.

No Avoidable War Profits

IN ALL its long and much-reprobated career Big Business was never in a more ticklish position than at this writing.

No man shall make exorbitant profits out of this war, so far as it is possible for the Government to prevent it. Upon that point the people of the United States are even more determined than upon the point of fighting the war; for, as to that, even pro-Germans and peace-at-any-price pacifists heartily agree.

Almost every important basic material is selling in the market at prices that yield exorbitant profits, and on sales to private customers big profits, which are essentially war profits, will be realized; but the Government will not pay those prices. So far as possible it will pay only enough to yield an ordinary peace profit.

It is a question of some difficulty. The maker of ship plates can point to an abnormal price for his raw material, steel billets; the maker of billets can point to an abnormal price for pig iron; the blast furnace can show that to produce a ton of pig iron, with present prices for ore, coke and labor, costs more than ever before. The iron miner can point to higher wages and taxes. So with everything the Government buys.

Yet, with the big basic materials it is possible to approximate a fair-profit price all along the line. With that price producers all along the line must be content. They must accept it promptly and cheerfully for all government contracts.

Men in whose hands the decision and the initiative lie can exert considerable opposition. They can talk about discouraging production and demoralizing industry. They can even balk for a time. But if the notion ever got abroad that such men, as a class—the managers and directors of big industry—were minded to hold the Government up even at the cost of slowing down preparation for war, they would get an experience compared with which all their former troubles would be only as a couple of ants in the sugar at a picnic.

Nobody shall profit by this war, so far as it is possible to prevent it.

Wheat and Corn

BECAUSE it is the most suitable for export, wheat is the foodstuff that ought to be especially conserved in this country. As compared with an average of two years before the war, the world's exports of that cereal fell off by more than a hundred million bushels in this crop year, which means pretty largely that the Allies got that much less of the staff of life; and over sixty per cent of such exports as there were came from North America. In the coming crop year Russia, which used to supply Europe with a hundred-and-odd million bushels annually, will probably be bottled up; and Argentina, which used to send nearly a hundred million bushels more, will send little.

We may hope for a good oats crop and a good corn crop. Both make good food. Probably much less than ten per cent of the corn crop is eaten by humans. Eighty-six per cent of the whole crop is consumed on the farm, but little over three per cent going for food. Nine per cent is ground in flour and grist mills, but a good deal of that goes to town poultry and livestock. One and three-tenths per cent is used in making distilled and malt liquors.

These percentages are based on the annual average production of the last five years—namely, two and three-quarter billion bushels. If this year's outturn is only that, a considerable substitution of corn for wheat in human diet is possible. Only habit stands in the way; but a habit that prefers white bread to corn pone and johnnycake needs correcting, anyway.

No one need fear a disastrous slump in the wheat and flour market. Do the best we can, the supply of those commodities will fall below the demand.

Farm Prices

THE Department of Agriculture reports that on June 1, 1917, prices to farmers for the chief crops—wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, hay, flax and cotton—were double what they were on June 1, 1916, and more than double the average of the last nine years.

For several years before the war, and especially after war had continued a year, we were hearing much about high prices of farm products. Counting from the depression following the panic of 1893 to the beginning of the war, prices of farm products had risen decidedly more than prices of fuel and lighting, of metals, or of lumber and building materials. But it was only last fall that the real boom began. On September 1, 1916, the Department's index number for the crops named above stood at a hundred and sixty-one against a hundred and twenty-nine at the beginning of the year. By December it was up to a hundred and eighty-seven; by April, two hundred and twenty-five; by June, two hundred and ninety-one.

These are prices to farmers, not by retail. And by the middle of May this year prices to producers for hogs, cattle and sheep were forty-eight per cent higher than a year ago, and seventy-four per cent higher than two years ago.

These prices show an altogether abnormal situation. If only producers could profit by that situation there would be less cause for interfering with it. But, with demand so insistent, supplies limited, and the public imbued with the idea that food may go to any height, the situation abounds in opportunities for speculation, corners, holdups, buyers' panics.

The Government ought to be vested with power to intervene. That intervention will be used unjustly and oppressively to producers is an absurd supposition.

Copperheads

NORTHERN men who opposed the war for the preservation of the Union, believing that Lincoln should make peace with the Confederacy upon the latter's own terms, were called Copperheads. There is a popular impression that this name was chosen because copper is denser than wood; but that is a mistake. The name was derived from one of the two venomous reptiles with which people in the North were best acquainted—the rattlesnake and the copperhead snake. The chief difference between them is that the rattler gives warning before he strikes, while the copperhead does not; hence its name symbolized secret venom or hidden danger.

A term more polite but equally opprobrious will be found for those busy people in the United States to-day who—in the main really opposed to the war with Germany—seek to embarrass and confuse it by indirection.

The call for a national convention at Chicago in the fore part of July set forth a case with some plausibility. It proposed to organize a National People's Council for Democracy and Peace, one of whose objects should be "to induce our Government to state concretely the terms upon which it is willing to make peace," another object being "to preserve and extend democracy and liberty within the United States." That sounds rather plausible; but we fear that the following paragraph, in big type, expresses the true goal of the organizers of this movement:

"It is hoped that our own people's council will voice the peace will of America as unmistakably and effectively as the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates is speaking for Russia."

Leadership of that council had brought Russia to an utter disorganization and paralysis of the nation's military power—a sheer physical inability to fight. We are afraid that is what these good people really want. Let them severely alone.

One Great Need

WASHINGTON contains ability, but the ability is badly organized and more or less chaotic.

There is ability and patriotism in Congress itself; yet Congress lumbers, misses fire, stalls, and wastes time when time means life as well as money—and may mean all the incalculable difference between defeat and victory.

The President called many able men in consultation, seeking—necessarily in haste—to build up an extra-official organization that could undertake the huge job of mobilizing the country industrially for war.

The row in the Shipping Board, the backing and filling over steel and coal contracts, and other evidences of friction and lost motion, show that the machine is not functioning well.

There ought to be a thorough reorganization at Washington, including both the executive and legislative branches of the Government. This reorganization ought to forget the words Democrat and Republican, with whatever they connote. It ought to forget everything that the word politics commonly connotes.

For any man in the governmental organization the question and test now is whether he means unreservedly that the United States shall fight the war for all it is worth, without the slightest regard to whether any given measure which is expedient for war purposes hurts the feelings of Southern cotton planters, Kansas wheat growers, union labor leaders, Pittsburgh steel makers, New England cloth mills, Wall Street bankers, or any other special interest or prepossession whatever.

Congress and the Cabinet ought to be reorganized for war with complete disregard of those partisan alignments which govern their organization in peace; so that the best ability, animated by unqualified determination to prosecute the war with the utmost possible vigor, may have control of the Government throughout.

Hastily summoned and loosely formed extra-official bodies, acting as advisers to a Government that itself is organized on the old partisan lines, do not meet the needs of the time satisfactorily.

Forced or Voluntary?

IN A JUNE issue the London Economist put the case for British subjects this way:

"Apart from borrowing abroad and realizing assets abroad, the savings of the people are the only source out of which the war can and must be financed. If the people do not save enough voluntarily to supply in taxes and loans out of savings all that the government needs, then the government forces them to save more by getting money from the banks, which the banks manufacture for it. By this process money is multiplied, prices rise and compulsory saving is forced on the people—especially those least able to bear it—because their money, being depreciated, gives them less goods; and so they have to go without goods and curtail consumption. The idea that war can be paid for by financial legerdemain, involving no privation to anybody, is a delusion."

The United States has no foreign credits upon which it can realize, as England had at the beginning of the war; nor is any foreign market for loans available. It must meet the whole cost of the war out of its own resources. It can multiply money, or credit, at will; but merely multiplying credit does nothing to meet the essential problem, which is one of production. Cutting off superfluous production and increasing necessary production alone meets it.

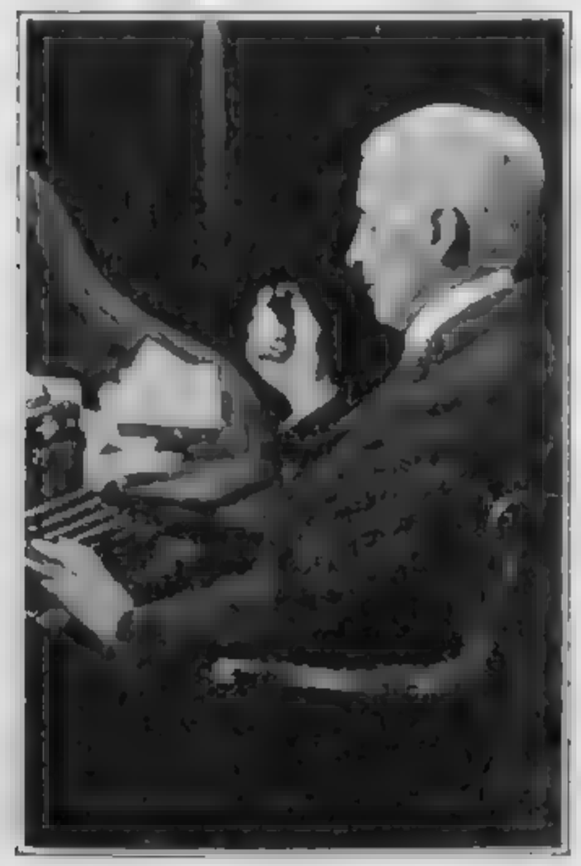
WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Henry Prather Fletcher

COURT stenographer at eighteen; Rough Rider at twenty-five; minister at thirty-six; ambassador at forty-one—these are only a few of the way stations at which Mr. Fletcher stopped en route for his present position of Ambassador to Mexico. He began his diplomatic career as second secretary to our legation to Cuba, was transferred to China, then to Lisbon, then back to China, where he later became acting minister. As a result of his work in connection with the HuKuang Loan fight he was promoted to the position of minister to Chile. It is in great part due to his work and influence that the relations between Chile and the United States are what they are to-day.

The photograph above was taken shortly after Ambassador Fletcher reached Mexico, where he was sent by President Wilson—after our troops were withdrawn from across the border—to try to convince our Southern neighbors that the United States has had in the past and has to-day the best and lasting interests of Mexico at heart. The new ambassador has an unusually big diplomatic job before him. .Fortunately for the country, the job has an unusually big diplomat behind it.



Will Payne—Himself

By Himself

YEARS ago word reached literary circles in Chicago that Mr. Curtis was preparing to launch a weekly publication to be called THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I was impressed with the tremendous importance of getting this new publication started right, and immediately wrote a story for it. The editor heartily shared my views concerning the importance of a right start, and immediately rejected the story.

With that initial slant in the right direction, for which half the credit belongs to me, THE POST has proceeded to success after success. That is probably the most important serious fact in my career. Some of the frivolous facts are that I was born in Illinois, lived a while in Nebraska, and was engaged in newspaper work in Chicago at a time and on a paper where those who didn't work were instantly disengaged.

I know an endless number of exciting things about myself, but they are open to the more or less serious objection that they haven't really happened yet. For example, when I became legally entitled to cast my first vote I was living—at thirty—in a truly remarkable manner and doing all sorts of extraordinary things, such as ordinary mortals always want to do—traveling in Tibet, hunting elephants, discovering the North Pole. I could even sing the Star-Spangled Banner in tune and face a young lady who obviously expected to be danced with without bursting into a cold perspiration. But when I got to be thirty by the calendar I was mostly, in fact, just sawing wood. If I lifted my voice in song, my dog put his tail between his legs and started home; if I danced with a young lady once, she burst into a cold perspiration at my second approach.

It is evident, as I look back at it, that I got started wrong. I began by doing commonplace things, such as washing that part of my face within easiest reach, going to school, lying to the teacher, robbing an orchard, hoeing in the garden. As I read Deadwood Dick and the Boy Detective Series, I felt that I was wrong and began making amends—next year. But somehow the commonplace things have kept piling up on me in such a disconcerting manner that I've never been able to catch up with the really exciting things.

They're still one lap ahead.

So, of course, all I can do in the way of biography is to offer an apology.

Anne de la Motte Carrel

THE photograph in the center of the page shows Mrs. Alexis Carrel using the Dakin-Carrel solution on the arm of a wounded *poilu* at her husband's hospital in Compiègne. At the hospital, which was a hotel before the war, hundreds of wounded have received the new treatment with splendid results, and Mrs. Carrel has been in charge of it since the start.

She first met Doctor Carrel when she went to New York several years ago to work under him in his laboratory at the Rockefeller Institute.

Since Doctor Carrel started his hospital in France she has worked side by side with her husband and has been able to take many responsibilities off his shoulders. Besides being a gifted executive, she is a woman of great magnetism and sympathy. No wonder the soldiers adore her!

Ida M. Evans—Herself

By Herself

I WAS born in Iowa
Several years ago, but I do not care much
for cornfields
Or Republicans, so I got on the Burlington
And rode to Chicago just as soon as I
could.
It would have been sooner had the two-
cent rate been made by the
Railroads sooner.
I had heard that in Chicago one could
come across
The dignity of labor in all its glory.
But all I found was dig.
I could tell you a whole lot
About the inside
Of a lot of places where people work.
But let Dave Griffith do it.
He does it plainer.
After several years of hard work I
made up
My mind
That it was easier to write about work-
ing than to
Work.
Anyway, two or three people assured
me story writing isn't
A seriously hard profession

(Concluded on Page 82)

UNUSUAL BUSINESS

By Edward G. Lowry

I SEEK to show by precept and example, and in the simplest terms, that, even in time of peace, there is really no such thing as "business as usual."

One evening, early in the winter of 1914, I sat at dinner in a club in New York with a New England manufacturer of cheap print cloths. The Underwood Tariff Law had been in effect a few months. People were still talking about the changes it had made in business. Manufacturers and importers had not settled down to the new duties.

"How is business?" I asked; not that I cared very much, but it seemed the thing to do to make a civil inquiry.

My maker of print cloths made me sit up. "We have been hurt and very much disturbed by the changed conditions in the billiard-ball business." That gave us something to talk about. He went on to tell a curious and interesting story, which shows more clearly than any abstract economic argument why business men, particularly manufacturers, become apprehensive and concerned when the tariff is about to be revised, up or down. He told me this tale:

"My own business has been disturbed, an outlet for my product has been closed, and I have had to open up new fields, because the Underwood Tariff Law contains the following sentence:

"'Ivory tusks in their natural state, or cut vertically across the grain only, with the bark left intact, twenty per centum ad valorem.'

"Tusk ivory had always been on the free list until this duty was imposed. It comes only from East Africa; and this twenty per cent duty wipes out our export trade to the Ivory Coast, amounting to about two million dollars a year. The actual collection of ivory throughout the elephant country and the final distribution of the cotton goods are made by native traders, with whom we made the exchange and to whom we sometimes gave credit as high as fifty thousand dollars. They would not take our goods unless we bought their ivory. Cotton cloth was a recognized medium of exchange and more desirable than money. Before we opened this trade, Congo ivory had been obtainable only at Antwerp. Then we began to exchange our cloths for tusk ivory, and brought the stuff to this country and made it into billiard balls, backs for hairbrushes and other toilet articles."

Mr. Vanderlip Analyzes the Situation

"THE importation of tusks in exchange for cotton cloths had thus built up a flourishing industry in the United States. The import duty has absolutely killed this trade. The raw ivory now goes to England, Italy and France, in exchange for cotton cloths from those countries. We have had to stop making billiard balls and other products out of ivory, our factories are closed, and the working people we employed have been dismissed. I do not know of a sharper example of how the currents of commerce are changed when any slight obstruction is placed in their way."

Another man at the table spoke up:

"I know a story like that. Once, two or three years ago, I met an old whaling captain on the streets of New Bedford. He had just come back from a three-year cruise. He was an old friend, and I stopped him. 'Well, captain, how is the whale-oil business? Are you prospering?' He replied: 'Whether I prosper or not, and whether the whaling business prospers or not, depends on the corn crop in Kansas. When I am down south, in the Pacific, the news from home that interests me most is what sort of weather they are having in the Corn Belt.' He said that when there was a good corn crop in the Mississippi Valley the farmers raised lots of hogs and fattened them cheaply. They made a lot of lard; and, because it did not cost much to fatten the hogs, lard was cheap enough to be used as a lubricant. When lard was cheap enough to be sold as a lubricant it naturally brought down the price of whale oil, and my old friend came home after a long voyage to find that he had to sell his oil at a loss. If, because of drought or for any other reason, the corn crop was short, not so many hogs were raised, not so much lard was made, and a whale hunter could sell his oil at a handsome profit."

I was reminded of these two stories when I began to study the effect of this war on business. I went to see a great merchant of the Middle West. He was looking out of a west window at an approaching rainstorm. He turned to me and waved his hand toward the raincloud.

"Knocks the garden-hose business dead," he said; "but it ought to make a demand for lawn mowers. If it keeps up much longer, and hurts the fruit, it means that we shall have to carry over until next Thanksgiving about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of fancy carving sets."

"Business Has But One Job To-Day, and That Is to Do the Thing That Will Bring Victory at the Earliest Possible Moment"

It was Sherlock Holmes stuff to me and I tried to look like Doctor Watson. He saw it.

"Don't you know that the farmers' wives buy all their little household luxuries and fancy fixings from their fruit money? If we have a good fruit year in our part of the country we sell all sorts of things that the women would never buy if the fruit hadn't brought additional money. They buy croquet sets, and fancy carving sets with stag handles, and things for the house, that they would never buy, no matter how good the other crops might be or how high the price they fetch. We stock up with all sorts of things that we never expect to sell except in a good fruit year."

If a small import duty on tusk ivory can kill a two-million-dollar export trade in print cloths, and if a good fruit crop can stimulate the manufacture and sale of carving sets, what may not a world war do to "business as usual"? I have been taking the testimony of men who know. They say: "Not business as usual, but business as unusual"; more business than ever. At the same time, they urge individual economies and thrift, and advise consumers to restrict their purchases to necessities. Here is the posture of affairs as we enter the war:

The war will cost ten billion dollars a year. This war money must be taken out of the national income. Which means that ten billion dollars, which now goes into investments and into legitimate living expenses, or into frivolities and waste, must be diverted to war purposes. Every man can figure for himself just where he can best economize to furnish his share of the ten billion dollars. The theory is that taxation will be so equitably and perfectly apportioned that every man will pay precisely what he should pay; no more and no less. This will not happen. All taxation is inequitable. Everybody will have to pay either more or less than his share. Persons who pay must determine each for himself what he will not buy with the money he is to contribute to the Government to carry on the war. Increased prices must be included and considered as taxes.

Economy in private purchases does not mean stoppage of trade. If you do not purchase an extra suit of clothes, pair of shoes, pound of foodstuffs, motor car, rubber tire, or what not, it does not mean that the makers of those commodities will be deprived of so much money. Every pound of food staples you did not eat will be eaten by our army or the armies of our allies; every pair of shoes you do not wear will be worn by the army and navy; and every rubber tire you do not use will be used on ambulances, motor cars or motor trucks, doing war work. If you stop smoking cigarettes or drinking whisky no legitimate interest will be hurt. This war can almost be paid for out of the national waste.

The diversion of ten billion dollars of national income to war means that there can be no such thing as business as usual.

I sought Frank A. Vanderlip, who, as a banker, has control of many millions of dollars in many parts of the world. It is his obligation and his business to think clearly and know with certainty the probable effect of war on business. This is what he told me:

"This nation is facing a novel obligation. The people are going to economize in their personal expenditures. Perhaps they are going to do it cheerfully and effectively. They will if they have clear economic insight. Such insight will make them see the deep reasons for economy. They must have, further, the moral stamina that will sustain them in voluntarily making sacrifices. Whether or not they have those qualities will determine whether, as a nation, we shall begin freely and cheerfully to economize. But we are going to economize whether we do it freely and cheerfully or not, or else America will make a failure of its great purpose in entering the World War, and civilization will lose the help that it needs from America."

The National Battering Ram

"THERE are two reasons why individual economy for the period of the war should be so general as to become a national characteristic. Both reasons have their foundation in the changed character of war. The prosecution of war has come to mean the coördination and mobilization of all the forces of the nation. We must organize for effective work not only the military forces, but the industrial, the financial and the moral forces of the people as well.

"A nation at war may well be compared to a battering ram of the ancients. The great bronze head of that antique war machine, the part that struck the blow and did all the effective execution, would have been quite useless by itself. Back of it had to be a great weight of material and much physical force. The head of the battering ram represents but a small percentage of the whole machine. Our military forces might be compared to the head of the battering ram. Back of them must come the whole weight of the nation's industries; and applied to that must be all our human industrial force, animated by an unswerving moral will to use effectively their whole power in supplying weight to the blows which the army itself shall strike.

"Such organization of a nation requires an unlimited supply of two essentials—money and man power. Anything less than such complete organization will mean the paralysis of our military efforts.

"The total money requirements of modern warfare are on such a gigantic scale that almost no one can comprehend their significance, or grasp the fact that we must think and work along new and utterly unaccustomed lines in financing the war. We are told that the Government will want ten billion dollars in the first year of the war. That estimate is not excessive. England is now spending over thirty-two millions a day, or about twelve billions a year. We are proposing to spend four billions for our own organization; and, further, to do the one thing that we can immediately and effectively do—give to the Allies sufficient credit to pay for their purchases in this country. Their needs are officially stated at five hundred million dollars a month.

"The financial problem, then, is to give the Government credit for ten billion dollars in twelve months. The total amount of cash in the vaults of the entire national banking system is eight hundred and thirteen million dollars. Obviously the money for bond subscriptions cannot be withdrawn from the bank. The total capital stock of all the railroads in the United States is eight billion seven hundred million dollars. Clearly investors cannot sell existing securities in an amount sufficient to meet this new demand; for if all were to sell there would be no purchasers. The drawing of bank balances, or the selling of securities, to subscribe to a government loan merely shifts the burden. The bank that is drawn upon must, in turn, curtail its credits. The market in which the securities have been sold must seek fresh capital to absorb them. Nothing has been gained by either operation when we look at the act in the light of figures aggregating ten billion dollars.

"War is current effort. The force of the military blow must be struck by live muscle working at the moment.

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Friends of The Republic

Cross-country tourists will find that people feel the same, everywhere, about Republic Tires.

Republic Tires *do* give greater mileage, and every Republic user knows it.

The Prōdium Process toughens the rubber and lengthens the life of the tire.

It is simply amazing how long it takes to even wear down the Staggard Studs.

So, the man in Ohio is just as enthusiastic as the man in Oregon, and vice versa.

Republic dealers, everywhere, will tell you that *they keep their customers.*

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

CAVALRY OF THE AIR

By Edward Hungerford

IT IS said there are very few if any cavalrymen employed in the Great War. Trench methods of fighting, the long miles of opposing lines, tightly interlocked in entanglements of barbed wire and steel and concrete that are the creations of expert engineers, have made the work of cavalry regiments almost superfluous. The five million horses that have been wasted in the war have been lost almost entirely in the service of the infantry, the artillery and the transport. The old-time cavalry, with all its tradition and its sentiment, along with so many other traditional and sentimental things of all other wars, has practically disappeared. Yet ——

"The aviator is the glorified cavalryman of the present war. The aëroplane, in which he rides so gracefully and so easily, is the mechanical horse which America gave the world more than a decade ago. On that horse the airman does the work of the cavalryman of other days—only with vastly greater opportunities. He scouts, makes reconnaissances, seeks out the enemy's concealed batteries, his ammunition depots, his lines of transport, his bridges—and so, in turn, directs the gunfire of his own artillery upon these vital and essential points."

So speaks Brigadier General George O. Squier, Chief of the Signal Corps of the Army, the very efficient executive to whom has been intrusted the work of providing these mechanical horses for the army, as well as the trained men to operate them. General Squier has been in the flying game from the beginning. He was a captain in the Signal Corps at the time the Wrights were first developing aircraft; in fact, it was Squier who drew the specifications for the first machine that was used in the service of the United States.

Since then the army moved conservatively in the purchase of machines—to put the matter mildly. The United States Government did nothing toward encouraging the development of the aëroplane or its operation. And other nations moved forward with it while we stood still. Even the recent imbroglio down on the Mexican Border did little to stimulate the use of aircraft—though good work was done by the few scouting machines that finally were sent down there.

"An aëroplane is worth a whole division," said General Pershing in commenting upon this lack. But he did not gain divisions of that sort.

A Triplane Speed Scout of a New and Fast Model

The aëroplane to-day is not only America's invention—it is America's opportunity. For the best of our military strategists now realize that in the development of the planes, and the men to operate them, the United States will make its largest single contribution to the success of the Allied cause. Our navy can and will be of great aid in the slow but steady extinction of the submarine; our infantrymen and our artillery will be valuable in the probably slow processes of wearing out the Hindenburg line through the very methods of attrition that Grant used against Lee more than fifty years ago. But do not forget the emphasis upon the dreary, dragging nature of these operations. They mean both a long war and a hard one. And where is the soul who does not to-day pray that the coming of the honorable and honest peace may be a period to be measured in months rather than in years?

American Superhorsemen

TO BRING such a peace in months, in the opinion of trained military observers, is the development of a great, culminating dramatic stroke against the enemy—the sort of thing the expressive French like to term a *coup d'état*. To consider this question calmly, consider the possibilities of our sending overseas a thousand—ten thousand—a hundred thousand aëroplanes, each manned by a lithe young man, whose perceptions and whose abilities have the strong individualistic qualities that mark so clearly the difference between the American soldier and the European. The German, broadly speaking, does not begin to make the flying cavalryman that the Frenchman, the American or the Englishman makes. Hans may have the bravery, and probably does have; but he lacks the verve, the ability to think for himself that marks the really successful aviator. For every Hans floating aloft in a German plane, there should be an American riding in a Yankee flyer. Already in our big new plan we have more than matched the enemy, so far as we know. Now increase that ratio in our favor; greatly increase it, if you please. What is the result? We ride almost at will—over the enemy's lines and far within them. While one group of our airmen is beating off the defense of Hans and his fellows, we are finding the hidden German artillery, the lines of transport, the depots of ammunition. We are dropping bombs upon these, or so locating them that our artillerymen will have no difficulty in reaching them with their fire.

On the other hand, our own generals are constantly enabled to shift the locations, not only of masses of troops and of artillery but also of highroads and railroads. The German gunners would be unable to keep pace with all these changes; for an important part of the work of our airmen, together with that of our Allies, must at all times be the defense of our own lines—the holding back of any and all inquisitive groups of German aviators.

It is in air attack rather than defense, however, that the American superhorsemen can and will excel. They should be, at almost all times, the most brilliant feature of the offensive, with the airmen coming up over the horizon in hundreds and in thousands—as the flocks of birds come up out of the South each spring. Here is romance for you—idealism—the very sort of warfare that Americans like to fight.

It is all well enough to talk of this as being a war of efficiency—no bands of music, no flags, no enthusiasms—just orders going out by wireless or by telephone from a quiet headquarters; plans being made for series of intrenchments almost as deliberately as one would plan in time of peace for the construction of a railroad or a canal. What this war needs in the United States—and needs to-day—is less talk about cold-blooded efficiency and a great deal more talk about warm-blooded scrapping. This war needs enthusiasm—imagination. The making of a great aircraft fleet can develop both—and in very good measure.

Two things are needed for the development of such a corps—aëroplanes, and the men to drive them with skill and with an almost unerring accuracy. It is to the first of these needs that we are going to give attention here and now. Already the training of the aviators is well under way. There is a pronounced taste among the young men of the country for this work, a taste that is manifesting itself in quick and eager volunteering and recruiting. We have nearly a dozen excellent training fields—public and private, with new ones being added. The greatest problem of these schools to-day is to gain a sufficient number of instructors.

The shortage of training planes is being overcome—thank goodness for that! And the problem of instructors is being solved.

With the work of the training fields, particularly those at Mineola, Long Island, at Newport News, Virginia, and at Pensacola, Florida, the American public is now fairly familiar. The War Department is completing similar training fields at Dayton, Ohio, Detroit, Michigan, and Champaign, Illinois. It has announced its intention of training, for its own uses alone, at least a thousand aviators a month. These men are to be the supercavalry, the men who are to ride over and past the German lines in great flocks, and in all probability form that last great stroke which shall win the war for the Allies.

The War Department does not limit itself to this number. It says, with wisdom, that inconsistency is a real virtue in this emergency; that the man who tries to plan in numbers these days is conducting a dangerous experiment indeed. It merely places a thousand a month as a convenient starting figure. The ending figure will be fixed by the enthusiasm of American youth and the ultimate generosity of Congress.

The estimates as to the length of time required to turn the average young man of this country into an aviator who shall be at least capable of driving a reconnaissance or bombing machine at the Front vary from six weeks to six months. Personally, and having a certain type of American young man before my eyes—the keen, quick-witted sort of chap who can buy a six-cylinder motor car this morning and, sitting at the steering wheel for the first time, can drive it at forty miles by dusk to-night—I incline toward the shortest estimate.

It will, of course, take longer to make him an entirely competent aviator—the sort of man who can drive an extremely high-powered plane fifteen thousand feet above sea level, and then straight forward at a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. England calls such machines spads. The men who drive them are the spad pilots. And they are known and honored as a super sort of supercavalry—if such a thing is possible.

So much, for the moment, for the men. Consider now the making of the planes. They represent in even keener fashion the crux of the problem upon which may hang the prompt ending of the war. America must build both land planes and water-flying craft, not only for her supercavalrymen of the army and navy—this last phrase sounds quite out of all reasoning, but much of this war is out of all reasoning—but apparently she must build for her Allies even twice the number of machines she builds for herself.

Big Warplanes of New Design

WITHIN the past few days I have seen French and German flyers rebuilt and reassembled in the United States from the wreckage dropped upon the battle fronts of the West of Europe. Close scrutiny has shown the slight construction of all these aëroplanes—not at all in keeping with the much-vaunted reputations of our European cousins for mechanical and scientific thoroughness. Apparently there can be but one answer to such construction—too great pressure upon the aircraft-producing factories upon the other side of the Atlantic. It is rush work and poor work. And, because it is not the best work, there is a high wastage—not only of machines but of the infinitely more valuable human lives that operate them.

It is for this reason apparently that the Allies are steadily buying more and more planes from American manufacturers. An American flyer—engine and all—has been formally adopted by the British Government as a training plane. It has been said that American aëroplanes have been cursed all over Great Britain, Ireland, and those parts of alien land just now occupied by the troops flying the Union Jack.

The answer to this slander seems to lie in the fact that our largest aircraft factory has just finished a fleet of fifty great flying boats for the British Navy, and that seventy-five more have been ordered from that same plant for the same arm of the service of His Majesty, George V. They are real machines, these swift sea horses, with Made in America imprinted upon their necks just above the point where the British inspector, who has watched every detail of their manufacture, stamps his certificate of perfection. Their giant wings stretch ninety-two feet from tip to tip. Each, loaded, carries twenty-one hundred and fifty pounds of useful weight aloft; which means that six or eight men, together with supplies of gasoline, guns, powder and bombs, may ride within them.

But it is not in the construction of this type of plane, any more than in the building of training, bombing or

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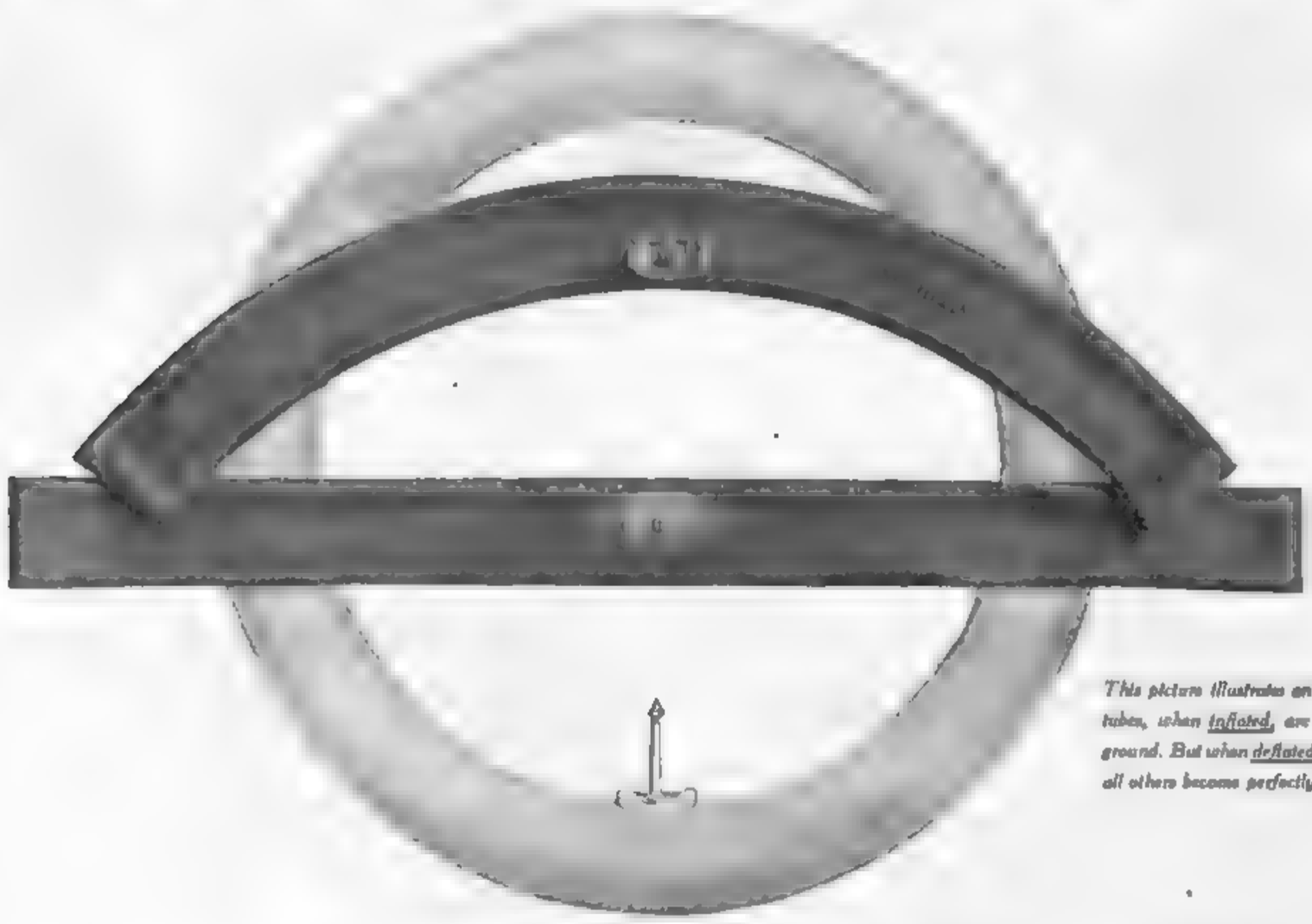
MICHELIN
Red Inner Tubes



This picture illustrates an important difference in inner tubes. All tubes, when inflated, are ring-shaped like the tube in the background. But when deflated, only the Michelin remains ring-shaped; all others become perfectly straight. Read below what this means.

Are You Using Inner Tubes That Fit *Naturally* Or That Are *Forced* To Fit?

In a minute or two you can make a simple experiment which will demonstrate whether or not you are using inner tubes that give you all the mileage that is due you.

Inflate two inner tubes—one a Michelin, and one of any other make. Let us say they are 34 x 4 in size.

Now, if you lay a tape-measure around these tubes, you will find that in both of them the outer circumference is 22½ inches longer than the inner.

But if you *deflate* both tubes, and make the same measurements again, you will notice a surprising difference. The Michelin Tube lies in a *curve*. The other tube, however, lies perfectly *straight* and its outer and inner circumference are now practically *equal in length*. That is to say, this other tube when inflated must have been stretched along its outer circumference, or compressed along its inner, by 22½ inches.

Ordinary tubes are made on *straight* mandrels; but Michelin Tubes are made on *round* mandrels by an exclusive process and fit the casing without stretching. Hence Michelins possess superior durability. Yet Michelin prices are no higher than those of average tubes.

Michelin Tire Co., Milltown, New Jersey

Canada: Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine Street, W., Montreal

President Wilson's Proclamation

"Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty . . ."

Women and War-time Buying

Ninety per cent of the money that passes over the counters of this country's retail stores is spent by women.

To the housewife belongs the patriotic duty of careful expenditure.

To-day, as never before, it is important that she buy wisely.

She should buy freely, but should not waste.

She should keep an accurate record of what she spends.

When she buys for cash or pays money on account, she should be sure to get a receipt with figures of the amount printed on it.

When she has goods charged, she should be sure to get a sales-slip with figures of the amount printed on it.

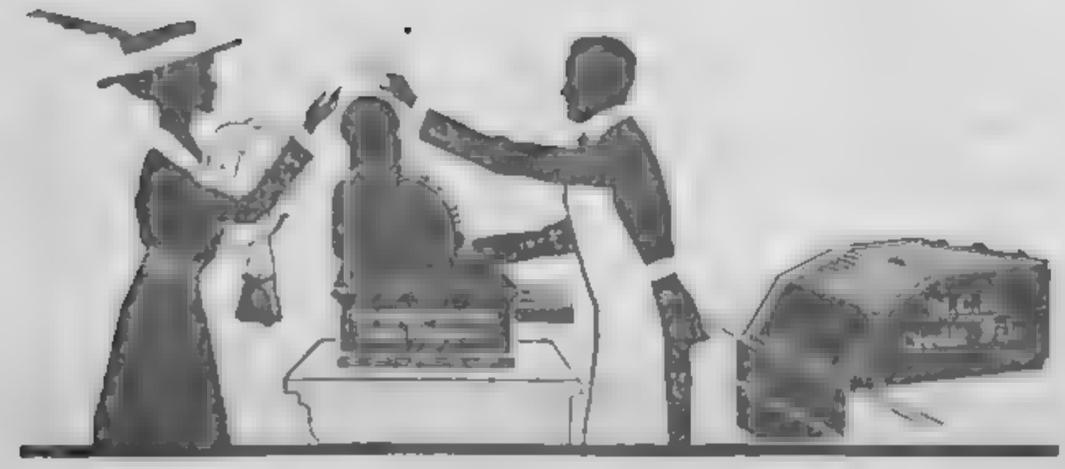
Stores equipped with an up-to-date National Cash Register and the new N. C. R. Credit File issue these receipts and sales-slips.

Such stores render a valuable service to their customers, in war-time and at all times:

(1) By enabling customers to check up all purchases, cash and charge.

(2) By protecting customers against mistakes in change, overcharges, or double charges.

It is a public duty to trade with merchants whose stores are equipped with this up-to-date N. C. R. System.



MERCHANTS: An electric National Cash Register enables you to give quick service, satisfies customers, stops losses, and gives you all your profits.

The new N. C. R. Credit File cuts out all bookkeeping of customers' accounts. Write for booklet.

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

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reconnaissance machines, that America must at once assert her superiority. Remember that the term aëroplane is as general as warship or railroad car. A warship may mean anything from a dreadnought to a patrol launch; a railroad car runs the master-builder's list, from dirty, greasy gondolas to the brass-railed itinerant Pullman hotel. The aëroplane runs a similar gamut—even when we eliminate the hydroplanes.

The land machines, in simplest form, start with the training planes, which have a wing span of forty or fifty feet, and which will drive ahead at from forty-five to seventy-five miles an hour. Before the Great War began this type of plane was thought to represent almost if not quite the absolute maximum needs of both peace and war. Now it is almost as obsolete as that old cannon which stands in the courthouse square in your town, and which used to bark so loudly in the Civil War. You know what would happen to-day to that baby gun at Verdun or Messines.

Nevertheless, this earliest-developed type of American biplane is not without its very great uses in the present situation. It is an ideal machine for the training of aviators; hence its name. Its two passengers sometimes sit side by side in the cockpit of the fuselage, which universally is the maker's term for the body of the plane, carrying within it passengers, motor, gasoline, and other impedimenta of that sort. But, in any event, each has a steering wheel in front of him; there is complete connected duplication of all the other control features of the machine.

Into one seat climbs the instructor; into the other his pupil. And tuition goes apace. When one comes to examine into the reconnaissance, the bombing and the battle planes, he finds the motor growing in power and the planes in speed. These machines generally carry two passengers, who are deep-seated—tandem style—in separate cockpits. One drives the craft; the other makes maps and photographs, or attends to bombing and signaling.

The fighting scout is almost the highest attainment of the art of the aircraft builder. This is a one-man machine, with the limits of its capabilities set only by the limits of human ingenuity. It bears a machine gun—of comparatively light weight, but of tremendous powers of execution. With such guns, the fight between two superaviators at fifteen thousand feet in the air is indeed a battle royal—a contest such as the world used to witness in medieval days between armed knights. And the man who can keep uppermost has the decided advantage.

It is in the production of aëroplanes of the type of the fighting scout that America has lagged of late. Seemingly but yesterday the greatest incentive and the greatest necessity—war—came upon us, to force us to the making of these machines—the agencies by which this war will, in all human probability, be won. And only since yesterday have we been awake to the possibilities of the situation and our own opportunities in it.

High-Altitude Planes

It was actual warfare that awoke the allied nations of Europe to the real need of developing the aëroplane as a fighter. Germany had been hard at it long before the fateful August days of 1914. She developed the Fokker engine, which seemed in any comparative sense but a mere handful, yet a handful of tremendously condensed energy, especially when compared with our earlier and heavier types.

England and France followed her footsteps; but it seemed impossible for them to overtake her. Motor followed motor. Each was more powerful than its predecessor. One hundred horse power became as nothing; four cylinders, archaic. Motors reached two hundred horse power; eight cylinders; then twelve. One man has evolved an eighteen-cylinder motor and it has worked successfully. No one is brash enough to say when or where the limit will be reached. And all the time the problem has been to increase, so far as possible, the horse power of the motor without increasing, any more than is absolutely necessary, its weight, and so, in turn, the wing spread of the plane it drives.

For most of this time Germany kept ahead. When the British had developed a scout that would go up seventeen thousand feet, and go up in about ten minutes, they plumed themselves for a little time upon their accomplishment. But only for a little while. By the time they had really begun to drive their wonderful new plane to that great height they found a German machine at an equal or greater height, with gun poised, calmly awaiting them. They came down to earth—literally—and revised their specifications. Now these call for a machine that will rise from ten thousand to twenty thousand feet in ten minutes—a task whose difficulty is the better understood when one realizes how rapidly the air thins as one leaves the surface; the quickly disappearing "substance" upon which even an aëroplane must depend. At fifteen thousand feet the new scouts which pass British tests, it is reported, must be able to fly at a rate of a hundred and thirty-five miles an hour.

Fifteen thousand feet is almost three miles above sea level. It is beyond the range of the human eye. It is a good eye that will detect even a sizable machine at half that distance. The antiaircraft guns, such as defend London, Paris, and the other important European cities, have an upward range of ten thousand feet, and strong glasses for the use of the observant gunners who man them. Fifteen thousand feet, though not beyond their ken, is beyond their defense. The German planes that swept over London the other night upon so terrible and cowardly a mission traveled at fifteen thousand feet, or higher.

Hydroplanes of New Model

Yet, do not despair; do not let those formidable British specifications give you undue alarm—the London air-raids panic. We made the aëroplane; gave it to the world—even to the nation with which we are to-day at war. A few days ago I talked with one of the men who pioneered in this the great invention of the nineteenth century. His name is Glenn H. Curtiss and he needs no introduction to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Not only was he among the very first to build and to fly the heavier-than-air machines, but he is the inventor and developer of the hydroplane—the flying fish—which has passed from being an experiment into the pet toy of a hundred or more of our most blasé and wealthy young men.

Within the past month Mr. Curtiss has developed a new flying boat—well adapted to the purposes of war; particularly well adapted to coast patrol, a form of national defense for which the hydroplane seems best fitted.

The existing forms of these planes have been dependent upon fair weather and smooth water surfaces. Curtiss' newest device, it is believed, will eat up bad weather like a Gloucester fishing boat or a Block Island double-ender. It differs from previous types of hydroplanes in the fact that the motor is actually in the boat, instead of over the head of the operator. Now it is under his feet, as in the regulation form of motor boat, and drives—in addition to the two wooden-bladed air propellers overhead—a small brass-bladed propeller underneath.

Now suppose bad weather overtakes the flying fish; let a blustering, browbeating gale come up to upset its great spread of wings. With a thrust or two the operator can cut those wings adrift. There is left to him a seaworthy motor boat—a craft in which he should be able to make his way back to port or the nearest friendly vessel. In the opinion of many of the navy sharps this is by far the most important aircraft invention since Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske first perfected his torpedo-firing aëroplane—a device, by the way, which the Germans seized upon quickly and are to-day using against our ships.

But this is not the story of the hydroplane. Come back to the tremendous climbing and speed propensities of the German scout machines, and the tense efforts of British inventors and mechanics to overcome them. Then go with Glenn Curtiss into his experimental shop and see the newest, and said to be the swiftest, the most powerful of all aëroplanes. When I saw this triplane, early in June, I was the first man outside of Curtiss' confidential staff and his patent attorneys to look upon it.

I shall not try to explain the new scout in great detail—you and I are not, I assume, experts in aëroplane construction. It is enough to say that it is a one-man, one-gun machine of modest size and wing spread, built with all the care and knowledge of an experienced maker. But the engine!

"Two hundred and fifty horse power!" said Curtiss.

A year or two ago we enthused at the sight of the little Gnome engine with its two hundred and seventy-two pounds of weight and its one hundred horse power! And last year, when Orville Wright, at his New Jersey factory, began to turn out the Hispano-Suiza, with greater weight, but one hundred and fifty horse power, we fairly held our breath. To-day our best aircraft makers are already building two-hundred-horse-power engines in commercial lots. And, with the two-hundred-and-fifty-horse-power engine, Glenn Curtiss, it is expected, has shot ahead of the British specifications; can ride up to the landing stage at twenty thousand feet above sea level, and there await calmly the coming of Hans and the best of his mechanical air horses. And if our Yankee machine wishes to sweep overland—one hundred and fifty miles an hour is what Curtiss expects as the cross-country speed of his motor.

"It may do better!" he added.

Here, then, is the contribution of but a single one of our inventive geniuses to the solution of what is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of America's war problems. Others are pressing upon him. A young man of my acquaintance has devised and is building a limited number of biplanes that have been most successful in their operation. He says his has the highest degree of safety of any American machine constructed to-day. Also, it has speed. One of them went, on New Year's Day last, from League Island, Philadelphia, to Mineola, Long Island—a hundred and twenty-eight miles—in seventy-eight minutes.

This young man, though he employs more than three hundred and fifty men in his shop out on Long Island, does not manufacture the motors he uses. He purchases them from a concern up in New York State, where they specialize in high-grade automobile and aëroplane motors, and from a manufacturer in New England whose chief business heretofore has been the building of great heating and ventilating plants. I mention this fact to show that American ingenuity is being focused upon this problem from a wide variety of angles.

Almost any day you may pick up your newspaper and find that a successful engine has been evolved from an entirely different and somewhat unexpected source. The really wonderful work of the Council of National Defense, at Washington, is just now beginning to be understood and appreciated. Affiliated with it is the Aircraft Production Board—an organization of high-salaried men who are working for Uncle Sam for almost no salary at all—which for some months past has given its best thought to the entire aëroplane problem—both from the standpoints of men and machines. It, too, has foreseen that it may and probably will be aëroplanes—American aëroplanes at least, if not indeed American aviators—which will prove the deciding factor of the war. And it has done its best to make that factor a very strong one.

Scientific Teamwork

This board has taken the production of an aëroplane motor as one of the largest phases of its problem. It would like to produce a motor that shall be not only as good as the best of foreign models but better than the best of them. It has realized that it might proceed in one of two ways: It might take the Gnome or the Fokker or the Hispano-Suiza, and endeavor to build up and improve upon those models. Such a course is open to several objections. For instance, it is copying; and copying is a method of progress that is not typically American. Then again, suppose the Germans are taking the same motors and are improving them more rapidly than we?

Such a course was and is out of the question. The Aircraft Production Board some time ago determined that it would try to create a typically American engine. So it called to Washington a group of specialists in automobile-motor construction. There was a man from New York State who is an expert in air cooling; one from Ohio who has built up a reputation for ignition; others who are crackajacks at carburation—all the other individual problems that must be solved, and solved carefully, before a successful gasoline motor can be realized.

In the making of motors for automobiles these experts have been pitted against one another they are the prize possessions of the various manufacturing concerns with whom they are enlisted. In the creation of a successful aircraft motor for our Uncle Samuel they are working like the brethren of a college secret society. And, knowing them, one can hardly doubt that they will yet evolve the very thing for which they are working—perhaps in finer measure than even the most enthusiastic of them dream to-day.

There is a still larger phase of this problem before the Aircraft Production Board. It must not only evolve its engine but it must standardize it. It must go farther—it must not only standardize the engine but the aëroplane itself. There should be no more than one type of plane for each phase of the work—training, reconnaissance, bombing or scout work. France at the beginning of the war had twenty-seven different models in her army. Two of them might be disabled at the same time—the engine of the one, perhaps; the wings of the other. Yet it was practically impossible to so interchange motors and wings as to produce promptly a single improvised but fairly efficient machine. Under the standardization plan this emergency work would be within reach of skilled aviators in the event that mechanics were not close at hand.

There is another man who calls for standardization—the manufacturer.

Manufacturing Facilities

There are enough individual aircraft plants already in the United States to fit the fingers of your two hands and then call for more fingers. Some of these have sizable manufactories; the largest of them to-day employs more than four thousand men in its various departments. Since the war began it has grown so rapidly that it has not had the opportunity to expand efficiently; to build for itself a modern central plant. It has had to rent or otherwise acquire buildings designed for other purposes. When I visited it I was shown several of its most important functions housed in a group of buildings that had been erected years before for a smelter. With no little difficulty it had adapted these grimy old structures to the delicate and extremely clean processes of the fabrication of aëroplanes.

"Buildings of this sort are a great handicap to good manufacturing methods," said the manager, in half apology, as he showed them to me. "But we have hardly felt like going to the edge of the city, taking a site, and building a group of modern, efficient buildings, until we are more assured of the future of our business. We want to be at least half sure that we are going to have multiple orders from Uncle Sam before we launch very large expansions."

And still another manufacturer said:

"I am keeping my plant going, keeping my force of workmen together at high wages and without enough work in hand to justify them, because I feel that Washington may act at any moment, and, acting quickly, might demand an absolute readiness from the aëroplane manufacturers of the country. We have our lamps all burning here."

The large plant to which I have just referred has been turning out from seven to nine land or water planes a day—the number varies according to the exact type—for some months past. It says that, once it gets started on the work, it can build ten standardized planes a day; which means three hundred a month. Another plant is in a position, through coöperation with some of its smaller brethren, to turn out four hundred and fifty planes a month.

Here, between two reliable avenues of approach, are the promises of three-quarters of the demands of the United States Army under its new scheme for the training of a real aviation corps. The remaining quarter undoubtedly could be met at once by the other and smaller builders of aircraft, though some of the folk down at Washington doubt whether so great a number as this will ever be built or operated. And it is not likely that the army will be in a position, for several months to come, to turn out more than a thousand trained aviators each thirty days. By that time our present aircraft makers probably could be ready with a still greater production.

But do not forget that our hopes go much farther than merely land and water planes for our army and navy. To send the flocks of birdmen—our glorified cavalry over the enemy's lines, and far beyond them, is to require the services of many thousands of French and English aviators too—the larger part of them in

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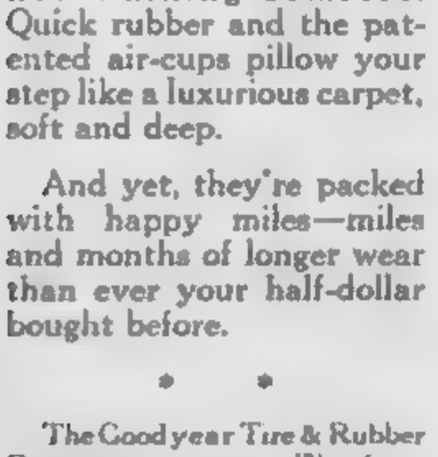

GOODYEAR AKRON

American-built planes. To create this superfleet we may yet have to call upon other types of our manufactories.

The automobile factories come first to mind. Undoubtedly these, so soon as they get at the actual work of construction, are in a position to build rapidly and in great numbers high-powered motors—either of the types put down by the Aircraft Production Board, or perhaps evolved by some lonely genius working in his garret workshop. Yet even these plants will need considerable adaptation when it comes to the making of the planes—particularly of the wings.

To appreciate the exquisite detail of these planes, you must stand close to their construction and see the infinite hand joinery that goes into them—to be forever hidden by their tightly stretched and waterproofed linen coverings. Each strut and brace is hand fitted.

As yet, no genius has come along to stamp these parts out of single metal—as the bodies of automobiles are sometimes built. France has tried stamping the fuselage sides out of aluminum, and has scrapped the machines after but a day or two of use. Yet this is not saying that the fabrication of both wings and fuselages cannot be made more mechanical. Under large standard orders there will undoubtedly be much less hand work and more machine work. And the aircraft industry will have gained just so much.

There are other problems—difficult, but far from being incapable of solution. Furniture factories can and will be called upon to give their expert cabinetmakers and woodworkers for the manufacturing of the vast number of small wooden parts that will still be necessary, even after types and their construction are standardized.

And there is the problem of the wood itself. Spruce is the timber best adapted for the planes, though considerable ash is used in the making of the fuselages. Not only is there none too much spruce of the superior type necessary for aircraft construction, but it must be borne in mind that there is a wastage of more than two-thirds of all the wood selected by the experts who purchase it. The men who work the wood are far more critical.

Nor is it possible to go into the forests of the Northwest to-morrow and begin cutting spruce for an aëroplane fleet that should go whirring off into space sometime between Labor Day and Thanksgiving next. It is necessary that spruce be thoroughly dried—"for six months in the air" has been the boast of the man who tells of the high safety factor of his output. And who is going to deny the importance of the safety factor in a craft that cannot stand still to make repairs or hesitate to find its way to port?

The most important of the aircraft makers says he can dry spruce in a kiln in three or four weeks and have it apparently as strong and supple as that which has been "cured" in the open air. He makes his problem of a different sort. The mere securing of the wood itself is a problem. England is in our markets for the same wood and for the same purpose. It takes, with the high wastage, one thousand feet of this timber for a single plane; so, when you begin to talk of a hundred thousand aëroplanes—or even ten thousand—you begin to plan deep inroads upon our forests.

Still, the problem is far from being beyond solution. It requires patience and much thought. It may be possible to substitute thin steel or aluminum tubing for wooden struts or braces, though your expert maker is loath to sacrifice the lightness or the resilience of his structure. Yet long since he became accustomed to accommodating the situation to the circumstances. It is part of the training of an American inventor.

America is getting ready. The quality of genius that gave the world the aëroplane and the hydroplane is still with us—to aid in its further development and perfection. To-day that genius only waits upon command. And the powers at Washington are coördinating—not slowly now, but very swiftly indeed—in preparation for the issuance of the command—the few words that shall set our huge machinery of aircraft production in motion. We are moving forward.

THE NAMING

(Continued from Page 11)

After a few moments they trailed away to where Cazi Moto squatted before a tiny fire. Here was no aloofness and no apparent reticence. In five minutes they were all jabbering and chattering and shrieking native-fashion.

The white man, Cazi Moto informed them, was the greatest white man in the world. He was the son or, at least, a near relative of the King of the *Inglishi*, and of the sun, moon and stars. He was so strong that with one hand he could lift a buffalo from the ground, and was so great a lord that never in any circumstances did he have to use his strength.

With sublime disregard for the smallness of his retinue and the comparative poverty of his equipment, Cazi Moto went on to describe his immense wealth "as the leaves of the grass"! He fought the elephant for its ivory, and his path was marked with bones of lions. With Cazi Moto's efficient aid, he had come a long journey—very long—from another country, where was water to the edge of the world and no land to be seen—like the water of Naivasha, but no farther shore.

"And why," asked one of his listeners politely, "does not the water spill over the edge and run away, as is the custom of water to do?"

"That is part of the white man's magic," said Cazi Moto boldly, and went on in conclusion to say that his master was named Kingozi—that is to say, the Bearded One—and that never in any circumstances did he miss a shot with his gun.

"We have never seen a gun," said the native spokesman respectfully. "Is it true that it makes a noise like the thunder and kills at a distance like the lightning?"

"Make my lord angry and you shall see!" replied Cazi Moto darkly.

At this moment old Shimbo, having cast aside his rôle of witch doctor and assumed that of headman, came up. Cazi Moto scratched on the canvas of his master's tent and the white man came out.

"Ah, *n'ympara, jambo!*" he greeted; and the dignitaries shook hands.

IV

TO EVERYBODY'S relief it developed that the white man had no intention of moving on—at least for several days. Few natives look beyond the immediate present; so that was good enough. Relations were begun between the members of the village and the carriers.

Shimbo gave orders that firewood and *m'weinbe* meal should be brought in. M'Kuni, discovering his son and heir in the ranks of onlookers, clouted him over the head and sent him scurrying back to his neglected duties.

On the hilltop with the cattle Toto was immensely surprised to discover that Maongo was far from sharing his thrills over this new demigod. It was not that the older boy said much in disparagement, but that he failed to respond to or take much interest in his friend's dithyrambs. Toto's explanations dashed against a stolidity that flattened them. After half an hour he began to doubt the value of his own impressions. By sheer inertia Maongo had regained his threatened superiority with his small companion.

Three days went by. The white man's camp remained. Twice he went out on the veldt and shot beasts, some of which he retained for himself, and others he presented to the village. Toto, chained to duty, was unable to accompany these expeditions; but he heard fully embellished tales of how the gun spoke, with a roaring voice like a god, and how, without an instant's pause, the beast fell. And he himself saw the carcasses and examined the holes from which life had escaped. The instant, however, the cattle had been safely impounded, he and his friends raced to the camp by the river, where they hung round like small boys at a circus, until ordered out. And before the three days were up, so adaptable is the human mind, they had become quite accustomed to the white man, as though they had always had him with them. To members of neighboring but distant villages they would probably have acted quite blasé concerning the white man.

On the third day came the officials from Leyeye. These were magnificent men, haughty, proud, inaccessible, with robes of bead-embroidered goatskins, much jewelry, their heads shaved in fantastic patterns. Each man was accompanied by slaves carrying such things as small hewn wooden stools on thongs, or snuffboxes made of buffalo horns, or *kiboko* whips. They and their retinue at once occupied the great houses in the middle of the village.

That very night they and the white man held a council.

From any but a native point of view the talk was long, purposeless and without result. Yet in some manner several bits of information came to light. The white man, Kingozi, developed unsuspected powers of entertainment. He could swallow a small object, or toss it into the air and then pluck it from the strangest places, such as a man's ear or the edge of his robe. He possessed a queer double instrument of opposed blades, with which he cut folded paper in such a manner that, when unfolded, one had a whole row of little people holding hands. And he showed many other examples of magic. But none were more wonderful than the making of fire with the twig. Therefore these things made rather for interest than for added prestige. And next day Kingozi shot a wildebeest and gave the tail to Leyeye's prime minister, and for hours all hands sat under a tree and talked; so that everything seemed to be going well. Nevertheless, affairs were edging into an impasse. It appeared that this white man had come right across Africa from the Atlantic Ocean; that such a journey was long and terrible and expensive, not to speak of the fact that transportation was limited; that, though his wealth was as the leaves of the grass, he had not much of it with him—in short, that the payment of *honga* was at present absolutely out of the question.

The suggestion was strongly urged, however, that, as a fighter of elephants, he was in a class by himself; and that within a very brief period he would be able—in short, a bid for credit. The envoys had nothing direct to say to this. Everybody was very polite and very vague. But a situation was taking shape and would shortly assume solidity. On the one hand, no *honga*, no travel; on the other, "I will go where I please!"

TOTO, along with the rest of the village, was awakened by a plunging and bawling just outside. The usually mild cattle were rushing to and fro madly, jostling each other and the frail walls of the hut. Beneath the din of their voices was another—a low, rumbling, bloodcurdling growl.

Everybody rushed forth, the men snatching their weapons, the women grasping armfuls of dry thatch. This latter, cast on the smoldering fires, blazed up at once, throwing the immediate surroundings into strong light. The cattle were tossing their heads, their eyes white with terror. Two or three of the flimsy interior fences had given way to the pressure and the herds were surging out into the open common, trampling the embers of the conical fires and crashing through all that stood in their way.

The people were rushing toward a single point, near the great gate. Several had snatched brands, which they were waving about, trying to coax them into flame. Some of the women were carrying bundles of blazing grass and screaming. There seemed to be a narrow, irregular gap in the walls of the thorn *boma;* and through this everybody, screeching and yelling, was trying to crowd. All were shouting the same word over and over—"*Simba! Simba! Simba!*"—which is the Swahili for lion.

Toto was small; so he managed to get through the gap only after most of the others had passed.

The light outside, cast by the impromptu torches, was dim and flickering. Toto saw dancing shadows, and the immense darkness of the night, that darted forward and back, and the flash of many poised spears, and the whites of many eyeballs, and the gleam of teeth in the mouths of men shouting. And beyond he saw a magnificent great beast standing, one paw on a dead cow it had carried bodily thus far, its ears back, its mane erect, its long teeth exposed, eying its hesitating enemies with haughty scorn. Each breath growled in its throat.

(Concluded on Page 32)

There's always a shady spot on the hottest days where the family gathers for a refreshing drink of PHEZ—and *how they love it!*

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PEARS'S
UNSCENTED
Transparent Soap

(Concluded from Page 30)

Then, realizing itself closely pressed, it withdrew its massive paw. Abruptly it was gone.

■

THIS excitement lasted the village all night. The fires were built up strongly, so that the place was as light as day. Women mended the *boma* and the inside corrals, and drove back the cattle to their proper places. Everybody talked at great length and from each individual standpoint. In the morning Leyeye's envoys and the leading men of the village went over to see the white man about it. They suggested two things: medicine to bring the defunct cow to life, and magic to prevent repetition. Kingozi proposed that, as a compromise, they should try to hunt down and kill the offender.

Accordingly they took the field. Kingozi went first, carrying a gun; Cazi Moto, at his heels, bore another. The envoys from Leyeye, armed with spears, and a miscellaneous few of the bolder villagers acted as scouts and beaters. A mosquito fleet of small boys constituted a sort of covering and flanking party. Kingozi tried in vain to modify this arrangement; but, failing, he shrugged his shoulders philosophically.

"This is, of course, *shenzi* foolishness," he remarked to his familiar, Cazi Moto. "*Simba* will hear us and will walk away. For, as you know, Cazi Moto, *simba* is no fool."

Nevertheless, for the sake of good feeling and to show his intention, Kingozi proceeded for a while, though perfunctorily, as if he expected to find the lion.

In this country the open grass veldt was marked in the bottoms by narrow, bush-grown, eroded ravines, from six to ten feet deep, called *dongas*. The hunting party proceeded down one of these and up another, trying systematically to cover all possibilities. Some walked on one side and some on the other. All threw stones and beat with sticks. Kingozi knew that, though this method might be good in isolated patches of cover, it was worthless here. The lion would quietly sneak down the bed of the *donga* ahead of this clatter.

But it was fun for all that. Kingozi, who was very young, in spite of his beard, enjoyed himself hugely. The showers of stones flushed all sorts of interesting things. One never knew what was coming next. Now a tiny grass antelope dashed frantically from cover, or a bustard flopped up, or a string of guinea fowl soared away; or perhaps a band of baboons withdrew, cursing. Mile after mile they went thus.

"Here," said Kingozi to Cazi Moto, "is water everywhere and cover. This is not like a country of rocky hills, where there are only a few places to look. Here *simba* can drink anywhere he pleases. One might as well seek virtue in an Arab."

But no sooner were the words out of his mouth when they were given the lie. From a clump of grass atop a low anthill, not thirty yards distant, a lion thrust his head and stared at them steadily.

Everybody stopped short in his tracks. Quite deliberately Kingozi raised his weapon, took careful aim and fired. With a strangled grunt, the beast fell backward off the anthill, and his tail flew up in the manner of lions when fatally hit. For a moment no one moved; then, with a wild yell, every man and boy charged down on the fallen marauder.

"Stop! Stop!" shrieked Kingozi at the top of his lungs; but was unable to make himself heard. Swearing vigorously in English, he exchanged guns with Cazi Moto and also ran forward.

However, the lion proved really dead, for a wonder. It was a medium-sized beast, with an excellent mane. Cazi Moto, laying aside his rifle, began at once to skin it.

After the first excitement and interest had passed many of the assistants scattered. Some of the men and small boys began to try for small bucks with their throwing sticks. Others sought wild fruit. The two chief envoys from Leyeye walked, deep in conversation, farther along the edge of the *donga*. Toto and Maongo, with their little spears, tagged along, wide-eyed, worshiping such grandeur.

Now all this was foolishness. A lion is never dead until you pull his tail; and in Africa danger is never absent while you are afoot. This lion had a mate; and many attested incidents and accidents prove that, when bereaved, *Felis leo* cherishes rancor. Toto heard a scrambling and a snarling growl. He whirled to see a lioness top the edge of the *donga* just behind him.

Toto's instinct—a perfectly proper one—was to use his legs. He uttered a howl and started to make off. In the flash of his turning he caught a glimpse of his friend—and hero—Maongo. Maongo was not running away. He was facing in the direction of the lioness, his little spear grasped in his hand. He alone—with Toto—stood between the ravening beast and the sacred persons of the envoys.

It was exactly like the high-flown tales Toto had heard told round the camp fires—tales of heroes and demigods of the fabled past. Only this was here and now: and Maongo was taking the shining rôle! Filled with a sudden tide of generous feeling, Toto commanded his cowardly legs. He raised his spear as though to throw and stepped forward two paces—a slender, ridiculous, tiny bronze figure against the great beast. And Maongo, whom the gods had stricken with the imbecile paralysis of terror probably for this very purpose, suddenly regained his faculties, dropped his spearlet and departed rapidly, uttering shrieks.

Whether Toto would have followed him or not it is impossible to say. Toto was no hero—only a hero worshiper who had been foully betrayed into a great moment. But he had no time to move. The lioness swept over and by him. Probably she considered herself after larger game and could not bother with small fry. At any rate, Toto thrust valiantly with his spear, and was knocked aside, badly scared, out of wind, but uninjured.

Then many things happened. The envoys squealed and tried to run. Kingozi swore, grabbed his rifle and shot hastily. Some of the villagers took to thorn trees; some dived incontinently into the *donga;* while still others stood frozen in their tracks. All yelled.

Kingozi's snapshot took the lioness too far back to stop her, but fortunately slowed her down. Otherwise her superiority in speed would very promptly have rewarded her with one scared old gentleman. As it was, she could go just about a good fast human gait. And, as the scared old gentleman elected to run in circles instead of on a straightaway, the whole action of the piece took place in a constricted area.

It was undoubtedly somewhat comic—the complete breakdown of dignity; the flapping goatskin robes; the important ambassador suddenly becoming quite simply an agonized embodiment of abject terror; the crippled lioness trying with an earnest singleness of purpose to catch up; and the chase turning round and round on itself like a Sunday supplement drawing of a bulldog after a tramp. However, the situation was serious enough. One blow of that huge paw would be sufficient ——

Kingozi, still swearing vigorously, shouting unheard commands to run in a straight line, was trying in vain to deliver a safe shot.

The old man would not listen; he persisted in running in circles; he could not separate himself far enough from the beast to get out of bullet danger. The lioness was gaining: and the representative of Leyeye was doing his utmost. Even the hot breath of the beast failed to develop in him another second of speed.

Finally Kingozi, still cursing, was forced to shoot anyhow. And by the greatest good fortune the bullet missed the man and broke the beast's neck.

"Of all astounding bull luck!" quoth Kingozi in English, wiping his brow.

VII

THE excitement settled as dust settles in still air. Those who had climbed the thorn trees descended, with many lamentations; those who had dived into the *donga* reappeared; those who had been frozen thawed out into vociferations. The envoys gradually regained their dignity. Considerable language was used.

Kingozi paid no attention to any of this. He had fallen back into his usual rather cynical aloofness. With Cazi Moto he exchanged a few low-voiced comments; then the two of them went to the dead lioness and Cazi Moto began to skin her. Kingozi watched him.

A dozen times he was addressed by one or another of the excited and triumphant bystanders, but was apparently so lost in a brown study that he did not even hear them. When the skin was at last removed and drawn to one side he shook himself and seemed to rouse.

"Come here!" he said to the envoy.

When the old man approached, Kingozi took from his hand the long heavy spear and, with a strong thrust, stuck it upright into the ground.

"You have asked of me *honga*," he said; "and if I possessed wire I would gladly bury that spear in coils. But I have told you I have no wire. Nevertheless, the time has come to pay. Here now, according to custom, over the spear I throw my *honga*."

He stooped swiftly, gathered the green hide of the lioness in his two hands, and, with a powerful effort, impaled it on the spear's point. The soft folds fell about the shaft, completely covering it.

"Is it sufficient?" he challenged.

The old man raised his hands, which still trembled.

"It is sufficient, *bwana*, and more!" he replied.

Kingozi broke into a great laugh and looked round him.

"Where is the boy," he inquired—"the boy who stood in the way?"

Several shoved Toto forward; and Maongo, his nerve by now quite recovered, stepped up of his own accord. For some seconds Kingozi stared at the two of them in silence. Then he gave Maongo a box on the side of the head, which sent him reeling.

"How is it that a coward dares stand before me?" Kingozi said without heat. "Begone!"

He unsheathed his hunting knife and cut from the carcass of the lioness a piece of the body fat. With this he solemnly rubbed Toto's forehead.

"The lion, *simba*, is bravest among beasts," said he. "Remember that this magic will make it possible for you to be the bravest among your companions." He grinned under his beard as he contemplated the serious, erect little figure. "And that wouldn't be saying much," he remarked, but in English. "What is your name?" he asked.

Toto stood very straight, clasping his spear and staring at the white man. His little soul was so full of splendor and glory and high emotion that he should have cried had he tried to speak; and greatly Toto desired not to cry. In truth, he hardly heard the question.

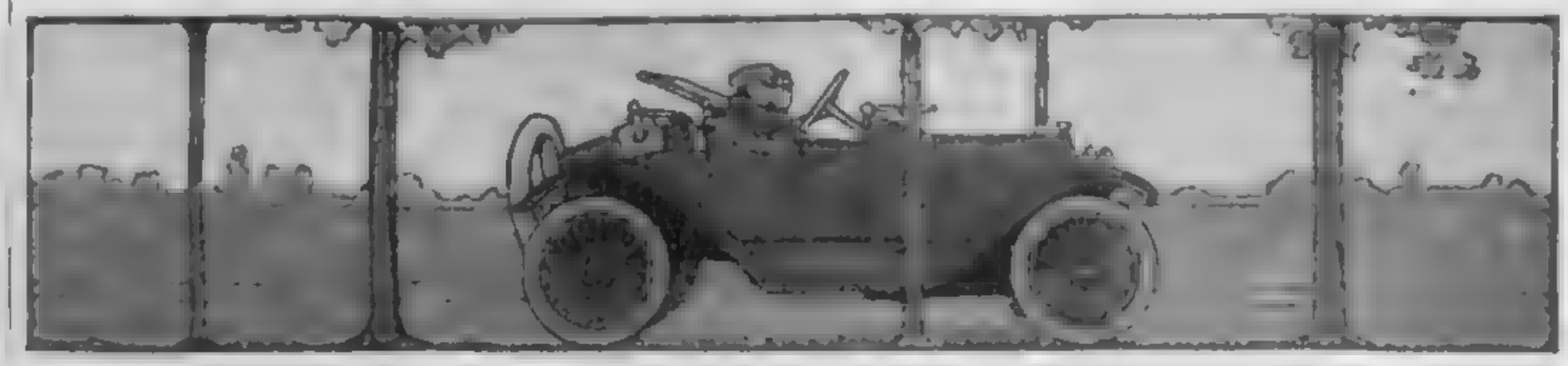
Kingozi repeated it. Half a dozen bystanders attempted to volunteer the information; but the white man held up his hand.

"Answer!" he commanded.

And Toto, his adoration of his new hero shining from his eyes, found his voice at last. His shoulders went back and his head up.

"My name is *Simba!*" he said.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of seven stories by Stewart Edward White.



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Does the Car Agree with the Blue Prints?

Car builders who use Timken-Detroit Axles cannot include them merely to furnish a selling point; *they must be built in*—not tagged on.

Therefore, in order to make sure that the car and the blue prints agree, the Timken-Detroit Axle Company insists upon knowing—

First, the weight of each model and type of car into which Timken-Detroit Axles are engineered.

Second, the size and power of the motor.

Third, the distribution of weight on the chassis, front and rear.

Fourth, all other details of construction which in the slightest degree affect the satisfactory service the car owner expects from Timken-Detroit Axles.

Further, the Timken-Detroit Axle Company will not contract to deliver motor car axles except on definite assurance from the car builder that the car on the street will carry out the promise of the car on paper.

Otherwise, it would be impossible to provide the necessary strength for emergencies, with ample margin of safety to protect you on the roughest roads even to the last mile of many years' service.

The car builders who use Timken-Detroit Axles could buy other makes at a lower price and under less rigid restrictions, *but they willingly pay more in order to give you that extra assurance of safety, satisfaction and service.*

And that gives you a very good reason to believe that they have been especially careful in selecting *other parts of their cars*—and that these parts are properly correlated and equal in strength and fitness to the work they have to do.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

Five

Five tires—five different types of *United States Tires*,

—one for every need of price and use,

—the only complete line of tires offered by any one tire company.

* * * *

No matter what your tire needs are, you will find among the "five" *exactly* the tires to suit your requirements.

You don't have to "shop" to find the tire you want;

—you don't have to buy one make of tire for your front wheels and another make for your rear wheels;

—you don't have to go to one tire dealer for one make of tire, and to another dealer for another make;

—for you can get from any *United States Tire* Dealer any one or more of the "five" that you need,

—and besides, it's far more convenient and satisfactory to deal with one tire company than with several.

* * * *

And the result will be supreme tire satisfaction,

—as proved by the tremendous and continuous sales increases of *United States Tires*.

One company to deal with—five tires which have demonstrated their supreme service value to choose from.

United States Tires Are Good Tires

'Royal Cord' 'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco' 'Plain'

A tire for every need of price and use.

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

MUTUAL SPURS, LIMITED

By Ellis Parker Butler

THE employees of the Greenstone-Higgins Company counted well above a hundred in the New York offices, to say nothing of some thousands in their factories upstate; and, so far as especial recognition went, any individual clerk like Tom Carter or Jack Dalton was pretty well lost in the crowd.

More than this, any clerk who got in a rut was apt to stay in the rut; for the ruts in such a business are so deeply cut that a clerk's head hardly sticks above it. There were men in the office who had been clerks for twenty-five years.

One day Tom Carter, at the lunch hour, walked over to Jack Dalton's desk and slapped him on the back.

"Going to work all day? Or do you eat this season the same as usual?" he asked.

"Ready in a minute," Jack said; and in less than that time he jumped up.

They went to the Porcelain Dairy, as usual, teased the waitress about the diminishing size of the butter pats, as usual, and talked of nothing in particular—also as usual. It was only when they were ready to go that Tom said what was on his mind.

"Sit a minute," he said. "I've got one of those big ideas of mine. I've got to get it out or go dippy."

"Spill it on me; I'm harmless," grinned Jack.

"I'll take your dare," said Tom. "Here it is: I've been working for this Greenstone-Higgins Company ever since I came to New York; and the money I get from them is a shame. Five years—that's what I've put in here."

"I've been with them four and a half," said Jack.

"Never mind that. I'm talking about myself. I've been with this G-H Company five years, and I'm getting just exactly what I got the first week! And I'm normally as good at business as any man I know. I ought to get ahead, and I ought to be ahead of where I am now. I know that. But you know how it is. A man gets up in the morning and rushes down here to the office and he has no time to think what is right with him and what is wrong. He gets deeper and deeper into the rut. Now I propose that we—you and I—form a tight little partnership and go into the promoting game."

Jack, who had thought his friend was going to ask advice, closed the mouth he had opened ready to speak. He stared at Tom a moment.

"But ——" he faltered. "Why, we have no capital! We have no experience! We couldn't ——"

"Hold on!" said Tom. "You don't get my idea yet. This partnership doesn't need capital; it doesn't need experience. It is going to be just you and I—understand that? You and I against the world, as I might say. Carter & Dalton, Limited. It's to be a right little, tight little concern, all bound round with a woolen string. I put in all I've got, and you put in all you've got; and it is t'other for each, to the full limit. Combination is what wins these days. In union there is strength. E pluribus—and so on!"

He laughed; but Jack could see he was in deep earnest.

"It may be a big idea," Jack said, "but I don't grasp even the fringe yet."

"I'll make it clear," Tom replied. "I'm good stuff, Jack, and I know it; but I'm not getting ahead. What's the matter? What should I do? Where am I falling down? What are my weak spots? To cut it right down to the bones, what is the matter with Carter?"

"I can tell you one thing ——" Jack began.

"Fine!" said Tom sarcastically. "I suppose you think you could take me, as if I was a business, and run me so I would be ten times the success I am now. Is that it?"

"I only meant ——" said Jack.

"You meant what I meant," said Carter quickly. "What's that Burns stuff—Robert Burns, not the detective—about seeing ourselves as others see us? Well, that's my idea. I can't see what is wrong with me; I'm too close to myself. But you can see it, and you can probably tell me what I ought to do to correct it. And maybe in a lesser degree I can see what is wrong with you. So there is my idea. We form this company or partnership, or whatever it is—just you and yours truly; our stock in trade and capital and everything is just ourselves. Do you get my idea? We're both Managers in Chief; but you manage me and I manage you. If I'm wrong somewhere, you tell me; and if you are on the wrong track, I tell you; if either of us is slacking, the other puts the spurs into him. We'll be a couple of mutual managers and mutual spurs——"

"There's your name!" said Jack, showing by his excited tone that he was won: "Mutual Spurs, Limited."

"Then it is a go?"

"To the full limit."

"There is just one other thing," said Tom: "if we are going to make this concern a go, we can't have any slacker business. When you give me an order I've got to live up to it, or die in the attempt. The same the other way."

"Of course! I can see that."

"Then just to make a start, I want you to stop on the way back to the office and buy a new neck scarf. You've worn that one so long it makes you look like a down-and-outer."

Jack colored.

"Yesterday afternoon, Tom," he said, "when it got slack I saw you take a book out of your drawer and read a while. To-night I want you to take it home and leave it there. The next time you have any spare minutes you come to me and I'll tell you what to do. I don't suppose you know that when you went out to cash that check for Greenstone yesterday afternoon the Old Man went to your desk and looked at the book."

"Great Scott! It was that rotten French thing!" said Tom; and this time he colored.

II

"BRING the wife and come over this evening," said Jack when he left Carter that evening at the Subway exit. "I've been thinking about this Mutual Spurs, Limited, all afternoon ——"

"That's one thing we'll have to cut out," said Carter. "On Greenstone-Higgins Company's time we've got to think of Greenstone-Higgins Company's business exclusively. I'm as bad as you about that. I was thinking of Mutual Spurs, too, this afternoon. And look here!" he said before Jack turned away.

"I'm looking."

"We'll have to keep this from being nothing but a nag-fest. We don't want to be afraid the other partner is going to begin nagging any moment. We want to have a regular meeting day and save the orders for that. First meeting to-night—yes?"

"Sure! And listen!"

"I've got both ears wide open."

"What about the wives? Are we to let them in on this?"

Jack thought a moment and then smiled his indecision.

"What do you think about it?" he asked.

"I'm against telling them, for the present," Tom said. "Later on it may be different. I know some of the things that have been the matter with me at the office—things like soldiering over that novel; and you know some of the things that have been the matter with you. We haven't been topnotchers, even for the pay we've been getting. I'll tell you frankly that I don't care to have my wife know it. I don't care to have her in on this and have her hear you tell me some things. I should say we had better wait until we are up to par. When you can say to me 'Tom, you're doing work that is worth one hundred per cent of the pay you are getting, and twenty-five per cent more than that'—and mean it—I'll be willing to tell the girls what we are doing. They're bright, those two."

"All right; that suits me. See you after dinner."

When the two young men clung to the dining room and shooed the girls into the parlor, Millie wanted to know what all the mystery meant; and she was told she should know sometime—probably in a month or two. Over the cleared dining-room table Carter and Dalton worked for two hours. They put their suggestions in a dozen different forms; but the sum total was that Jack was slouchy in many things, and that Tom was lazy and indifferent. Before they were through their talk resembled a mutual disparagement match.

"And you don't seem to care a hang whether you look like a tramp or not."

"And a one-eyed apple woman would get as much real work done as you do some days."

"And you leave things half finished, and never clean up a job until another piles all over it."

"And you act as if Greenstone was your worst enemy."

"And you never get back from lunch on time."

"Well, neither do you—do you?"

"All right, put that down too: 'Must be back from lunch five minutes ahead of time.' And how about quitting in the evening? How about always being the last to leave the office?"

"Won't that look as if we were slow workers?"

"Don't you fret about that! If Greenstone sees us doing our share and an eighth of the work apiece—and, believe me, he has the keen eye!—he'll know we are not slow. Go on; jot it down: 'Always to be the last to leave the office.'"

Before the evening was ended their talk had passed beyond the mutual disparagement-match stage. As a matter of fact, the direct personal failings of most men may be completely listed in one half hour. An hour after they had begun talking Jack had run out of suggestions that applied to Carter only, and Tom could think of no more objections strictly personal to Dalton. Before they knew it they had reached the point where they were considering what they could do to make themselves extra valuable men; and, instead of "You must," they were saying "We will" do this or that.

"All right then," said Jack, taking the list of things he was to do and putting it into his pocket; "we will work up to this schedule this week, and when we meet next week we shall be ready to go ahead another notch or two."

III

IF IT is true that the direct personal failings of a man can be listed in half an hour, it is equally true that—aside from ingrained habits—those failings can be corrected in one minute; not the effect of long-standing failings, but the failings themselves. If a man has the failing of throwing his paper scraps on the floor, he can stop it any minute, and he need never begin again; if his failing is slouching over his desk, he can straighten up in less than a minute, and he need never loll again. It is twice as easy, too, to correct a failing when you know that a Jack Dalton or a Tom Carter is taking a partnership interest in you and will give you Hail Columbia, verse and chorus, if you don't look out. Even ingrained habits are more easily destroyed when two or three decide to join to destroy them. You know how a resolution to cut out smoking sweeps through a club sometimes.

The end of the week found the two members of Mutual Spurs, Limited, feeling thoroughly set up by their success. Not that anyone outside of Mutual Spurs, Limited, noticed it. Tom Carter brought this up when the members of the Mutual Spurs met in regular weekly session at the Daltons, after the best dinner Mrs. Dalton knew how to serve.

The weekly get-together dinner, inaugurated that evening, was to be a regular feature in the lives of the two couples from then on.

"Well, how was I this week?" asked Tom when the girls had gone into May's parlor. "Up to schedule?"

"You never missed a trick," said Jack. "You were a credit to little old Mutual Spurs every day and every minute. How was I?"

"I jotted down a couple of things that might be improved," Tom said; "but they are minor points. You made good, Jack. We were both right up to pitch all week. I wonder if you feel as I do? I feel strong! Let me see! How can I say it? I feel head up and pawing the ground."

"I get the idea: like a buffalo bull, instead of like a driven ox. Yes; I feel the same way. Nobody is going to poke the goad into our flanks because we are loafing on the job. We're doing our bit, plus a quarter of a bit. We're giving the boss all he pays for, and more."

"Yes," said Carter; "and that brings up something I thought of when I saw how you were beating all your records there this week. We might just keep it up until the boss happens to notice it; but, though that might do for individuals, I can't imagine a corporation sitting round and waiting for things to happen. It might be all right for you or me, but Mutual Spurs, Limited, ought to have a Publicity Department. Greenstone and Higgins are our public; how are we going to reach them? How are we going to let them know that the members of Mutual Spurs, Limited, are the office live wires?"

Dalton bent his head in thought. He put his elbows on the table and shut his eyes and covered his ears.

"I'll tell you, Tom!" he said suddenly. "We've got to take on the services of a Publicity Agency. We can't boom ourselves. If you and I put in full hours every day, and a little over—doing our work and a little more—we've done enough. We can't stand up and shout how good we are. If we could hire ——"

"Hold on! Hold on!" said Carter. "I've almost got an idea. Yes, I have an idea! We'll use Millie and May. Higgins was out West this week and captured that big Pacific Traction order; and he feels so good about it he is going to try to get the Southern Rails order away from Durst & Longburg. He is chock-full of both of those orders right now; he wants to show Pacific Traction that we can rush things, and he wants to get out the specifications for the Southern Rails order in a big haste. I'm one of the fellows he put on the Pacific Traction job, and you told me you were at work on the Southern Rails specifications to-day. That's where Mutual Spurs, Limited, comes in. And the girls!"

"I don't see ——" Dalton began.

"Easy enough," laughed Carter. "I'm going to stay half an hour every evening and plug at those Pacific Traction papers; and you are going to miss half of your lunch hour and speed up your work on the Southern Rails job. On Tuesday May will go to the office about three o'clock and send in word she wants to see you. You'll send out word you can't see her—you're too busy. Wednesday she comes again; and she gets the same answer. Thursday the same thing happens. Friday she goes down to the office and asks for Higgins.

"'Mr. Higgins,' she says, 'I want to know why it is my husband can't spare a few minutes to speak to me when I come to the office. I was here Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and again to-day. He sent out word he could not see me.' And so on.

"You know how Higgins is—decentest fellow in the world, and especially nice to ladies. My guess is that he will send for you and want to know why you treat your wife so. That is your cue: 'Why, Mr. Higgins, office hours are not meant for family meetings. I'm trying to rush the Southern Rails specifications, and May can see me any evening at home.' Get the idea?"

"Yes. He will know I'm alive, anyway," said Dalton. "How will Millie work it?"

"Millie will drop in Saturday morning with her gentle complaint and ask Mr. Higgins whether it is really necessary that I must be late for dinner every night, and, on top of it, spoil her plans by working Saturday afternoon. I'll know what to say when Higgins calls me—if he does. If I know Higgins, he will call me."

"All right! Let's go in and tell the girls."

"No; call them out here. This is the council chamber."

Millie and May, when they heard what was expected of them, were delighted. Before Jack and May went home that night the two wives had been told every detail of Mutual Spurs, Limited; and they were tremendously enthusiastic.

(Concluded on Page 37)

EMPIRE
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

How long should a tube last?
As long as the average car itself.

The average car owner should not have to replace an inner tube any more than he has to replace his rims. Rims get broken occasionally. But usually they last as long as the car itself. And so should tubes.

The trouble is, that if a tube lasts as long as the casing, the car owner is satisfied. He unconsciously judges both by the same standard—the mileage.

But the true measure of tube service is not the speedometer. It's the calendar.

A tube gets very little real wear. The casing takes care of that.

What usually puts a tube out of business is premature old age.

In the ordinary tube, as time goes on, the rubber gets brittle and "checky." Then small cracks appear and grow into leaks, and finally the tube won't hold air. In the same way, rubber bands lose their snap, and rubber hose breaks open.

This is why the dealer does not like the ordinary tube to stay on his shelf very long.

The truth is that rubber deteriorates with time.

To build an inner tube that will last, you must do something that gives to the rubber longer life than it naturally has.

This is just what is accomplished by the secret chemical process used exclusively by the Empire Rubber and Tire Company of Trenton, N. J.

Empire Red Tubes have been sold for 10 years.

Many of the first ones made are still in service—as live and air-tight as new rubber.

Many of them have been punctured and repaired over and over again.

A puncture is never the fault of a tube. But it *is* the fault of the tube if it cannot be repaired permanently.

In vulcanizing a puncture, great heat is used. This heat is sometimes too much for the ordinary tube. The punctured spot is sealed, but the rubber round it is weakened, and soon new leaks develop.

Empire Red Tubes, however, are made to resist a far greater degree of heat than the repairman uses. You can shoot an Empire Red Tube full of holes and then make it as good as new.

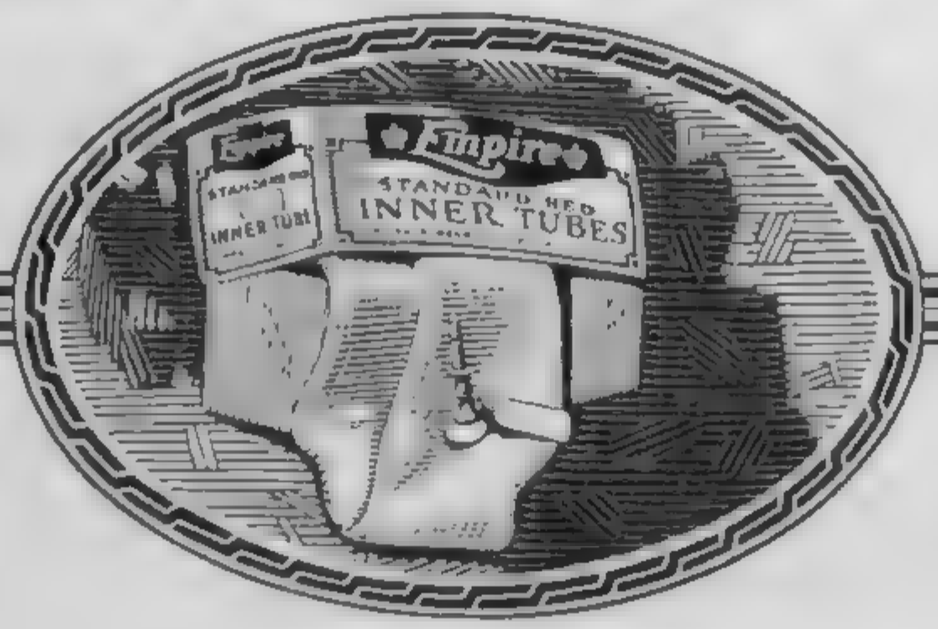
Ten years' record has proved that in the vast majority of cases *an Empire Red Tube will last as long as the average car itself.*

The car owner who was fortunate enough to have Empire Red Tubes on his car originally will appreciate the truth of all this.

If your tubes are not Empires, then the next time you have to replace one, put on an Empire Red. You probably will never have to buy another for that wheel.

The Empire Tire Dealer

Empire Red Tubes **Empire Red Tubes**



(Concluded from Page 35)

In order to make the proposed work of the Millie & May Publicity Agency possible, Carter and Dalton worked as they had never worked before. Mr. Higgins, himself keyed up over the possibility of rushing the Pacific Traction order, looked over Carter's shoulder Friday morning and, seeing what remarkable progress he was making, said:

"Good work, Carter!"

He had hardly turned away from Carter before Dalton came to him and said:

"Mr. Higgins, will you show me what this part of the Southern Rails specifications means?"

And Higgins went to Dalton's desk and explained.

"Keep this pace going, Dalton," he said, "and you'll be doing the firm the biggest possible favor."

That afternoon May called and made her complaint.

"My dear young lady," said Higgins, "you don't look a bit like the sort of wife who would stand in her husband's way. I know that the only trouble is, you don't understand just how important his work is at this moment. Now go home and be patient with your husband, and I am pretty sure you won't regret it."

Millie, calling on Mr. Higgins the next morning with her little complaint, received much the same answer; but when she was gone Mr. Higgins walked over to Carter.

"Your wife was here complaining that you are working too late and that you are robbing her of her Saturday afternoon. I think I fixed it up with her, Carter; but I want you to know the firm appreciates the interest you are taking in this Pacific Traction order. If you are going to stay this afternoon I think I will stay too. If we work at it together we may get more done. I wonder whether Dalton would stay?"

"I know he would," said Tom.

"I'll ask him," said Higgins.

IV

WHEN Higgins came back from Mobile with the Southern Rails contract in his pocket he spent the morning with Greenstone in the president's private office; and when he came out the broad smile he had worn when he entered was gone, and he looked worried. He stood at the door a moment or two, with his hand on the knob, looking across the office; and his eye happened to alight on Tom Carter. He turned and entered Greenstone's office again.

"Look here, Greenstone," he said briskly, "I think I have the solution for this trouble. What do you think of the idea of creating what might be called the position of Job Chief? Here is what I mean: Instead of dumping all these big jobs, like Pacific Traction and Southern Rails, into the office and letting them sink or swim, why not pick out one live clerk to have especial supervision over each big job? Put it up to the Job Chief—if you want to call him that—to see that his particular job is handled promptly and properly. He keeps all the threads in his hands and concentrates on his one big job until it is on the cars."

Greenstone tapped on the edge of his desk with his silver pencil. He tapped ten times and then said: "Good idea! But have we got clerks of that size?"

"I know two; and if we get more big contracts we can get more clerks, if Carter and Dalton are not through with Pacific Traction and Southern Rails by then. If they are we can put them on other big contracts."

"Yes; I've noticed those boys lately," said Greenstone. "Well, try it out, Higgins. It sounds like a solution."

Higgins turned to the door. With his hand on the knob he turned his head toward Greenstone.

"I suppose a little more salary ought to go with the special job," he said. "They're worth it, anyway."

"Suit yourself," said Greenstone. "It's your idea. We'll see how it works."

ABOUT two years later Tom Carter, coming into the office of the Greenstone-Higgins Company with his Gladstone in his hand passed the small cubby-hole of an office the concern had set aside for him and put his head inside the small cubby-hole of an office the concern had given Dalton.

"Hello, old scout!" he said cheerfully. "I'm back from the Waterville factory. We're turning out those French munitions hand over fist. See you at lunch!"

"Tom—one minute!" called Dalton. "May wants you to come up to dinner tonight. The baby has a new tooth and we are celebrating. Millie will come and bring your kid if you phone her. I told her I thought you would be back this morning. By the way, Greenstone has gone down to Palm Beach."

"Higgins here?" asked Tom.

"No; he won't be back until next Thursday. I'm in charge until he comes."

That evening after dinner, while the two wives were holding a mutual-admiration consultation over their babies in the blue-and-white nursery of which May was so proud, Jack dropped into one of his deep chairs and lighted a cigar.

"Know what anniversary this is, Tom?" he asked.

"Your wedding? Your birthday?"

"No; it was two years ago we held the first meeting of Mutual Spurs, Limited, at the shiny little Porcelain Dairy!" laughed Dalton.

"Well, we have made good so far," said Carter, grinning. "We had the right idea. If anyone had told me we could make the jump in two years that we have made I should not have believed it. I can't believe it yet. I don't know how we did it. It is magic, or luck—one or the other."

"No," said Dalton slowly, "not magic; not luck. I've been thinking it over, Tom. It was getting together for mutual aid and support. And then—do you remember what we did?"

"Boomed our little selves!" said Tom.

"No, sir!" said Dalton. "We just spruced up and did a good day's work every working day, and let Greenstone and Higgins know we were doing it. It was just the oldest commercial axiom in the world: Have the goods—and advertise!"

An Opportune Prayer

MANY and wonderful are the stories told of Irish wit, its spontaneity and caustic quality; but unfortunately most of the tales have just one fault—"They ain't so!" However, this yarn, which Mr. Arthur J. Balfour delights to tell at his own expense, actually happened.

His fine forehead and clear, piercing eyes would lead one to expect a massive commanding nose with Roman bridge; but, as you can see by the caricatures, which always accentuate the peculiarity, he has, instead, a most inadequate feature almost devoid of arch.

When he was Secretary for Ireland he frequently walked out from his office in the Castle to the Secretary's Lodge in Phœnix Park; and on one occasion, struck by the exquisite view across the rolling plain to the distant Dublin mountains, he stood for a moment at the gate of the People's Gardens. Immediately the old applewoman who plies her trade at the entrance began to beg:

"Lave us a copper, yer honor. Will you lave us a copper for the love of God?"

A quick search through his pockets revealed no smaller change than a sixpence, more than poor Mary would be likely to get in a week. So its receipt opened a flood of thanks and prayers, among which he caught this unexpected petition:

"May Almighty God bless and protect you, and lave you the sight of your eyes!"

Struck by its apparent irrelevance, Balfour turned to inquire the reason, and to assure her that he had seen perfectly and intended that she should have the coin; but judge of his amusement when he received this ready answer:

"Sure, I know well, yer honor, that you gev me the sixpence out o' your good heart; but I was beggin' the Lord Almighty to preserve yer eyes because he never gev ye the nose for the specs!"

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor $1

THE standby and standard razor of the enlisted man. 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor is specified by the United States Government as one of its Standard Brands.

It is the greatest article of utility that a soldier or sailor can carry.

The 'Ever-Ready' is safe, efficient, speedy and sanitary under all conditions and on all occasions.

'Ever-Ready' is used by millions of self-shavers and in every test has proven its complete superiority.

Sold by dealers the world over

Extra Radio Blades
6 for 30c everywhere

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

CREW LEVICK
TIRE SEAL
Approved

THE Technical Committee of The Automobile Club of America, which has tested innumerable products intended to seal punctures automatically, has completed a scrutinizing road, laboratory and chemical test of Crew Levick Tire Seal. The first certificate completely endorsing a product of this kind has been awarded Crew Levick Tire Seal.

The Automobile Club of America
Certified Test No. 34 "O. K.'s" Tire Seal

The official findings showed that nail holes made in tires were instantly sealed air-tight by Tire Seal; that a car was driven 90 miles without tires losing air, even though seven nails were forced into one tire and withdrawn, and seven nails forced in another and allowed to remain during entire run; that penknife "jabs" in tires were sealed air-tight instantly; that vulcanized patching was not affected; that *Tire Seal contains nothing injurious to rubber.*

Tire Seal, with this unquestionable O. K., and backed by the reputation of the oldest and one of the largest organizations in the oil industry, can be used by the motoring public with the utmost confidence.

Try Tire Seal—Your dealer can supply it in single tube quantities.

CREW LEVICK COMPANY, Land Title Building, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Owned and one of the largest producers and refiners of oil and manufacturers of petroleum products

REFINERIES: Pennsylvania Paraffine Works, Bessemer Refining Co., Glade Oil Works, Seaboard Oil Works, Pembrick Oil Co., Pa., Lawrence Oil Co., Pa.
PRODUCING COMPANIES: Mar[illegible] Co., Pa., Combination Oil Co., Pa., Warren Co., Ill., Ohio.
BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, Boston.
FOREIGN OFFICES: London, England

Send This Coupon Now

Motor Oils, Greases	Grease in Tubes,	Miscellaneous,	Matcloths, handy	Tractors,
		$1.25	25c to 50c	

CREW LEVICK CO., Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia

Please send me copy of A. C. of A. Tire Seal Report, also literature on products checked above:

Name_____

Address ____ City _____ State ____

Keeping a Bond After You Get It

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

"WHAT shall I do with the darned thing after I get it?" asked a poet who had been persuaded to subscribe freely for Liberty bonds. His fix was that of thousands of people who have become acquainted with securities for the first time in their lives. For a bond is not a thing to be left round the house carelessly, like an old hat or yesterday's newspaper. Buying a safe bond is the most important step in becoming an investor; but the annoyance that results in having the piece of paper burned up or stolen is so great that it must be guarded against with real care.

Of course it is better to own a safe bond and have it destroyed, lost or stolen than to own an investment of poor grade and keep it physically safe; for there is nearly always some method of replacing lost or destroyed securities. Yet the time and trouble to be saved by not losing securities are so great now, when some three million people have bought Liberty bonds, that the subject becomes one of almost major importance. There is not much danger that readers of this article will fall into the error which one of two women made. Said the first woman:

"My husband says we must economize; all his securities are falling every day."

"Ours are all right," was the reply. "We keep them in a safe-deposit vault."

There are only two ways of fully appreciating the loss of time and the vexation and expense incident to the loss of securities. One is to go through the experience personally, and the other is to watch the machinery of Wall Street when handling this daily nuisance. Nearly every day the stock ticker carries a notice of lost securities. Occasionally there is notice of stolen securities. But the great majority of notices refer to those which have been misplaced. Most of these turn up eventually, but often not until months have elapsed. It is a fairly common experience for messenger boys to drop bonds or stocks out of their wallets. In at least two instances street sweepers have found valuable stock certificates. For a week two clerks in a brokerage office spent their entire time in hunting for a ten-thousand-dollar certificate that had disappeared. Several weeks later it became necessary to rip up all the bags of refuse on one of the docks of the street-cleaning department; and in one of the bags the stock was found!

Losses Through Carelessness

Nearly all securities that disappear are lost through carelessness. But this form of neglect means that in every brokerage office, bank and trust company in New York City elaborate lists of lost and occasionally stolen and forged securities must be kept at the window of one of the tellers. He must detect at a glance a lost, stolen or forged certificate; and the amount of information along this line that several men must carry in their heads is truly amazing.

But carelessness is a common trait elsewhere, as well as in the great stock-market centers. It pervades the whole business of security ownership. In safe-deposit vaults there is far less danger of loss through theft than from carelessness. Men carefully lock up blotters in their boxes and leave their bonds on the table. In several such places waste-paper baskets are taboo, because so many patrons drop their securities into the baskets by mistake.

Carelessness on the part of individual investors takes two forms: one is to lose stocks and bonds or leave them lying round; another is to fail to read them. Millions of dollars of government bonds that long ago stopped paying interest because they had been called in are still out. The same statement holds true of corporation bonds. One of the most trying petty annoyances a corporation treasurer has to deal with is to get people to turn in securities that have been called for payment. Such indifference may be excusable in cases where bonds are called before their regular maturity. Extensive advertising fails to reach owners in distant places. But there would seem to be no excuse in cases where bonds are paid off at the regular maturity date, printed in large type on the bond itself.

Of course there are a few eccentrics who collect matured bonds and never present checks for payment. One old man collected three thousand checks for payment of interest and dividends on bonds and stocks. He had collected them for forty years, and they amounted to fifty thousand dollars; but he had never cashed in. In 1912 there were ten thousand interest checks on government bonds issued during the Spanish-American War that had not been presented for payment. Then, too, failure to present matured bonds or interest checks often means that the securities have been lost, or that the owners have died or disappeared without their securities being discovered.

Extra Coupon Sheets

But, after making every allowance for eccentricity and accident, it is a safe general statement that thousands of persons never take the trouble to read the face of the bonds they purchase. Most of the readers of this article probably know the difference between a coupon bond and a registered bond. In the case of registered bonds the issuing corporation or government has the name of the owner and mails him the interest checks. Coupon bonds have small interest checks attached to the bond, each one dated; and as the date comes round the coupon is cut off and deposited in a bank just like any other check.

The relative advantages of the two kinds of bonds will be taken up in another article. But it may be said here that coupon bonds are by far the more common and convenient of the two forms, and sell at higher prices for exactly the same security.

Nothing is more common than for investors to cut off the wrong coupon, though each one is plainly dated in large type. Another common practice is the cutting off of all coupons at once. Neither of these pieces of carelessness does much harm, but often causes annoyance. Bonds that run for many years cannot conveniently hold all the coupons, because the sheet would be so large as to be unwieldy. In such cases a notice is printed on the bond, which, let us say, matures in 1980, stating that on July 1, 1940, an additional sheet of coupons will be supplied by the treasurer of the company upon presentation of the bond.

But, despite this printed notice on the face of the bond, it has frequently happened that months or even years after a customer had purchased a bond he would rush into his broker's office, red in the face, and demand to know what had become of the coupons for 1940 to 1980! At the treasurer's office of a large Western railroad I was told that hardly a month passes when bondholders do not write or call to discover why forty years of coupons are missing. If my memory is correct, it has become necessary for this railroad to specially mark the paragraph that provides for the issuance of additional coupons in 1940.

There are four ways of caring for bonds: (1) Hide them. (2) Put them in a tin box. (3) Put them in the care of a bank, trust company, banking or brokerage firm. (4) Put them in a safe-deposit vault.

The surest way to lose a bond is to put it in an unused fireplace, an old sofa, an eight-day clock, in one's clothing or behind the mirror. In the panic of 1907 a man pinned three thousand dollars in bills on the inside of one of his trousers legs, and lost one thousand dollars while walking. The loss of bills or securities that have been hidden supposedly in safety is one of the commonest experiences. The elements of change, chance, accident and carelessness play an enormous part in disturbing hidden articles. An entire chapter or series of cases can be collected concerning Italians who have hidden all their savings in old stoves and lost all because fires were lighted in their absence.

Some private investors have iron safes; but this method of protection is comparatively rare. A common and fairly safe method is to use a tin box and make several duplicate lists of the securities placed therein. The list should include every detail, such as the exact name of corporation and bond issue, number of bond, amount, rate of interest, and so on. One list should be placed in the box and another kept in an entirely different place—in another building, if possible. Of course a thief may carry off a tin box; but the chance of theft is insignificant compared with that of loss through fire or sheer carelessness. The trustee of a large estate in New England swept a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar bond off his desk into the waste-paper basket and it was burned up in a furnace. The company that issued the bond had to apply to the state legislature for authority to issue a duplicate.

More and more banks and trust companies are assuming the safe-keeping of securities. Many of them have agreed to care for Liberty bonds up to a thousand dollars for nothing. Naturally persons who have no bank accounts would hesitate before accepting favors from a bank. But those who have a bank connection, and whose total ownership of securities is so small as to make the payment of even a small fee impossible, need feel no hesitance in asking their banks to care for a fifty-dollar or a hundred-dollar Liberty bond.

Trust Companies' Services

But there are great numbers of persons who have, besides one or two bonds or shares of stock, a deed, a life-insurance policy, a fire-insurance policy, perhaps a mortgage and valuable family papers. For such the economy in going without a really safe place for their papers seems misplaced and petty. Banks and trust companies not only will keep the papers safe but will attend to many details that individuals overlook or of which they are ignorant. One large trust company has published a seventy-five-page book devoted solely to describing its services in the safe-keeping of securities. Banks and trust companies, besides safe-keeping securities, collect and credit dividends, attend to income-tax details, watch for called bonds, rights to convert bonds into stock, rights to subscribe to new bonds or stock, opportunities to sell bonds at a premium to sinking funds, appointment of receivers and reorganization committees, and like developments.

Naturally no sensible person would leave securities with a bank without getting a receipt for them; and it is doubtful whether any bank would accept objects for safe-keeping without giving a receipt. The advantage claimed for this method of safe-keeping securities over placing them in a safe-deposit vault is that an equal element of safety is provided, along with more ready access. When a company rents out safe-deposit boxes its only duty is to keep the box inviolate and permit access to it only by duly authorized persons. The routine work of depositing or withdrawing securities, detaching and cashing coupons, and gaining information that can be had only from an examination of the securities devolves directly upon the box holder or his accredited agent. But banks and trust companies will do all this work for the owner, making it unnecessary for him to go near the place.

There is very little danger in leaving securities with banks and trust companies. Persons who have left securities merely for safe-keeping are naturally the first creditors when such an institution fails. It is doubtful whether any substantial losses from failure have ever taken place. Many wealthy men leave securities with brokers in the same way. If the brokers are strong and sound, this is well enough; but the practice is not to be recommended to the uninitiated.

One great advantage of leaving one's securities with a bank is the fact that a bank or trust company can provide so many different financial services. Most of them will buy the bond for you, in the first place. You pay for it with a check on the bank. Possibly you will borrow the money from the bank, which also will keep the bond for you and collect the interest.

Safe From Fire and Crook

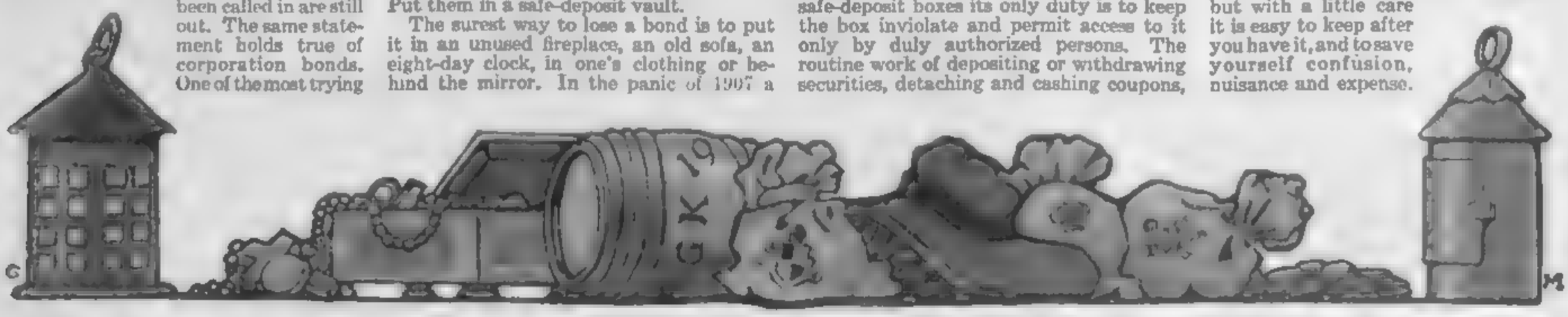
There is no intention in this article to minimize the great services performed by safe-deposit companies. In the large cities there are separate companies engaged in this business; and in smaller places banks and trust companies rent out boxes, to which only the owner and his accredited agents have access, as well as accept securities, which are placed in their own vaults and for which receipts are given. Undoubtedly many persons have a more secure feeling when they know that their investment and private papers can be seen only by themselves. Usually safe-deposit boxes can be opened by only two keys—one owned by the renter of the box, and the other by the employees of the bank or safe-deposit company.

The principle of the safe-deposit vault seems to have been employed in ancient Babylon and in Egypt; but Rome first developed the institution, the corporation being called the Roman Safe-Deposit Vault. Slaves guarded it inside and out—those inside being locked in.

Safe-deposit vaults have developed to a point where they defy fire and earthquake. After all great fires and earthquakes in large cities the safe-deposit business has boomed, because the contents of the vaults were found to be safe. In one large Italian city this business did not start until after the earthquake in Messina. Millions of cash were buried beyond recall in that disaster, and the business men of Milan immediately established a safe-deposit system.

All the safe-deposit vaults of San Francisco appear to have escaped injury; and many other similar cases might be cited. Many hundreds of millions of dollars in securities were contained in vaults under the old Equitable Building, in New York City, which was burned several years ago. It became necessary to suspend the rules of delivery on the Stock Exchange until the securities could be examined; but, after several days, it was found that no damage had been done.

The Biblical injunction, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal," does not apply to modern bank and safe-deposit vaults. So do not take any chances of losing your investments in the actual physical sense of losing the certificates. It is difficult to choose a safe investment, to begin with; but with a little care it is easy to keep after you have it, and to save yourself confusion, nuisance and expense.



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Letters From the War

By WILL IRWIN

I HAVE been to Noyon, and to the rear of the line below St. Quentin and La Fère; and I return in a mood of hatred for all things German. It is hard, after witnessing such devastation, to remain a fair-minded, chivalrous belligerent—just as it used to be hard sometimes when I was a nominal neutral.

From a town bustling with military activity we ran along a country green with spring and fertility to a village that marks the beginning of the old line. It was wrecked; but it resembled the other wrecks of legitimate warfare that one sees everywhere at any point on the line. Half a mile beyond this town the lines had locked in September, 1914; the position had not changed until March, 1917, when the Germans retired.

Under the village had run the mole tracks of communication and supply trench; and above them the German shells had searched for two years and a half. Of the church only one wall remained; not a dozen houses had their roofs. A rise and a bump—and our car was at rest above the old French trenches, crazily winding, twisting and branching along a bank. Before us was a clean strip of territory, upon which the splintered stump of a tree or a few wooden crosses, marking soldier graves, alone broke the monotony.

Over beyond, a yellow bank of earth marked the old German trench system. It seemed odd to be standing out, all exposed and safe, in No Man's Land—at least to one who has seen No Man's Land hitherto only in perilous peeps through loopholes or a periscope. Yet, had I dared to stand in No Man's Land during the two years and a half when this was The Line, I should have seen no more, so cunningly do men lie hidden in trench warfare.

I felt, too, like the first of those American tourists who will come some day, bringing prosperity with both hands, to witness these grotesque reminders of battles. I hope they come, and in great numbers. It is a consolation to think that the money they bring will go to France, not Germany. But I, who have seen battle and heroism and death in these ditches, should not, I felt, come with them.

Between the line and Noyon was a region which differed so slightly from the country behind that I was puzzled, at first, to say what the difference really was. It occurred to me suddenly; though the trees were breaking out into new spring green, though the little towns showed only the marks of long-distance bombardment, nothing grew in the earth. To the south the fields were all a tender spring green with the young wheat; these fields were a barren brown.

A Policy of Destruction

The French generally do their grain planting in the late autumn. Last year the Germans and the peasants sowed the wheat as usual in this district. When the Germans prepared to retire they ran a harrow over every planted acre before their prospective line, turning up seed and seedling, totally ruining the crop. In this short stretch of country between their old line and Noyon they did little else in the way of dirty work; circumstantial evidence goes to show that the retirement was made earlier than they expected. They simply had not time.

The real devastation began farther on. No town of any size was left standing, and only a few isolated buildings, like farmhouses. Some towns they burned, using those inflammable pastilles or sheafs of celluloid kindling with which, nearly three years ago, I saw them destroy Louvain. Some they blew up, house by house, scientifically arranging the charge to make the house a complete ruin without waste of dynamite.

Among the specialists with the German Army are men skilled in the art of house-wrecking by explosive. The ruins they filled with traps. French soldiers, following up the retirement, would carelessly pick up a shovel, an old German gun, a broom lying against a wall. Off would go a land mine—this was the trigger of a mantrap. One would open the door of a farmhouse strangely left standing. Another trap—up would go a mine, which wrecked the house and killed the entering party. Squads were specially assigned by the French to search out these traps; they cut the wires of thousands.

This had been a great orchard country. With the exception of one or two fields, every orchard was ruined. Mostly the trees had been sawed close to the roots. In places where the Germans appeared to be short of saws a ring of bark had been hacked off the trunk, wide and deep enough to kill the tree.

The French are an agricultural people and the army a peasant army. So I found more indignation along the way over this performance than over anything else the Germans did. These peasants know how many years, how much affectionate care must go into a fruit tree before it bears. An artilleryman, resting his horses by the wayside, hooked a leg over the collar of his steed and asked me what I thought of it. Were they not barbarians? An old territorial sentinel spoke, almost with tears in his eyes, of this wantonness: "Thirty years coming to their full bearing, monsieur; and such fine trees!"

Sacrifices to Mammon

It is all very well for the Germans to say that they did it to keep food from France. Apples are good for the system, but they count little in a balanced wartime ration. Besides, the Germans cut down the young trees, which will not bear for years, as carefully as the rest.

Again: the fine, straight French roads are bordered everywhere with rows of great trees, giving shade and beauty. Whenever they had time the Germans sawed down these trees. Sawing through an elm or a linden a hundred years old—and many of these trees had seen the march of Napoleon's armies—is no small job. These trees gave no aid, no comfort to the advancing French. The Germans did not even use the wood, but left the dead trunks by the wayside.

Of course there was a reason; there is a reason for everything the Prussian General Staff orders done. The sword of the German Michael has a hilt of marks and a guard of pfennigs. The Old German God invoked by Wilhelm is Mammon; his eye is upon commercial supremacy after the war. Hence the outrages upon neutral shipping, and hence these deliberate destructions.

It will take just so much money to replace or reclaim burned villages, ruined orchards, flooded farms. Cutting down the roadside trees—that helps! The roads will be less pleasant for automobile parties; tourists will come to Germany instead! So will commercial rivals be handicapped; and so will certain fat bellies in Berlin grow fatter. To the leaders of the German commercial class, that is the object of this war.

As we waited at a corner in Noyon an old man came down the street—a man of at least seventy years, his strong, keen face half concealed by a flourishing white imperial and mustache. He carried himself with dignity, in spite of his clothes; for he wore a black suit of the cutaway pattern, which had turned green with wear; the braid showed where it had been darned again and again. His gloves, worn thin everywhere, had been mended in all their seams; on his feet were heavy peasant shoes, carefully brushed.

Yet he was a person of consequence in the village, doubtless; for he wore at his buttonhole that strip of red ribbon which signifies the Legion of Honor.

Seeing that we were strangers, he stopped to chat. Most that he told us of German ways with a captive population will not be new to America; but two details stand out in my memory: When the Germans arrived they commandeered every grain of wheat in the region. When, that autumn, sowing time came, they sold part of it back to the peasants, at an excessive rate, for seed. They catalogued every tree of growing fruit and required the owners to turn the fruit over when it was ripe.

Now French boys are like their kind the world over—they will steal green apples. That year of the first harvest children of Noyon went to jail for this heinous offense against German might and majesty!

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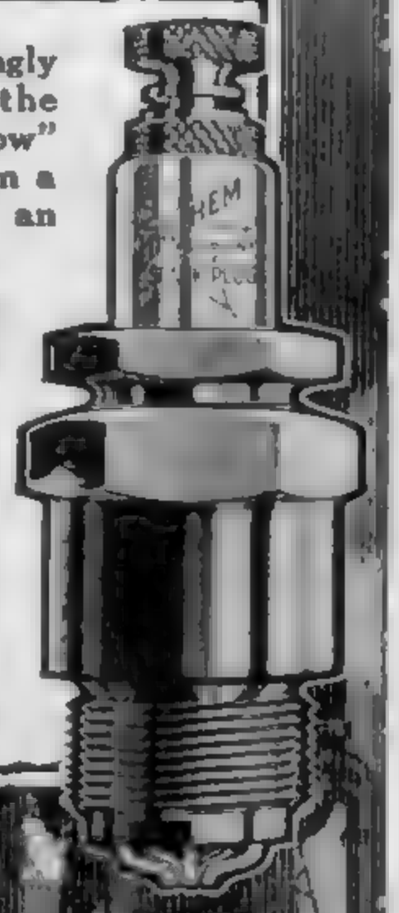

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FOLLOWING THE CROWD;

Or the Way of the Humble Pedestrian—By Fred C. Kelly

ONCE there was a prosperous retail merchant who did not fully comprehend the ways and caprices of the humble pedestrian. He picked up his newspaper one evening and read with much satisfaction that his city was to have an additional through-car line to the suburbs. This indicated not only that the town was showing a healthy, substantial growth but that it was progressive. The merchant assumed that as the town grew he would grow with it. Another good car line would be another means for shoppers to get in from the outskirts. This meant more business, and he, of course, would get his share. As he thought of the new line of transportation, with its bright new yellow cars, he unconsciously pictured many of the passengers—in fact, a big proportion of the passengers—carrying large bundles of costly things bought at his store.

Yet from the day the new car line was started that merchant's business began to decline. In six months he barely escaped going into the hands of a receiver. He had never paused to consider that the car line passed down another street, a block away from his store. That street had always been rather unimportant as a retail section, and it had not occurred to him that the mass of people who were brought down from the suburbs and deposited there would take the street seriously.

He supposed that everybody who had been in the habit of walking by his store to and from the street car, morning and evening, would continue to do so. That was where the merchant showed his lack of understanding of the average pedestrian—a creature disposed to practice rigid economy in footsteps.

A man comes downtown each day, alights at a certain corner, and proceeds toward his office. This walk from the car to his office takes him past certain shop windows. He learns from these windows what is kept inside. One window has a display of shirts and another contains coils of garden hose. Now, the pedestrian may not rush in and buy shirts or garden hose just because these things are there on exhibition; but they nevertheless make an impression on him. When he suddenly finds himself in need of shirts or apparatus for squirting water at his vegetable garden, everything else being equal, he thinks at once of that store. It may be a store that does little advertising and that he would never have heard of except for having passed it in going to and from the street car.

Assets in Footsteps

Every thousand pairs of footsteps passing a retail store is an asset to that store. When anything occurs to pull away some of these footsteps the proprietor must make extra effort and show added enterprise, or his business will move backward. He must increase his advertising or offer more attractive bargains. And the merchant who sees a new stream of footsteps suddenly shunted in his direction should be quick to take advantage of his opportunities. People begin to pass his place who never did so before. If he presents a dingy front they may continue to pass his place—just that and nothing more. But if he brightens up his windows, wigwags signals of ginger and enterprise and makes his presence felt, he may entice within his doors open-minded newcomers who are provided with ready money.

Nothing has so much effect on passing footsteps as the item of transportation. Every new surface line, elevated line, or subway means a pedestrian readjustment. People who have been accustomed to catch a car home by walking over to this point now walk over yonder. New pedestrian habits are soon formed and people walk over a given route day after day. It is surprising how unwilling a person is to deviate from his accustomed route unless there is some reason for doing so. Didn't you ever have the experience of strolling along with a friend until you came to a corner where he wished to go one way and you another? You were walking purely for pleasure, let us say, but you each unconsciously preferred to follow a certain route simply because you were used to it.

The thing that completely upsets people's walking habits, as I say, is transportation. Sometimes I am inclined to think that transportation rather than competition is the real life of retail trade. The subway, for example, revolutionized retail business in New York City. It is only recently that New York has begun to get adjusted to the first subway. It was a long time before business men in certain localities realized what had happened. This process of readjustment to the subway is still going on, and will continue to go on as long as still more subways are built or projected. Just now they are getting ready to open a new underground line along Broadway. This will mean a shift of retail conditions that must be reckoned with.

The boom which Fourth Avenue has enjoyed during the last few years has been due almost entirely to the building of the subway, which has several stations along that thoroughfare. It doesn't seem long since the Flatiron Building corner, at the intersection of Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Twenty-third Street, was regarded as the busiest corner in the United States. Then the subway was placed in operation, and now a great many more persons daily pass at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street than pass the Flatiron corner.

Rent and Traffic

Likewise, it was mainly the subway that killed Twenty-third Street as the heart of the retail section. Years ago Canal Street was the principal retail street in New York. Then retail business moved gradually up to Fourteenth Street, which has a cross-town car line; from there it moved on to Twenty-third Street. The reason for this movement was simply that business has a tendency to go toward the main residential locality—to avoid making the customer travel too far. The stores could not meet customers halfway, but they tried to meet them at least part of the way. Before the subway was built it represented considerable effort for shoppers to move from one part of the city to another. If the leading stores were scattered all over town, shopping would be such a wearying operation that a great many people might be discouraged from buying. Either that, or else they might go to the store having the most convenient location and do all their buying there, rather than go to the trouble of looking into values elsewhere. So it was an advantage for both retailers and shoppers to have as many good stores as possible in one place. And that was the situation. Nearly all the leading department stores were on Twenty-third Street. The proprietors thus cooperated to attract shoppers to that locality.

With the opening of the subway it was much less of an advantage to have all the big stores close together. A woman could come from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to Twenty-third Street, and go from there to Forty-second Street so easily that the journey itself was the least of her troubles. She no longer objected to visiting two localities instead of one. Moreover, rents were cheaper farther uptown—nearer the residence section whence shoppers came. So one store after another began to seek locations up round Thirty-fourth Street, and beyond. To-day the heart of the New York shopping district is on Fifth Avenue from Thirty-fourth to Forty-second Streets.

Now, the most surprising thing of all is that scarcely any of the landowners down in the Twenty-third Street neighborhood seemed to know what had struck them. They had not anticipated—when the subway was first projected—what the effect would be. And after the thing had happened they were slow to realize that the subway was the cause.

Just to show in figures the change that took place: I happen to know of a loft building, near Twenty-third Street and Broadway, where one floor used to rent for ten thousand dollars a year. After the retail exodus toward Thirty-fourth Street the rent dropped to nine thousand dollars. Based on the relative amount of traffic, the decrease should have been much more than that, but renters were not yet fully aware of the change that had occurred. When everybody came to perceive the actual situation it was impossible to rent the floor at all. It remained idle for several years. Gradually, however, Twenty-third Street began to come back—not as a retail but as a wholesale district. A few months ago the floor I mention was rented for five thousand dollars a year—just half what it once brought—and the owner was overjoyed. The chances are that some day the rent will go to six thousand dollars, and probably even more than that, but it is extremely doubtful whether it will ever get back to the high point where it once was.

This lowering of rents meant, of course, a corresponding depreciation in property values. The building of the subway cost landowners along Twenty-third Street and elsewhere millions upon millions of dollars. But there were big boosts in values in other sections.

Another effect of the subway was on small retail establishments in the outlying districts. When shoppers were dependent on the comparatively slow-moving surface and elevated lines for transportation downtown, a woman living out at, say, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, who wished to buy a pair of shoes, might make the purchase at a small store a block or two from her home. Many of these small neighborhood stores did a thriving business, especially in the more staple articles, because people dreaded the ordeal of a journey clear down to Twenty-third Street. But the subway made a trip to the heart of the shopping district so quickly and so easily that women preferred to go where there was a larger stock of goods from which to make selection. Countless small stores in the outlying sections were put out of business. Stores in Brooklyn and Newark were quickly affected when the under-the-river tubes were opened to those places. Women flocked to New York who formerly had stayed away because of the time and annoyance of getting there. On the other hand, however, many New Yorkers now buy in Brooklyn who never did so before—who, in fact, had never even been there before. Brooklyn store proprietors are enterprising enough to take advantage of their smaller rents and offer bargains that will attract New Yorkers across the river. "Brooklyn is no farther from New York now," as a native of that borough recently observed to me, "than any other place is."

Lines of Least Resistance

One of the whims of the average pedestrian is to keep going straight ahead in a given direction until there is some sufficient reason for his doing otherwise. For instance, if a man is walking along Fifth Avenue near Fortieth Street and wishes to go to Sixth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, he does not turn through to Sixth Avenue at once, and not even at Thirty-eighth Street, but waits until he reaches Thirty-seventh Street. If, however, he chanced to be walking along Sixth Avenue, and his destination is a point many blocks away on Fifth Avenue, he might turn through at once, for Fifth Avenue is the more attractive street of the two. There are so many pretty girls and so many more attractive shop windows on Fifth Avenue that a pedestrian might unconsciously regard that as a reason for deviating from his straight-ahead course; but, as I say, with all other conditions equal, a pedestrian will keep going right ahead without turning, just as long as possible. Straight ahead is the line of least resistance. This inertia of pedestrians, as you might call it, has brought about an unexpected traffic condition at many places.

Consider, for example, the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street, and the southeast corner of Broadway and Thirty-third Street. There are numerous reasons why the Thirty-fourth Street corner should be the busier of the two: In the first place there is a street-car line on Thirty-fourth Street, but not on Thirty-third Street. Two hotels—one the largest in the world, the other probably the best known in the world—have their main entrances on Thirty-fourth Street, and only rear or side entrances on Thirty-third Street. Some of the best stores in New York are on Thirty-fourth Street. The heart of the shopping center is beyond Thirty-fourth Street; that is, in the direction away from Thirty-third Street. Practically all the theaters and famous restaurants are in the same direction. One might go on and prepare a long list of the reasons why the Thirty-fourth Street corner should have the most traffic. Yet the strange fact is that a great many more pedestrians daily pass the Thirty-third Street corner than the other one. Almost any New Yorker familiar with the locality will be disposed to dispute this statement, but the traffic has been carefully checked, over and over again, under all sorts of conditions, by experts; there is no doubt about the Thirty-third Street corner having more traffic than the corresponding corner at Thirty-fourth Street.

Trick Street-Corners

Here is the reason: At Thirty-third Street and Fourth Avenue is a subway station; at Thirty-third Street and Broadway is both an elevated station and the entrance to a tube leading to the suburbs. Those stations, three blocks apart, have an astonishing amount of pulling power. The average pedestrian on Fifth Avenue, headed for the Thirty-third Street elevated station, turns down Thirty-third Street. Likewise, the man walking up Broadway, who wishes to go across to the subway at Thirty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, turns the corner at Thirty-third Street. Then there are all the shoppers and others who get off the elevated train at Thirty-third Street and at once proceed up that street toward Fifth Avenue. Such are the conditions. Yet almost any business man would take it for granted that the traffic was much greater a block away, and would have picked that corner for his store.

There are numerous cities where one may find such trick corners, where the traffic is either considerably more or less than one would think. On Chestnut Street, in Philadelphia, is a corner that looks extremely busy on a bright day. But on a rainy day the foot traffic drops off so much that the corner is conspicuously quiet. This pulls the average of the traffic so low that the location is generally regarded by experts as undesirable. If a stranger were to inspect the corner on a bright day he would be willing to pay twice as much rent as he would if he happened to see the place in rough weather.

In Washington, D. C., is another peculiar corner. To begin with, the main shopping street in Washington has most of its traffic on the sunny side rather than the shady side, which is unusual. One reason for this is that the major part of the city lies to the sunny side of that street. Another reason is simply that more business happened to get started on that side of the street than on the other side. One store attracted others, and the many stores attract crowds of shoppers. The corner I refer to is on the busy side of this main shopping street at the intersection of another business thoroughfare. So many people pass that corner every hour that it ought to be one of the very best retail locations in Washington. For several years it has been occupied by men's furnishing establishments. One after another of these has failed to make a go of things at that place.

I asked an expert one day why these stores had not prospered in so good a location. Without a moment's hesitation he told me, and the reason was so simple and obvious that I wondered why I had not known it before. It is a busy corner, but it is a woman's corner. Most of the traffic on the main shopping street is feminine.

(Concluded on Page 44)

Again Hudson Proves Greatest Endurance

Ralph Mulford

Also driver of the 24-hour test in which, with a Hudson Super-Six Stock Chassis, he drove 1819 miles—the greatest distance, by 52 per cent, ever covered by a traveling machine.

Mulford was also one of the drivers in the Hudson Super-Six double transcontinental run, from San Francisco to New York and back in 10 days 21 hours, breaking every previous record each way.

This Time Hudson Super-Six Special Makes New American Speedway Record for 200 Miles, Averaging 104 Miles an Hour

Ralph Mulford has again demonstrated the endurance of the Hudson Super-Six.

At the Chicago Speedway, June 16th, 50,000 people saw him establish new speed records for 150 miles and for 200 miles.

A special racing car was used. It embodies all the details of design and construction that has accounted for the records of endurance held by Hudson Super-Six stock and racing cars.

The motor is exactly the same size as the stock motors. The design is no different.

The principal changes are such as could be made at nominal cost to any Hudson Super-Six.

Endurance All-Important

Vibration is the foe to long motor life. It accounts for breakdowns and for high maintenance cost.

Vibration is usually responsible for the car's frequent trips to the repair shop.

It is vibration more than anything else which forces cars out of speedway contests. Vibration accounts for diminishing power of motors.

If vibration and friction could be entirely eliminated there would be no such thing as a motor car ever wearing out. By reducing vibration the life of the car is prolonged.

Vibration also reduces the usable power of the motor. Much of the power generated is consumed within the motor by its own vibration. The Hudson Super-Six motor, more than any other type, has minimized vibration. That is why the Hudson Super-Six is more powerful and capable of greater endurance than other cars.

These Tests Prove It

Hudson Super-Six speed tests are in reality endurance tests.

It is possible to build faster cars than the Hudson Super-Six Special, but the speedway record of 104 miles an hour for 200 miles, now held by a Hudson Super-Six Special, proves that endurance is more important.

Faster cars have never been able to meet the strain of such long distances.

Endurance is just as vital to you as it is to the driver on the speedway. Even though you may not care for great speed, you do want endurance. Your car must be able to meet every service strain.

Our interest in racing is not so much to see how fast we can make the Hudson Super-Six. It is to demonstrate motor endurance. It would take too long, at ordinary driving speed, to demonstrate the endurance life of a Super-Six. The speedway in a few hours calls for all the stamina required in years of ordinary use. These racing tests are of interest because they show the endurance of a Hudson Super-Six.

Race drivers are the most exacting critics of car performance. More Hudson Super-Six cars are used in racing than of any other make. Most of them are entered by professional drivers whose only interest is to win prizes. They were stock cars made suitable for racing, chosen because of proved endurance. No other racing car of prominence so nearly resembles stock production as does the Hudson Super-Six. Practically all of the notable racing cars, and particularly those against which the Hudson Super-Six Special has shown its superiority, were built especially for racing. They bear slight resemblance to the stock production of any factory. Their cost is usually so great that not more than two or three cars are ever built. The Hudson Super-Six is essentially a production car.

This Calls for Endurance

The principle by which it has minimized vibration and thus increased power and lengthened motor endurance, makes it easily suitable for racing. Experts who know the true quality of all cars select Hudson Super-Sixes because they can rely upon them to win their races.

The very qualities of endurance that are necessary in racing are the qualities you should demand in the car you buy. It guarantees safety, low maintenance cost and long service.

You can get a Hudson Super-Six in any body type you may desire. There are eight designs to choose from. The carriage detail matches the high quality of the chassis construction. Because there are now 36,000 Hudson Super-Six owners, a Hudson Super-Six costs considerably less than any car with which it is comparable.

Phaeton, 7-passenger	$1650	Touring Sedan	$2175	Town Car Landaulet	$3025
Speedster, 4-passenger	1750	Town Car	2925	Limousine	2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger	1950	(All prices f. o. b. Detroit)		Limousine Landaulet	3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Fits the hand.

Shoots as easy as pointing your finger.

Confidence

lies behind a Savage Automatic. The confidence born of a sense of security in its sure, never-failing action.

You'll always find a Savage product where the service is the hardest.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION

1432 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

Makers of High Power and Small Caliber Sporting Rifles.

The core of the SPLITDORF Plug is made by wrapping thin sheets of ruby mica around an electrode of meteor wire. This core is forced into its bushings with such tremendous pressure that no gas or oil can possibly escape through or around it. And, by reason of the conical form of this core, every explosion tightens it anew and keeps it permanently leak proof

Send for free booklet describing this and other SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO. Newark, N. J.

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

(Concluded from Page 42)

The rent for the corner location is necessarily high, because of the great number of passing footsteps, but most of the traffic is of no use to a store selling men's goods. It might be just the place for a drug store specializing on soda and toilet articles, or for a shop dealing in feminine bijouterie of one kind or another, but to try to sell men's goods there is unscientific, just as it would be even more unscientific to have a millinery shop on Wall Street, a pretzel shop on Trafalgar Square, or a livery stable in Venice. Two or three doors from the freak corner mentioned one might have a haberdashery place and do well. For the volume of male traffic would be almost equally large, and yet the total traffic would be less, and this smaller total would mean a smaller rent—enough smaller, perhaps, to let the business show a profit.

At Broadway and Forty-first Street, New York, is a prosperous big grocery. If that store were moved a few rods north, to the southeast corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street—which is the busiest corner in New York—it is doubtful whether the establishment would pay so well, because the rent would be vastly higher, and the big increase in traffic would do the store comparatively little good. In the first place, many groceries nowadays are sold by telephone, and, moreover, those who go into a grocery establishment rarely do so on the spur of the moment. When you set out from home purposely to buy a staple article like a can of codfish, it doesn't matter much whether the store is on the corner or just round the corner.

Any serious interference with the established order of things in street-railway transportation means a shake-up in conditions of pedestrian traffic. Some time ago a number of politicians in Denver had the route of a downtown car line shifted to a street a block away. The consequence was that one street had a boom and another became an invalid. In Cincinnati practically every car line used to make a loop at Fountain Square. This was changed to some extent, a while ago, and a number of store locations on or near Fountain Square are not worth the rental they once were.

Foot traffic in Cleveland is going to undergo a change before long, simply because there are to be important changes in transportation. The city is to have a subway; but before it gets a subway it is to have rapid transit by a surface line over a private right of way. This rapid-transit line will have its terminus at the Public Square. At the present time foot traffic is the thickest about two blocks east of the Public Square; but after the rapid-transit line is in operation there will be a tendency for traffic to be pulled back toward the square. Just how much of a change there will be is problematical, but that there will be a readjustment of some kind is beyond question.

The Rush to the Courthouse

One of the strange caprices of the pedestrian throng was shown a few years ago in Houston, Texas. At the intersection of two principal streets was the busiest corner in town. A cigar company had a store on that corner. The property was bought for a big bank building and the cigar company had to move. It had its choice of establishing a store alongside of the bank building, or seeking a location on one of the other three corners at that intersection. The location next to the bank it did not consider at all, for reasons that will appear later. The two corners that ranked second and third in desirability were unavailable. That left the cigar company only one corner—the quietest corner of the four. So they took that one. And then what do you suppose happened? Traffic began to increase at that corner until it was the busiest of all—busier, even, than the one that had been first choice.

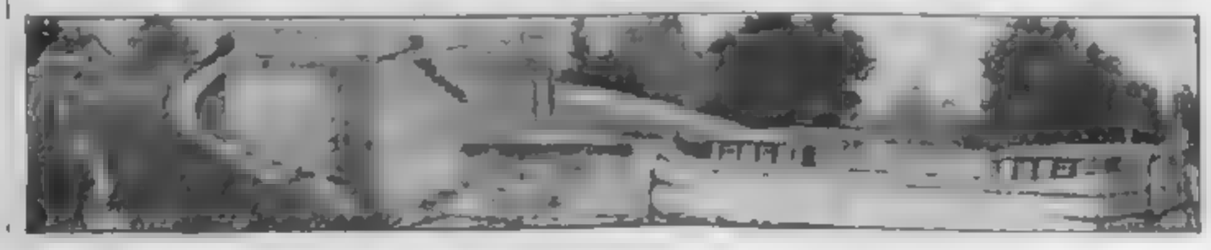
This was due partly to the fact that the cigar company used a lot of brilliant illumination about its place—people are attracted by lights the same as moths—and partly because the bank on the busy corner caused traffic there to decrease and seek an outlet elsewhere. A bank always tends to decrease rather than to increase traffic. Being open only about six hours a day on the average, a bank has drawing power for only those six hours. Moreover, a bank has not much drawing power even when it is open. That is, few persons have occasion to visit a bank compared with the total number on the street. To-day, by the way, the busiest corner in Houston is two blocks away from this bank, because of the erection of a big hotel and other buildings at another street intersection.

One of the most predominant of human traits is what one might term our sheepliness—the tendency to follow the crowd, to do what the rest of the herd does. When I was a lad I witnessed a practical joke that a traveling man played on our town. He went to nearly all the clerks employed in stores facing the courthouse square and got them to agree to drop everything, unless actually waiting on a customer, and rush hatless toward the front door of the courthouse when the town clock struck three. The clerks did this, and practically everybody on the streets in that part of town—nearly a hundred men, women and children, by heck!—did likewise. They rushed pell-mell into the courthouse because they saw others hurrying in that direction. While they were doing this the clerks, who had started the great movement, slipped out the side door of the courthouse and returned quietly to their places of business to watch developments.

The Attraction of New Shops

A New York restaurant man thought of a way to make capital of this follow-the-crowd trait. He had an attractive little restaurant, neat and clean, and good food well served. Yet he was not doing a successful business. People who passed his way were not aware of what a good restaurant it was. They had got into the habit of going to other eating places and they kept on going to those places, preferring to let well enough alone rather than to take a chance on something untried. The fact that nobody turned in at the restaurant kept people away. Nobody wants to eat in a restaurant where other people do not eat; they assume that there must be something wrong with such a restaurant. But if the proprietor could once get people started entering his door others might follow. So here was the scheme that the proprietor tried—and it proved successful: To every one of the comparatively few who bought a meal of him he gave two meal tickets, good on a certain day, provided they were used at the noon rush hour. In consequence of this there was a jam about his doors one noon that attracted attention. Those who saw the crowd assumed that the restaurant must be a good one or else it would not be so popular. Many of them decided to try a meal there at the earliest opportunity. Gradually pedestrians began to turn in at that restaurant door, and everybody who went in helped to put the idea into the heads of others. Nothing is more natural, if you are hungry, than to enter a neat-looking restaurant that seems to be attracting crowds of other hungry people.

When a new transportation development creates a brand-new business section, a store in that section will ordinarily do more business than it would with exactly the same amount of foot traffic in an older location. That is, the ratio of purchasers to pedestrians is likely to be greater in a section where all the stores are new. The reason is that where the stores are new the goods they contain are new; the proprietors, perhaps, are new and anxious to please. Everything looks spick and span and inviting. Each store is a novelty in itself. As the section grows older and the appearance of freshness wears off there is a tendency toward slow, gradual decadence. The man who is constantly on guard against this, and who keeps his store just as inviting as the day it was opened, has that much advantage over his neighbors who permit themselves to go stale. Traffic will unconsciously tend to slow up and pause in front of the place that shows snap and enterprise.



LITTLE MEN OR BIG?

(Continued from Page 4)

who tell the President things tell him what they think he wants to know, talk in accord with his expressed or imagined ideas. They conceal disagreeable facts from him, and expand agreeable ones. This is an entirely human attribute, and there is no place where it has reached more nearly the flower of perfection than in Washington.

The President is a man who, temperamentally, is harassed by detail. He expects, and naturally, that the active conduct of the war, the business of it, will be done expeditiously and effectively by his subordinates. The whole world is looking to him for aid and advice. He has greater problems to deal with, world problems; and it isn't just to unload on him the question of the construction of a camp for soldiers or the details of a row over ships.

Still, though the various factors in our war business in Washington will not admit that there is need of a supreme deciding power—bewailing and deprecating the autocratic idea—their every action and essay admit it, because they constantly seek, in the President, the exercise of that autocratic power they disparage. The result is that he is bedeviled by the squabbles of one set of vain men with another set of vain men, whose ambitions and selfishnesses clash; and there can be no wonder that he casts about for help, and that commissions and committees and combinations multiply. He feels undoubtedly that out of the hundred millions of Americans there must be a few capable of relieving him of some of the burden and allowing him to occupy himself with the broad and basic principles of this world turmoil and its possible adjustment. Possibly there are, and if there are they will develop. Not many are in operation or in sight at the present time, however.

Washington is the great center of pessimism in the United States. Washington is a congenital bear on any and every proposition. I have known quite a number of presidents in my time in and about Washington, but I never have known one president who had the approval of Washington—officially or any other way. They are smug and superior folks, those permanent Washingtonians, and inasmuch as they have their presidents handed to them without voice or even vote, they are in a constant state of displeasure concerning the man in the White House. Moreover, the view of Washington on any topic is acutely political and personal; for Washington, officially, doesn't hold that the chief function of government is that it operates by the consent of the governed. Washington holds that government operates for the benefit of certain small portions of the governed.

Washington's Favorite Sport

There is plenty of criticism of the President to be heard in other parts of the United States, but that is merely sporadic compared to the Washington supply. I doubt whether there is any clerk in any executive department who cannot point out forty mistakes the President makes each month, and who isn't much better qualified personally for the place than the incumbent. And Congress, in each unit, knows it is. The trouble about official Washington is that it hasn't a perspective. It is an intensive, introspective aggregation of persons, all political and each with something up his sleeve.

The alleged tremendous lack of the President in every quality that he should have to conduct this war is bewailed in every place in Washington, and there are ominous shakings of heads, and terrible tales of this and that to be heard wherever or whenever one stops to listen. The chief facts of it all escape the critics and detractors; and those are that, whether rightly or wrongly, the President wasn't any more ready for war than the United States, and that both he and the United States must get ready simultaneously.

Now, I hold no brief for the President, but I do remember that the American people had an opportunity last November to turn him out if they were dissatisfied with him—and they did not turn him out. Wherefore it seems to me that it is plainly the duty of the American people, having indorsed him at the polls, to give him a chance to demonstrate his abilities in this entirely new situation. As I write this we have not been at war three months, and in that time many of the loudest-voiced critics assume to say we should have done two years' work. The human limitations extend to Washington as well as to other places, and no country in the world, nor all the countries, could have done what it is vigorously asserted we should have done in that time.

There are certain phases of presidential action, and inaction, that will be at the proper time subject to proper criticism, especially if persisted in—but this is not the proper time. The difficulty of his position is that he has many shrewd detractors, and in times like this the tendency of the popular mind is destructive rather than constructive. A leader easily may be greater than those he leads, but his ultimate accomplishment will rest on the level with the action of the led rather than on the aspirations or the principles of his leadership. What the President can do and may do in this war will be measured exactly by what the people do, and if he cannot hold the people with him he must fail. In the mass there will be an eventual popular judgment of the President, and it will be essentially correct. That judgment will not rest upon what he says but on what he does; and that he is President will not make him immune from just criticism, either here or elsewhere.

Advisers Good and Bad

With these facts in mind it is well enough to discount a great deal of the criticism of the President that is now so common, especially in Washington. The President is Woodrow Wilson, neither omniscient nor infallible.

He has a gigantic task. He is as new to it, in all its aspects, as the newest recruit of three months ago was to war. It takes time to make a soldier and it takes time to make a war President. Neither springs full panoplied from circumstance or condition.

Six months from now will be ample time to review the acts of the President for defects in judgment and action. Just now what he needs, and what the country needs, is support for him, not flaw-picking. And as for the judgment of Washington about him, that isn't worth consideration. Washington never appraised a man or a President correctly since Washington was built. The shortness of the view and the bias of the viewers forbid that.

Having, as he has, entirely human limitations in the matter of corporate identity, the President can be at but one place at one time and can talk to but one person at one time—or at least can talk on but one subject at a time. His days have but the customary twenty-four hours, and he needs both sleep and exercise. Therefore it is quite impossible for him to know all that is going on or to hear and see all the persons who are in active work; and therefore he is at times compelled to take advice that he has not been able to prove, himself, was disinterested. Thus he has been led into mistakes and into the advocacy of wrong policies.

That is his greatest problem—the getting of disinterested advice and information. But, if it should develop that he does not seek to get disinterested advice and information, that will be his chief weakness. Time will demonstrate that. Unless he does seek it—and seek it assiduously—he will not get it; for some of the gentlemen who are closest to him are neither disinterested advisers nor informants.

The second unit of our war-business machine is the Cabinet, and combined with those ten official persons the various bureaus and their chiefs, operating in the ten executive departments they head. With the exception of Lansing, Secretary of State; Baker, Secretary of War; and Gregory, Attorney-General, the Cabinet stands as it was originally selected by the President in January and February, 1913, before he was inaugurated the first time. Even with those inclusions, not the most ardent friend of these ministers will assert that the bulk of them would have been selected at all if their selector had had the faintest, the most remote, thought that he would be called upon to lean on them for assistance and advice in a world war. The reasons for the selection of that Cabinet were political reasons and geographical reasons, with such incidental fitness as might develop or had been shown.

I doubt whether there are five men in Washington who have the courage, if they were given the opportunity, to go to the President and tell him what is the general popular opinion of the abilities of at least five of his ten Cabinet members. And I doubt whether the President would believe any, or all, of these five men if they did tell him. It is reasonable to suppose that the President has better opportunities for judging of the abilities of these men than outsiders, because of his close association with them and his official contact with them, and he may be apprised of excellences of which the general public and the specialized observing public at Washington are not aware. Also, the usual Washington view of Cabinet officials is not favorable. Cabinet officials are temporary. Official Washington is permanent. The bureau chief looks on his superior with a smug and supercilious tolerance, for the bureau chief knows that the Cabinet minister inevitably must pass out, whereas the bureau chief remains until death gets him.

However, it is within the bounds of assumption that if Woodrow Wilson, when he was governor of New Jersey and President-elect of the United States, from November, 1912, until March, 1913, had had even the slightest inkling that in April, 1917, this country, with himself as President, would declare war on Germany, after two and a half years of a world struggle that transcends in slaughter and in cost any war in history, he would not have selected some of the men he did select and who now hold portfolios. But the fact that he did select them is the reason that he now retains them. One phase of the character of the President that is strongly marked is a certain strength, not to say stubbornness, of opinion. He selected these men. Hence, he holds them. And it must not be forgotten that he may have the advantage of special inside information concerning their value to him and to the country. He knows their best qualities undoubtedly. Whether he knows their worst qualities is quite another question.

Shackled Cabinet Members

Washington buzzes with criticism of the Cabinet, and the country is critical and distrustful to a degree. This criticism, except in few instances, is not concrete criticism. It is mostly general denunciation; and it is due largely to a total misapprehension of the functions and the powers of a Cabinet member. Theoretically, a Cabinet member is the head of one of the great executive departments, supreme in authority, responsible to no one save the President. In reality, a Cabinet member has two drags on his administration, a ball and chain on each leg. The first is Congress, which supplies him with money and gives him authority. The second is the bureaucracy of his own department.

No Cabinet member can do more than originate a policy for his department. He must get his authority, save for such things as are already embodied in law, from Congress. If he has a new plan for any phase of his business he cannot put it into operation until Congress tells him he may and supplies him with money. Take a minor instance: Suppose, for example, the Secretary of the Navy desires to build a dry dock at some necessary point. It may be essential, vital. He cannot build that dry dock until the naval committees of the House and the Senate have passed on the project, until Congress has affirmed the decisions of these naval committees, until Congress has appropriated the money specifically for that dry dock. He has no function in the matter save the initiative, and he must take what he can get. This system, as will be acknowledged, rather deprives any Cabinet member of the power to be brilliant or powerful in administration. He can be only as brilliant and as powerful as Congress, partisanly political and entirely local in its views, will allow him to be.

That is the first militation against any very great demonstration of ability or power. The second is the system. Necessarily, as department heads—Cabinet ministers—change frequently, there must be permanent officials in each department to conduct business while the new heads are learning the ropes. The fact that most of them never do learn the ropes is beside

(Continued on Page 46)

Cross-Country Trip Shows Motz Virtues

Recently Mr. Clarence E. Horton, of Buffalo, wrote us that he was on tour to Los Angeles and return, with Goodyear Motz Cushion Tires on rear wheels.

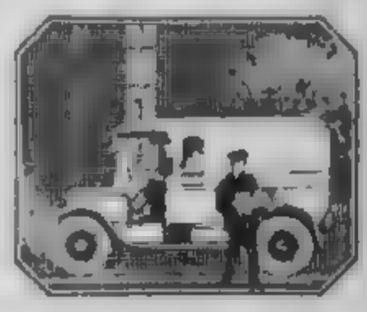
"They have stood up wonderfully over Pennsylvania hills, through Ohio mud, Illinois worn macadam and Iowa sand," he said. "I am not even using any chains. With reasonable driving these tires seem as comfortable as pneumatics."

This pleasure-car use of Motz illustrates the qualities which have made it the leading delivery car tire of America.

What other solid tire is resilient enough for a transcontinental trip?

Mr. Horton's letter notes all three of the vital qualities—great durability, sure traction and high cushioning power—which make this tire better for all light, medium-fast commercial service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio



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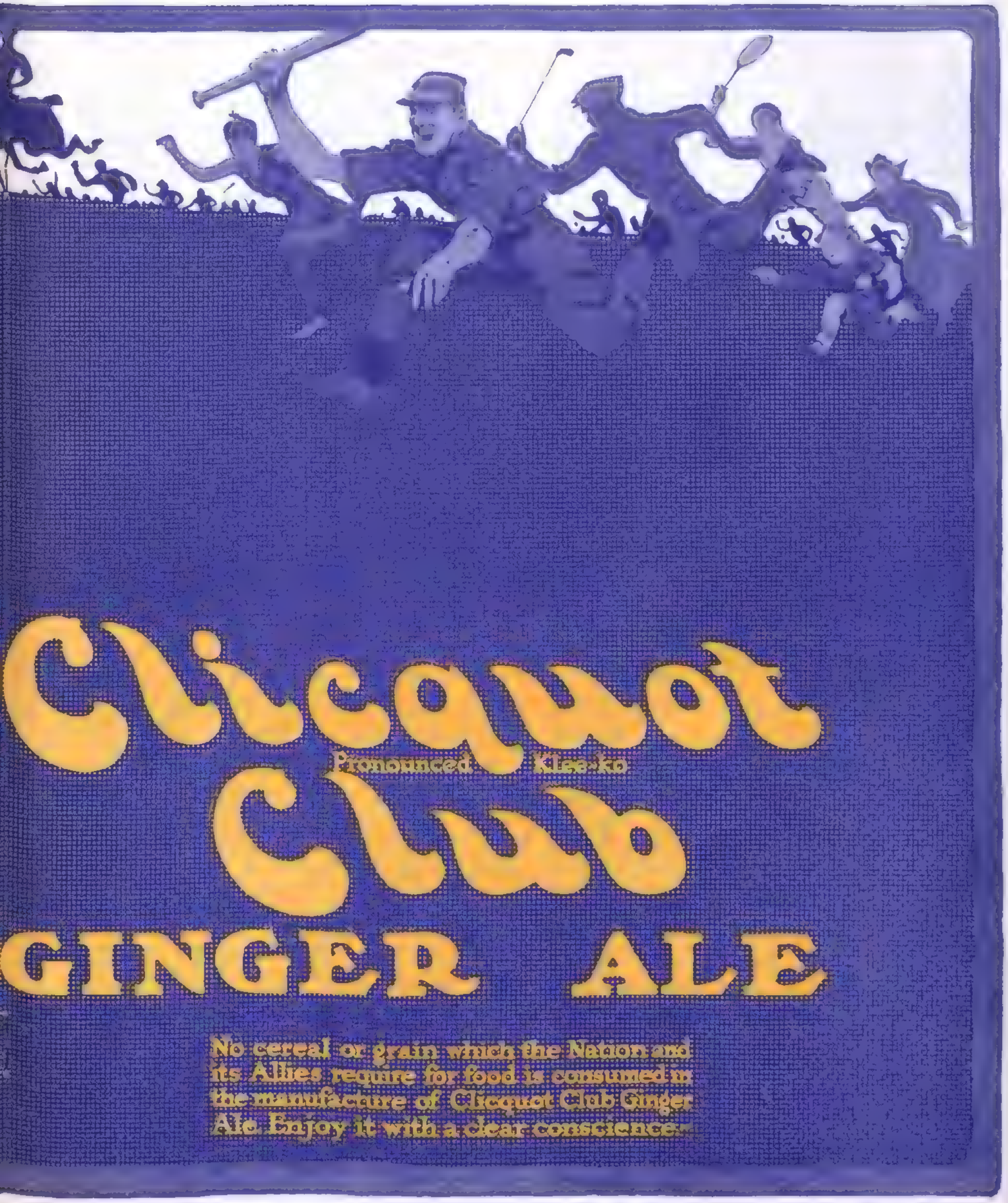
Clicquot
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GINGER ALE
No cereal or grain which the Nation and its Allies require for food is consumed in the manufacture of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Enjoy it with a clear conscience.

How to Buy A Fan

Consider the name, and the experience back of the name.

As, for instance, Robbins & Myers—makers of quality fans for over twenty-one years.

The sign by which this quality and prestige are recognized is the famous flag on the guard of every Robbins & Myers Fan.

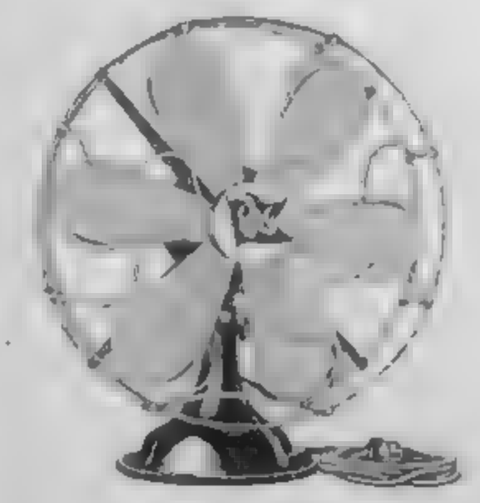
With it as your guide you are assured and guaranteed utmost fan quality and enduring service.

Robbins & Myers Fans come in all styles: ceiling, desk, wall, oscillating, non-oscillating, ventilating—for operation on direct or alternating current.

Three things to bear in mind: The name, the experience, the flag.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio
Branches and Agencies Everywhere

Robbins & Myers Fans



The Sign of a Breeze

(Continued from Page 45

the mark. The permanent underofficialdom is there—bureau chiefs, heads of divisions, and so on; and in the War Department officers of the Army, and in the Navy Department officers of the Navy.

Now all these are held in place by law. They cannot be discharged except for cause. They may be shifted, but not discharged. The result is that, owing to the lack of a permanent undersecretariat in our governmental affairs, the bureau chiefs and division and departmental heads have built themselves up into what amounts to a permanent undersecretariat, and the Cabinet member, coming to his new place full of enthusiasm and ambition, soon finds he is up against a stone wall of precedent, custom, minutiæ of innumerable laws and red tape, that deprives him of almost every original power save the power of making speeches at banquets. The system is all-powerful.

They cannot break through. The President himself isn't able, at times, to break through. All these are temporary officials. The permanent officials look with disdain on them. Fancy a naval officer, in the Navy for life if he behaves himself, feeling other than a contemptuous tolerance for a civilian secretary who may last a year, or two, or three. Why, President Roosevelt had seven secretaries of the Navy while he was President—six or seven; they were so unimportant I have forgotten—but the personnel of the Navy Department didn't change in that time. That is permanent, and so are the subordinate heads in the other departments.

And they exercise their power.

As an example, I know of a case where an order signed by the President and sealed with the seal, and all that, was pigeonholed and held up for six months in a certain executive department by a bureau chief who didn't agree with the provisions of the order—and a minor bureau chief, at that!

The people ascribe too much power and importance to the Cabinet. In England the Cabinet is the government. In the United States the Cabinet is a politically inoffensive, geographically correct collection of men, personally selected by the President, and with no personal responsibility save to him. In England the Cabinet sits with the Parliament. In the United States the only legislative function the Cabinet has is to go before House and Senate committees and plead for appropriations—plead is the word. Also, our Cabinet is constantly subjected to political and patronage pressure from Congress, and must constantly operate with Congress on the you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you plan.

Survival of the Fittest

The Cabinet meets with the President and, theoretically, advises him. All well and good if the President wishes to take that advice, but the spectacle of a President of the United States—any President—allowing a Secretary of State, for example, to formulate and conduct an international policy for him in days like these does not come within the range of imagination. The responsibility is the President's. So, invariably, is the policy. Our Cabinet members do not share in the Government directly, and when they fail the President fails with them, in absolute ratio, for they are his personal men, and merely executive in all other ways, so far as Congress will allow them to execute.

Therefore all this clamor about the present Cabinet and its weaknesses and its strength, though direct as to personalities, is based on a wrong conception of the powers and functions of the Cabinet members. The fact of it is, of course, that the present Cabinet members were no more ready for a world war than the rest of the people of the United States. It may be urged that they should have been ready, but so should we. And the further fact is that no matter if any Cabinet member had had clear enough vision to foresee the difficulties that now surround us, he could have prepared for them only so far and in such degree as Congress would have allowed him to prepare, and not a dollar or a man farther than that. The Cabinet was thrown headlong into this war with the rest of us, and the Cabinet is doing what it can to get ready, subject to the marked limitations under which its various units must operate—the limitations of Congress and the system.

It is true that there are incapables in the Cabinet. It is true that there are men in the Cabinet who should not be there. It is true that there are men in the Cabinet who will not be there by the time we have been at war a year, if we are to win the war. It is true there are men in the Cabinet who have political ambitions beyond their capabilities and who are fostering their ambitions in every possible way. It is true there are small men where there should be big men. But it is also true that these men are in the Cabinet and likely to remain there for a time, and yowling at them will not help matters any, nor progress the war.

The elimination of the weaklings in that Cabinet will be attended to by the people of the United States. In due time it will become apparent to the people that this is their war—not the war of any individual or group of individuals, not the war of any party or any partisans, not the war of any section or class, but that we are all in it, and that we must all get out of it somehow. When that time comes those who are in charge will be examined into relentlessly, and cast aside ruthlessly if they are unfit; and neither the President nor any person else will have much to say about it, except to execute the popular demand.

The Wartime Mainspring

Bearing this fact in mind, and bearing also in mind the facts that a government does not do business as a business corporation does; that the system cannot be changed in a day, but that it will be changed; that politics is inseparably mixed with all governmental affairs; that these men are as new at the war business as the rest of us, and probably are doing as well as any other men who could be named to fight against the system and the red tape and the innumerable restrictions that Congress, for the past hundred and forty years, has been placing on them to guard against individual assertion and power and graft, it may be as well to be a bit tolerant. The time will come to assay them in view of what they have done, not in view of what raucous critics say they should have done. When that time comes the assays will be made. There is no doubt of that. And considerable dross will be found.

The mainspring of our war business is Congress, for Congress must appropriate the money and pass the acts authorizing and enabling the expenditure of that money. Congress, under our Constitution, is one of the three coördinate branches of our Government—the executive, the legislative and the judicial—specifically set down as such in our organic law. Congress is tenacious of its coördinate powers, and jealous of their usurpation. That statement explains much that has been done in Washington thus far, and much that will be done. Congress, at best, is a slow-moving and unwieldy body. Moreover, it is quite a human body—that is, its individual members are not so entirely wrapped up in the affairs and good of the country as to neglect their personal and political fortunes. Wherefore it is quite true that the great bulk of the legislation passed by Congress has within it the voted idea of perpetuation of the majority party, and the individual members thereof, in power, inasmuch as ours is a party government.

It is a difficult matter for a body of citizens to find excuse for congressional delay and apparently innocuous debate over a question that seems to those citizens to be of vital importance; but that is because those citizens do not get to the roots of the matter and do put so contemptuous an appraisement on the part politics plays in the whole scheme. A nonpartisan Congress, operating solely for the good of the country, would be an ideal legislative body, but we have not yet arrived at that altruistic state, and Congress operates, largely, for the good of the party and for the retention of power.

This situation perplexes the business man and is only vaguely understood by the public. Likewise it holds in check the operations of the executives of the Government, from top to bottom. Also, from the delays and the ineptitudes and the injection of political and personal needs into projected legislation, it has caused many a President to seek to get his ends by trying to do something to Congress, and thereby has created a resentment in Congress at first sullen, but flaring to full and vicious expression at times.

It is easily explainable that an executive, harassed by the need of haste, knowing what is demanded, should try to force Congressional action along lines he knows or feels to be correct and needful; but it is just as easy of explanation that Congress should resent this, and fight to retain its constitutionally coördinated prerogative. There never has been a President who has not wished, in his heart, that he might have the power to order Congress: "Pass this law as I present it to you!" There have been few Presidents who have not tried to do just that. Thus, there has risen the protest in Congress over what is termed ready-made legislation—bills presented to Congress with executive instructions to pass them in the shape presented.

Congress does not assume any special infallibility in the person of any President as to the needs of the country, and though Congress has obeyed these commands in many instances Congress has not obeyed them willingly, and has not been without resentment over what is termed usurpation of power. There should be in our Constitution a provision that no man is eligible for election to the Presidency until he has served ten years in Congress. Most of the trouble between the White House and the Capitol in the past came from the lack of knowledge in the White House of the mechanics of Congress. Most of the trouble now—and the delay—comes from lack of knowledge on that vital point.

Moreover, that widely announced panacea for our political ills, the direct primary, has been responsible for a change in personnel in both the House and the Senate such that though these bodies may be closer to the people they also are farther from the great government requirements than formerly. But there is this to be said: The Congress, so far as this war is concerned, has been ungrudging in its appropriations and in its support of the President, in the main; and though its discussion and determination of detail may annoy the hurry-hurry contingent there can be no just blanket criticism. Specifically, there are ample grounds for such criticism; as that, for example, on the war-revenue bill recently passed by the House of Representatives, which, though it may have been produced and passed by men sincere and patriotic, according to their lights, was not so much a revenue getter as it was a business destroyer. However, the Senate took cognizance of that, and the result is likely to be a far more equitable measure.

Demagogues and Workers

Whatever the shortcomings of Congress may be, there can be no real complaint because it does not, when some official rushes up and demands a billion dollars for some purpose or other, immediately and out of hand give that official his billion without asking what he wants to do with it, and without considering where the Treasury may get it.

There are plenty of demagogues in Congress, plenty of cheap, little men, but there are plenty of men, also, who are versed in the business of the Government, who know what may and what may not be done, and who, with this appreciation of the needs of the country and the possibilities, under our system, of supplying those needs, are acting with a considerable patience and a more considerable patriotism. The trouble is that when the demagogue gets up and rants for an hour about some remedy for all ills or against some outrage on the people his rantings are exploited publicly, whereas nothing is said, for example, of the countless hours of steady, scientific, patriotic work of such men as John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, or Senator Simmons, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, on whom the primary responsibility for appropriations rests. Without appropriations this war would come to a sudden end.

Congress is there, working in accordance with the precedents and the conditions imposed by each session since the first, and though the individual members are subject to street mobility, the institution itself is permanent. No good can come of bewailing the institution or censuring it. From time to time the individuals of it are subject to review at the polls, and that is the way to enforce criticism on Congress; that, and specific and legitimate criticism of specific individuals for whatever faults may be demonstrated or have been demonstrated. It is useless to criticize or condemn an institution such as Congress, for Congress will remain. It may be useful to criticize and condemn members of Congress,

both of the Senate and of the House, and if facts justify that probably will be done.

This brings me to the consideration of the extra-official men, the civilians, who came to Washington at their country's call, to give their skilled services in this emergency; and in discussing them it is necessary to discuss also the various systems of governmental business-doing, for the two are closely related. As explicit a way as any to make a distinction clear is to contrast the business of the Government and the business of the United States Steel Corporation; putting the totals of business done, roundly, merely for purposes of illustration, at a billion dollars a year each, in normal times.

The Government does a business of a billion dollars a year, say. How? In the first place the Congress must raise the money to conduct the business, and that unwieldy body does raise it and provide rigidly for its expenditure. It provides for that expenditure with political ends in view, and it is subject to political influences down to almost the last dollar. It gives that money to ten departments to spend, and those ten departments spend it; but the spending of it is hedged in by so many restrictions, so much red tape, so general a tendency to evade responsibility, so much of obligation to precedence, and is so circumscribed by audit that is archaic, that the wonder is that any of it is spent at all. The reason for most of these legal restrictions as to audit and so on is the acute knowledge the Congresses who prescribed these restrictions have of their necessity in order to avoid misuse of funds; being politicians, the Congresses who tied up the Government's business in these many ways knew what the politicians would do with the money if they had opportunity.

The chief directing men in this great business, the executive heads of the departments, are frequently changed, have no permanency of position, are political in most of their aspects, and subject to political influences; and in nine cases out of ten are not at all skilled in knowledge of the departments they are directing. Beneath these is a body of subordinates whose only concern is doing nothing that will get them into trouble or give them any responsibility that can be shifted somewhere else. That, briefly, is our governmental business organization.

Now then, the United States Steel Corporation or any other great business corporation is built up of men who are skilled in their particular jobs, who know what they are doing, who have authority, and who are responsible to a chief authority whose yes means yes and whose no means no and is enforced. Instead of a board of directors of more than five hundred men, not at all skilled in anything but vote-getting, largely, it has a specialized board of directors who know about the steel business and its various ramifications. The difference is in the centralization of authority. If the United States Steel Corporation or any other business in this country were run on the system our governmental business is run on it would be bankrupt in a year.

How Not to Do Business

Let me illustrate by giving an accurate report of a conversation with the head of an important bureau in a most important governmental department: "Can't something be done to hurry that matter along?" this man was asked.

"What's the hurry?" he said. "You chaps are in too much of a rush. Why, we don't do things that way. I come down in the morning, and find a letter. I read it, and lay it aside. Next morning I read it again, and dictate my answer. I lay that aside until the next morning, when I read my dictation and lay it aside again. Then, on the following morning, I re-read my letter and sign it, and next morning, when I am perfectly sure it is all in order, I have it mailed or sent to its destination."

That isn't an exaggeration, as those men who came to Washington to help because of their highly specialized business and professional abilities will testify. When we finally awoke, at Washington, to the condition confronting us, these big American business and professional men were summoned to come and help the country in the emergency. They came from north, south, east and west; came without thought of personal gain and without heed to personal affairs. They came with a great enthusiasm and with an abounding patriotism. Not one who was summoned held back. They came crowding into Washington, and they offered their brains, their abilities, their organizations and their highly specialized efficiency to the flag, submerging every personal desire and preference.

They brought with them their assistants, their men skilled in the work they had been doing, their managers and their specialists. They asked for nothing but a chance to help the country. They came from factories, from railroads, from banks, from great business houses, from mines, from laboratories, from shipping lines, from all the varied units of our trade, and commerce, and finance, and science. They came from our hospitals and from our clinics. They came from our farms and our warehouses. They came as constructors, builders, transporters, distributors, investigators, planners and managers. They were the best we had, and they came ungrudgingly, enthusiastically, with whatever personal sacrifice might be.

And what did they find? Coöperation? No. Opportunity? Restricted. Suspicion? Yes. Jealousy? Plenty. They found little men where big men should be. They clashed with a system that precluded anything but delay. They discovered that the great Washington official occupation is passing the buck. They found men temporarily in office demanding the fullest official recognition. Let me tell an incident:

The Jealousy of Petty Officials

One of these men needed a certain commodity to continue in the manufacture of an essential in our war business—a vital ingredient. He discovered that a supply was obtainable. Like any other keen American business man in the circumstances, he did not stop to think of official rank, or official dignity, or official jealousy, but he sent for the material; and he secured it.

Soon after he was called to task by a Government official for his action. He was informed that he had committed the grave error of ignoring this Government official in his negotiations; that this matter should have gone through this official's department; and that this official considered it a grave breach of official decorum that he was not consulted. It hurt his standing. In due time, he said, he would have negotiated for the material.

"I'm sorry," said the business man. "I regret that I erred through ignorance of the official precedents and requirements and dignities; but here's the material!"

That made no impression on the miffed official. His dignity was ruffled. Still, if the negotiations had been conducted through him the material would not be there yet. But he couldn't see that phase of it. Nor can any of them.

When a business man has a building to erect he gets his plans and his bids, lets his contract and the work proceeds. If he needs the building on the first of August he has it ready on the first of August. But how about the Government, owing to the system that operates in all such affairs? After the money has been secured from Congress the plans are made in a leisurely fashion, mulled over for weeks and weeks, subject to changes by various boards of various sorts. Sites are selected with a view to the political necessities of the selection. Bids are obtained, mulled over, and finally a contract that is entirely jug-handled in the favor of the Government is let.

Take those cantonments for the use of the national army. We have been at war since April sixth. It was certain, some weeks before that, we should be at war, because there was no way of avoiding it. The War Department knew that, knew we had no army, that we must have an army and must have a place to put it. I am writing this on June twenty-fifth, and the contracts have just been let for those buildings, after weeks and weeks of changing and shifting and messing back and forth, and nobody knows yet how much they will cost or when they may be finished. This, too, in a War Department that boasts of the efficiency of its engineers, and with the best civilian engineers and contractors in the country standing by to help. Not that the War Department engineers are not efficient. It's the system—the system! The red tape! The evasion of responsibility!

Consider the necessary building program, in dollars: Those cantonments, before they are finished, will cost eighty million dollars, in round numbers -probably more. Then there must be two hundred million dollars of warehouses, probably two hundred and fifty million or three hundred million;

(Concluded on Page 52)

HERE, in the Roof Garden, Hotel La Salle is a typical example of the seasonable comfort, which (among other refinements in service) distinguishes

Chicago's Finest Hotel

In unique blending of elegant formality and homelike comfort, Hotel La Salle is a truly American achievement.

Hotel La Salle
La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS
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Let This be a Reminder

The next time the toilet bowl is scrubbed, let this be a reminder that you can be entirely relieved of this disagreeable task. A little

Sani-Flush

sprinkled in the bowl every two or three days will keep the bowl snowy white, odorless and sanitary. It also cleans the trap as thoroughly as the bowl itself. *Sani-Flush* is made to clean toilet bowls only. It will not injure bowl or connections.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is a sanitary necessity wherever there is a toilet. Patented. Nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

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The Trap that *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans and keeps clean

Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Diamond Head in background.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

MORE ACTIVE TIRES THAT GIVE LESS TROUBLE

More than any other one thing, *tire trouble* has been the bugbear of motoring.

The puncture and the blow-out have laid heavy handicap on the automobile since its inception.

Most of this tire trouble is the result of old-time tire construction.

In the attempt to remedy it, tire-makers have been trying to do what could not be done.

They have been trying, by one expedient or another, to develop the fabric type of tire beyond its present limitations.

Such development was impossible in the very nature of fabric tire construction.

Some *new* construction, based on a different principle than that generally employed, was urgently needed.

This new construction has been achieved in the Goodyear Cord Tire.

The common and inescapable fault in the fabric type of tire is its rigidity.

Built up from several layers of strong canvas laid ply on ply, the cross-weave in this canvas retards flexing and makes the tire relatively stiff.

It is not resilient under impact—when it hits a stone or bump the fabric is strained. Often, under severe shock, it breaks.

In either case, a blow-out, then or later, is the result.

There is no canvas in the make-up of a Goodyear Cord Tire.

The tire-body is built from several layers of parallel cords placed diagonally one upon the other *without interweave*.

Between the layers and around each cord is a generous insulation of quick rubber.

This aids resilience and cushions the cords from rubbing one against the other.

The layers of cords are stronger than similar layers of canvas, and there is no cross-weave to hamper their free play under stress.

So the tire is immensely strong and flexible both.

When the Goodyear Cord Tire hits an obstruction it yields—and recovers.

The tire is not strained—it does not break.

Blow-outs and like troubles are minimized. And the same construction that overcomes them makes Goodyear Cords easier riding.

Obviously, too, it reduces fuel consumption. And it quickens acceleration, increases speed and lengthens mileage as well.

These advantages are directly due to the peculiar Goodyear Cord construction.

They are all demonstrable advantages—you can prove them on your car.

Added to them is the virtue of the treads on Goodyear Cords—tough, long-wearing, hard-to-puncture.

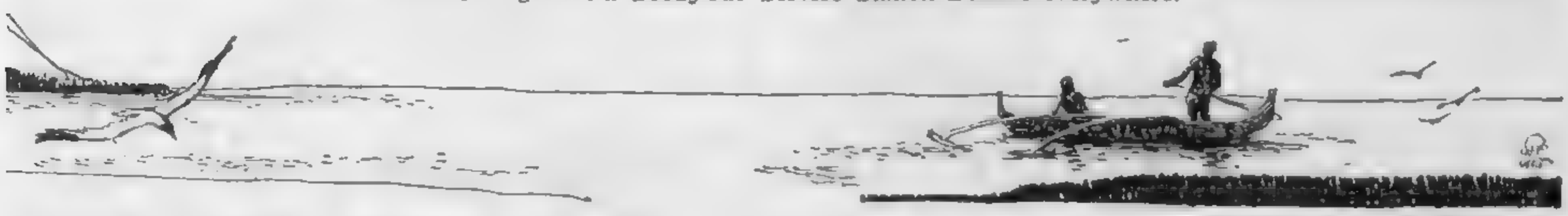
The extra-thick All-Weather non-skid for rear wheels, the easy-steering Ribbed tread for front.

More material goes in Goodyear Cords, more labor, more value—naturally they cost a little more.

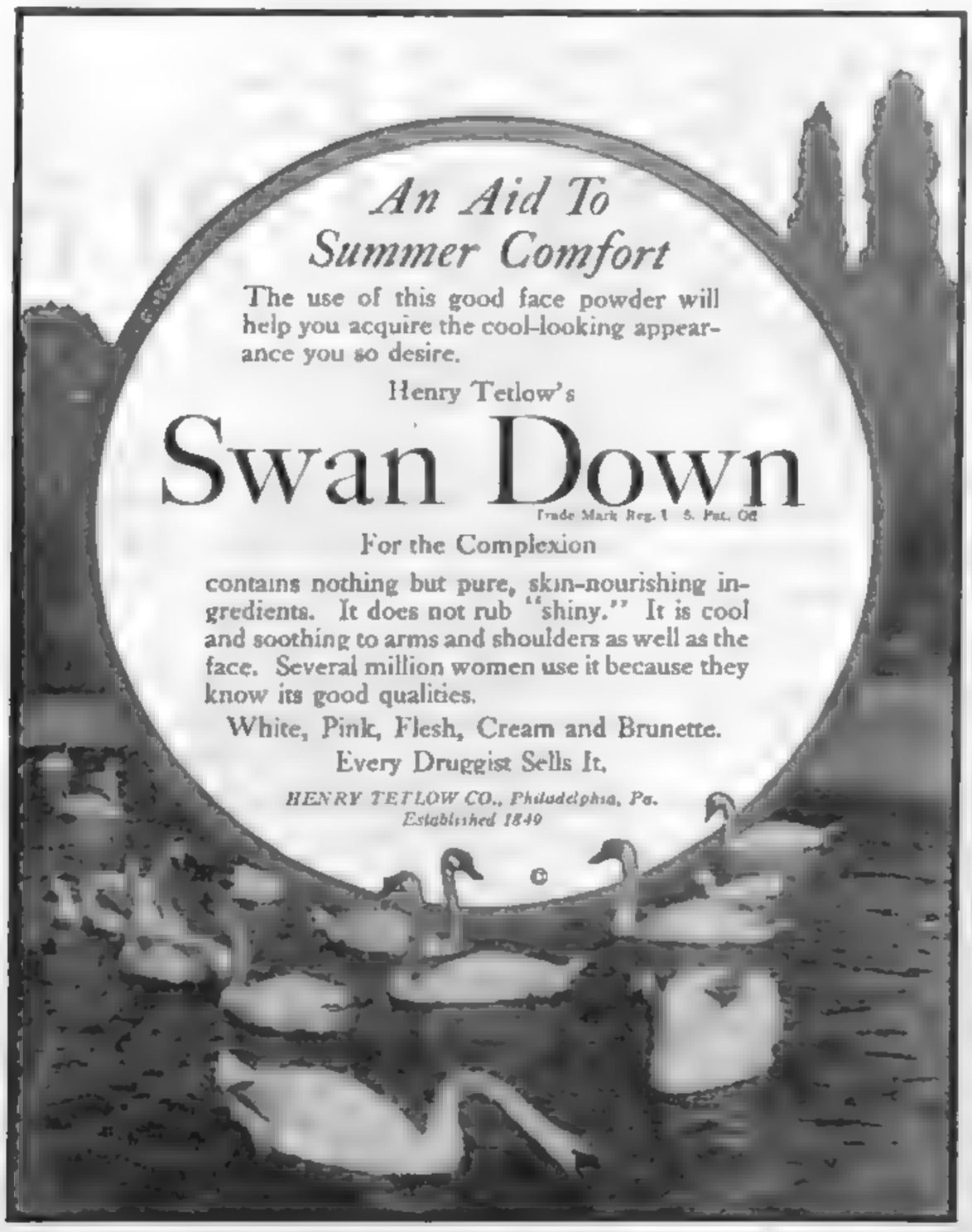
Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.



CORD TIRES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The use of this good face powder will help you acquire the cool-looking appearance you so desire.
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For the Complexion
contains nothing but pure, skin-nourishing ingredients. It does not rub "shiny." It is cool and soothing to arms and shoulders as well as the face. Several million women use it because they know its good qualities.
White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and Brunette.
Every Druggist Sells It.
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Bring the trouble to light
by bringing the light to the trouble.

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Toronto, Ontario

when something goes wrong with your motor at night

when you mislay the pliers or the wrench

when you've got to change a tire quickly

when you drop the key to the garage

when you can't see to read the cross roads sign

Don't ask for a flashlight—get an Eveready DAYLO

(Concluded from Page 49)

seventy-five million for yards and docks; twenty-five million for aviation buildings; and this combined with a bigger national private building output than is usual.

With a task like that, with ground not broken for cantonments, with equipment of every conceivable sort ordered by the million dollars' worth, and no place to store it; with terminals and docks and hospitals and ports and ships and cars to build; and the system leisurely trying to decide whether the contractors shall be given the work on a profit-percentage basis, or held to lump-sum bids, when, in the present situation, no contractor is justified in making a lump-sum bid on any sort of Government construction, taking materials, labor and the general necessities into consideration. The first big demonstration of the incapacity of the system will come in this building program. That will blow up one of these days in a manner that will astonish the American people, who, having given their billions by taxation and for bonds, will find that little men, instead of big, are directing the expenditure of those billions, ordering equipment wildly, and providing no place to put it, and so on.

There should be no wonder that those big American business men who came to Washington to do business at the request and for the benefit of the Government find their contact with the governmental system of doing business maddening. One contractor who came there prepared to do a certain line of work, patriotically and at cost, has, as I write, been there ten weeks trying to get a decision out of a certain board; and there are plenty of such cases. The patriotism has evaporated from these men. The system attends to that.

The desperate need of getting things done has brought about a conglomeration of councils, commissions, committees, and what not that overlap, underlie and interfere at dozens of points. When we couldn't think of anything else to do we appointed a new committee. It has been said that in the third week in June there were a hundred and fifty committees of civilians. I do not know just how many there were, but probably there were that many; but I do know, and so does everybody else who has watched Washington in operation in this war business, that there are ten times too many, and that what is needed is not a galaxy of committees, but one committee that shall have some power and authority.

Patriots and Demagogues

Then, too, there are the complications caused by the jealousies and dignities of the official class, the intense desire to get into the picture, the egotism, the craving for publicity—Washington swarms with press agents—the forays of the grafters, the demands of the politicians, the insistence on obsolete precedents, the red tape, the resentment of the official class over the injection of the business and professional men into the situation, the inability of the business men to understand the limitations of governmental business, the evasion of authority, the shifting of responsibility, the playing safe, the grandstanding of some of the business men and the unbridled loquacity of others, the cliques and the cabals, the gossip and slander and rumor mongering, the cadging contractors, the commission brokers, the crafty middlemen, the patriots who do not want more than thirty-three per cent profit, the constituents who are backed by their Representative or Senator for something good, the great army of gentlemen who want to serve their country in some perfectly unexposed position and bring influence to bear, the putting up of men of straw to belabor various officials over, the demagogues in Congress, the demagogues out of Congress—Washington is chaos!

But chaos was to be expected, and need not be held too seriously. An enterprise like this war business, undertaken so suddenly and without previous skill or knowledge, must inevitably produce these disorders in its inception. No man—or any set of men—has any realization of how big it is; no comprehension of the size of it; not even the President. The truth is that we are not doing so badly, after all. Progress has been made in many lines. If one tries to sum it up, in terms of the whole, one comes to the conclusion that it is a wreck of matter and a crush of worlds—chaos; but when examination is made of the separate parts of it—the units of endeavor—it is to be seen that there is a general scheme that is working toward a desired end; and that perhaps that end will be attained. It is a good deal like the universe. We don't know how it works or what holds it together, but it is there.

There are abuses, derelictions, personal frailties, vanities, selfishnesses, egotisms, grafts, archaic systems, politics, and many other things impeding it, but it is getting along in a way, and will.

The chief difficulty is that the little men are at the top and the big ones at the bottom. If this is not adjusted by those who are in authority the adjustment will be attended to by popular demand. There is much of that war-business machinery at present operating in Washington, and elsewhere, that must inevitably be scrapped. That scrapping will be done in one of two ways: By the President, for the people; or by the people, for the President.

The Search for Big Men

This is not a small man's war or a small country's war. There must be neither penuriousness nor politics in it. This is not a party war or a partisan war. There must be a realization that the ambitions of no man—or any set of men—are superior or to be considered against the need of the country. There must be a hard, cold-blooded, business policy—the policy of winning, at whatever cost and regardless of the needs, desires, feelings or aspirations of any individual or any set of individuals whatsoever. When the people find out about it, when they get a realization of what it all means, there will be no holding back by the people; but the people deserve, and must have, in the conduct of this war, the best brains and the best efficiency we have, regardless of party, of affiliations, of favoritism or prejudice; or the people will ask, and know, why.

The outcome will be, undoubtedly, the constitution of some supreme authority, either a man or a small board of men: for it is not to be expected that the President can carry on his shoulders all the countless burdens of the business of this war; nor must he be harassed by the detail of it. He has other duties. However, he is the man who must delegate that authority.

As I write there has been varied discussion of this, resolving itself into the delegation of some one man to have the last word in these essential but detailed matters, into the addition of ministers of food, munitions and transportation to the Cabinet; into the condensation of this great mass of committees to one workable committee that shall have the power of decision; or the making of a board of three men, say, who shall have the powers that might come with ministries of munitions, transportation, and thus and so. It is always easy to make committees. It is very hard to condense them, for political and for business reasons. And neither political nor business considerations are ignored, as yet, in Washington.

It is a question of utilizing our big men, or trying them out in the process of utilization until the right man is found—or the right men. The process must be one of trial and elimination.

There is no present disposition to hurry matters, but there will be that disposition soon, for though it may be true that the people in general have not an acute or concrete realization of all the problems and difficulties presented to this country by this war, it is also true that there is a certain lack of understanding, complicated with personal ambition, egotism and political aspiration among some of the men who are trying, officially, to run it; and a total lack of understanding of new conditions among most of the others. It is the business of these men to know. If they persist in not knowing there will still exist methods by which they will be accurately and pointedly informed.

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Analyze belt installations. You find the requirements of power transmission fall into a small number of sharply defined classes—about a dozen if you define them scientifically.

Standardized Belting offers you a standard belt that is exactly suited to each one of these classes. You adopt the one that is fitted to the needs of your own work. That is standardization—just plain common sense applied to power transmission.

There are Graton & Knight Heart, GraKnight, GraKnight Dynamo, Spartan, Neptune and other Standard Brands—all standardized on the basis of work to be done and conditions to be met.

Standardize your belts. Consult our representatives. Submit your power transmission problems to our mechanical laboratory—get *expert* advice.

Write for description of Graton & Knight Standardized Series of Leather Belts, with full information about Standardization as applied to Belting.

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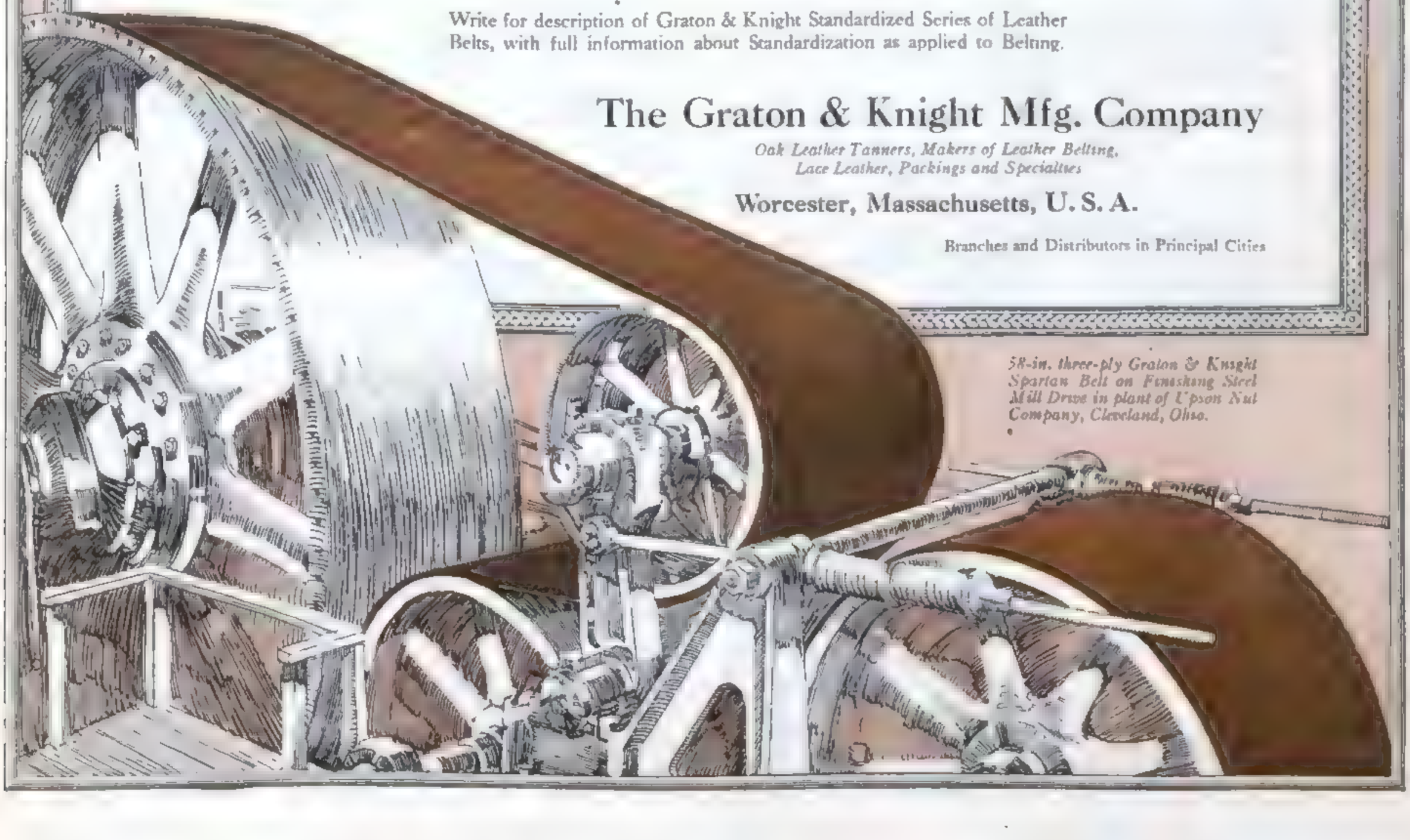

58-in. three-ply Graton & Knight Spartan Belt on Finishing Steel Mill Drive in plant of Upson Nut Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Bicycle Tires

Three Vitalics to choose from

Vitalic De Luxe is made of the choice of the world's best rubber throughout its extra-thick tread and tube. Its two-ply motorcycle tire fabric is built of strongest cotton thread, triply-twisted. Highest quality friction. V-shaped suction non-skid tread. All white. $4.25 each.

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CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS
1904 Liberty Street Erie, Pennsylvania

UNUSUAL BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 24)

It is just as true that the financing of a war must come from the savings of the future. Substantially all past savings are invested in fixed forms of wealth that make up the total of two hundred and fifty billion dollars which our national wealth aggregates. The expense of the current effort of war cannot be met by subscribing farms or railroads or factories to a government loan. In some form there must be found current, liquid credit.

"The process is simple; and happily the machinery of banking is fully and intelligently organized to meet just such an emergency. The process must be, in the main, that the people of the country, anticipating their future savings, will subscribe to bond issues by borrowing from banks to meet the initial subscription; and, in turn, will liquidate the loans they make at the banks by the application of their current savings. In the main it is as inexorable that the millionaire must follow this process as it is that the wage-earner having no accumulated capital can only financially aid the Government by pledging his future savings.

"This law of war financing applies to the United States with almost complete force. Other nations have been able to sell to foreign countries their holdings of foreign securities, or have been in a position to call in huge bank credits granted to foreign merchants. No such method is open to us. Our financing must be done within ourselves.

"If this is the process by which war must be financed it should become perfectly clear that our normal savings must be augmented through the practice of economy. For the reasons of financing alone we must, whether we will or not, accumulate savings in order to pay for that portion of the cost of the war which is not paid for by current taxation. Failure to do so means failure to finance the Government; and that means the paralyzing of effective military effort."

The Nation's Present Business

"But there is another reason for economy, a reason lying entirely outside of finance, entirely outside of our ability both to furnish the Government with ample funds and to have enough left to pay for our usual extravagances. The business of the nation is now war. The effective conduct of war will demand a complete mobilization of the industrial forces for war purposes. We are preparing to give the Government ten billion dollars of spending power; and with that are to be bought foodstuffs and clothing for our own troops and for our allies. We are to spend hundreds of millions of dollars in building ships and in creating an aëroplane service, and almost endless hundreds of millions in the manufacture of guns and munitions, and all those things necessary to the creation, transport and effective fighting of vast military forces. We are to withdraw a million men—possibly two or three millions—from industrial work.

"What could be plainer than the fact that we cannot create this great national organization for war and continue to employ as many men as usual for the production of unnecessary things? I do not mean that we want to continue to produce luxuries alone on the same scale as we have been used to; but we should not continue to produce anything not necessary to effective living conditions while the Government demands the employment of industrial forces to conduct the country's national business—which is now war.

"Practically all our labor forces will be needed for war work; therefore, no considerable part of the man power of the country should continue to be devoted to the creation of unnecessary things. That is why economy is a national fundamental necessity, and why it applies with greater force to a millionaire than it does to a day laborer. The day laborer, by force of his circumstances, has not the power to divert from the national business of war to unnecessary employment any considerable amount of man power.

"The well-to-do, however, can be disastrously unpatriotic if they continue their expenditures on a normal basis. The man who says he can afford to buy an unnecessary thing because he has ample money to pay for it will commit what approaches a treasonable act if he consults his ability to buy rather than the national need to conserve labor for national purposes. Every purchase of an unnecessary thing means the employment of labor to an unnecessary purpose; and it requires only the ability to think nationally in order to be rightly guided in individual action.

"The objection will be at once raised that this means a disorganization of our industrial life; that there are many worthy people engaged in the manufacture of luxuries or of unnecessary things, and to cease the purchase of their product would bring distress upon their innocent heads.

"Unfortunately that is measurably true; but it is one of the terrible consequences of war. It will be far less terrible, however, than the individual may at first imagine. No one is going to be thrown out of work into a situation where employment is not possible. Instead, he will find himself in a position where he has never before known such intense competition for his services. It may not be just the sort of service that he feels best qualified to render. There will be some painful personal readjustments. They must be accepted as some of the sacrifices of war."

Don't Burn Your Barn

"There will be many people whose hearts will move them to make an unnecessary expenditure in order to alleviate the situation of individuals whose ordinary daily occupations have been interfered with. A woman may be moved to buy an unnecessary gown because she pities the seamstress who fears unemployment. To buy the unnecessary gown, however, is as unintelligent an action as it would be to burn down a barn in order to give employment to the neighborhood painter after a new barn was built.

"All the raw material that goes into the unnecessary gown—all the labor of transportation, weaving and merchandising—is an employment of labor that is a national harm in the present emergency. The seamstress will readjust her employment, and ordinarily will have many choices of new occupation. There will be cases where the readjustment will not be easy; but let us turn our attention to alleviating those cases and helping in the readjustment, and not burn the barn to give the painter a week's work on a new one.

"It should only be necessary to have a comprehension of the great purposes we seek to obtain by this war in order to make us see our national duty, however much sacrifice the discharge of that duty may entail. The preservation of democracy is what we are fighting for; and if we but once grip that fact in its full significance the sacrifice will not seem unduly large. In gaining that great purpose, however, we shall gain much more if we have the moral fiber rightly to make the necessary sacrifice.

"There are few lessons we need so much as lessons in thrift. If we recognize the necessity for economy and practice that virtue we may fix upon ourselves a national habit of thrift which will be worth to the country all that the war will cost. If millions of people, and, more particularly, if hundreds of thousands of wealthy people come to see that society is actually injured by extravagant expenditure—come to see that they owe a social duty which can only be discharged by right and economical living—there will be a by-product of the war second only to our contribution in making the world safe for democracy."

The Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense is a new phenomenon at Washington. It has been brought into existence by the war. It is composed of business men who are specialists on every commodity, from alcohol to zinc. They are not paid for their services to the Government. They are there at their own expense. They have a huge organization, occupying three floors of a large office building. They are divided into committees and subcommittees without number. Their function is to mobilize the productive power of the nation for war. There are merchants, manufacturers and technical experts; and each in his separate sphere is assisting to accommodate business to war conditions.

I have talked with many of them. What is set down here is not an official statement, but an informal summary of the composite views of the men with whom I have talked, and their associates. I put it in quotation marks as coming from them and representing their personal and individual views and opinions:

"The most obvious objection to a business-as-usual campaign in this country is that business does not need it. Conditions were altogether different in England at the beginning of the war. England saw the enemy pouring down in hordes, about as far away as Milwaukee is from Chicago, or as New Haven is from New York. There was no experience by which to judge the effect of such a war on the modern commercial and industrial system. Banks were closed. A general moratorium was declared. Business stopped; and Business as Usual! was the spur used to start it again. With us the case is different from every angle. Business—not merely as usual, but bigger than usual—is already a fact; and the slogan is superfluous.

"But there is a still more important objection to such a campaign. Business cannot be as usual if we are going to win this war. It has to be different. We have to produce an enormous quantity of new commodities and get them to new places. Furthermore, we must transact a larger volume of business with fewer people. Every business man who wants to work patriotically for the welfare of his country in time of war has got to take a new point of view on his business. He must meet the unusual demands upon him with unusually effective methods.

"There was sure to be some hysteria about business. There were sure to be rumors about a general falling off of business and the discharging of employees. And these stories were certain to grow in the telling. The Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defense has had reports from 206 retail stores, scattered throughout the United States. On May 1, 1916, these stores had 35,070 employees. On May 1, 1917, they had 35,694. In other words, just after we entered the war 624 more people were employed in these stores than were employed in them even in the exceptionally good season of the year before."

More Work by Fewer Men

"The responsibility is put on the business man to carry an extra volume of business, without activities that are wasteful of either material or men. To many a business man, who personally would eagerly and willingly give up his whole fortune if such an individual sacrifice would win the war, a change in habit of thought or action is distasteful. Men in control of business are largely men of mature minds who have long done business in certain ways, with certain resources at their disposal. It is a task for them to readjust their methods. But they must do it, as they have already done it in England.

"'The new conditions,' said Sir Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrod's, the largest department store in the United Kingdom, a few weeks ago, 'have made us rethink out the whole problem of retail distribution from A to Z.' And he went on to illustrate the changes that had resulted.

"'Before the war,' he said, 'one imagined that one must have a certain amount of staff. It seemed to be necessary to have a man for this and a man for that. But when you find you cannot get the men, you get the work done without them. We now employ three thousand fewer men than before the war. Yet our turnover this year was the largest in the history of the firm. This result has been brought about by the fact that, when the work has to be done, somehow the individual employee does more. At the same time, the public has been taught to reduce the amount of work necessary in getting its wants catered to.'

"These readjustments, besides making it possible to keep up a necessary service to the public, have been extremely profitable to the business men themselves. For example, Selfridge's, another large department store in London, showed a profit from £113,000, in 1915, to £128,000, in 1916; Crowe-Wilson's, from £11,000 to £16,000; Jay's, from £12,000 to £15,000; Dickens & Jones', from £26,000 to £50,000; Harries & Company's, from £1700 to £7500; Nicholson's, from £9000 to £12,000; Swan & Edgar's, from £6000 to £15,000; Wallis & Company's, from £21,000 to £30,000; Liberty & Company's, from £6000 to £32,000; and so on.

"The increases have, of course, been partly due to the fact that millions of Englishmen, thanks to the war-quickened industry of the nation, have more to spend than they ever had before. The purchasing power of the country has risen perhaps fifty per cent since the beginning of the war. Corresponding increases may be expected in the United States.

"Sir George Paish summed up the situation truly when he said that the immediate effect of the war on American business would be beneficial; that business men generally would have greater sales than they had ever expected to deal with; that, in fact, the only limit to their business would be the limit to their resourcefulness and the nation's productive power.

"This business, however, must be in the more essential things; it must be done in the most effective ways if we are to win the war. Business men must remember that we are fighting a nation that is accustomed to government regulation, and that it has already imposed the strictest economies on all classes. In Germany even the number of dresses, handkerchiefs, petticoats and stockings a woman may have has been limited; and the same sort of restrictions have been imposed on men. Even in England, women's shoes cannot be more than seven inches high. We may not have to go so far as Germany or England in these respects, but we must keep turning our resources into the more essential channels if we are to do our share.

"Now American business methods are in competition with Prussian business methods, just as much as American political methods are in competition with the Prussian. The battle we are fighting is a battle for individual freedom; and it is up to the business man individually, and in coöperation with other business men, to do such effective work in the readjustment and reorganization of business that he will not only equal Prussian business methods but better them. If he waits for government coercion he will probably get it. But it is still his individual responsibility—it is still a part of his fight against Prussianism—to examine his business on his own initiative and to make it as useful as possible to the country.

"Owing to the anxiety of business men to outdo one another in serving the public, many activities have crept into business that, whether or not they are justified in times of peace, are not justified in times of war. The Commercial Economy Board was created by the Council of National Defense to work with business men in determining and eliminating these activities."

Preventable Waste

"For many years it was the custom of bakers to deliver bread to retailers in liberal quantities, and to take back the next day all that remained unsold. The board investigated this practice and found that, because of it, something like two per cent of all the bread baked by wholesale bakers in the United States was fed to animals. With wheat one of the most decisive factors in the war, such a waste was, of course, against the public interest. The board requested the bakers of the country to discontinue the return privilege, and found them, virtually without exception, willing to do so.

"There is an opportunity for a still larger saving in the limiting or the elimination of approval sales in retail dry-goods and department stores. Few people realize how much the approval privilege in these stores costs. The board has just completed an investigation which showed that there are few of the larger stores in which less than twelve per cent of the goods sold are returned. Fifteen to twenty per cent is common. In one large metropolitan store, in which the average cost of delivering a package is twenty-five cents, twenty-five per cent of the goods sold are returned. In a department store in a smaller Eastern city the returns involved an extra expense in one year of fifty thousand dollars for office work, packing and delivering; and that is saying nothing of the extra sales-force and the larger stock of goods required.

"The system, as a whole, means the tying up of great quantities of material, equipment and labor, which are now needed by the Government and for other more essential uses. The store managers generally agree that the return privilege should at least be restricted. They say its restrictions would not seriously inconvenience themselves or anyone else. The board is now about to make a recommendation concerning the privilege.

"The board finds, also, that there is room for many other economies in the delivery service of retail stores. Customers can be induced to carry home small packages. They can get along with one delivery a day where now there are sometimes four or five. In many localities stores can coöperate in their delivery service, sending one well-loaded wagon over a route now traversed by perhaps half a dozen, with only a few packages in each.

"Then there are large opportunities for economies in raw materials. Take wool, for example. The supply is short this year and the demand unusually great. We shall have perhaps a million men in khaki before the year is out. Each of these will require a great deal more wool for his clothes than he would as a civilian. The French have found that a soldier in active service must have a new suit every month. And the suits are of much heavier cloth than the average civilian wears.

"There is only one possible answer to the situation: Civilians must get along with less wool than usual.

"Other raw materials may be conserved in the same way. Shoe manufacturers may not be able to increase the supply of leather, but they can work to the same purpose by modifying the demand; and the best way of doing this is by reducing the number of styles. The board is now working with the manufacturers to bring about this saving.

"I mention these broad economies because they are the ones with which we have been concerning ourselves mostly. There are many other possible economies that are just as important. Every business man should now be looking out for them, not only in his trade, as a whole, but in his own individual business."

Mr. Filene's Sound Advice

"Many men will find, when they study their businesses, that they are making and stimulating a demand for things which are not really essential. With little, if any, more trouble they could be turning out a product that would be of greater value to the country. Furthermore, many men who are performing essential functions will find that they are performing them in a more roundabout and expensive way than necessary. It is the public duty of every business man to consider how the capital of his organization, how the men and women under his control, can be utilized to the best advantage of the country, and to bring about whatever readjustments are necessary to make his business of the greatest possible service in the emergency."

Edward A. Filene, of Boston, is a merchant who has won the confidence and respect of other merchants. His views on business are listened to with respect by a great many persons. He has contributed his testimony as to the effect of war on individual expenditure. I may quote him:

"The needs of war—the needs of the country—will fully employ every capable man and woman. War will produce more new business than any practically possible economy can curtail. But the length of the war will depend upon what kind of products our people are working. I am not in sympathy with such appeals as are being spread broadcast, urging people to keep right on spending as usual, and branding economy as a sort of business treason. I do not for one moment think that such appeals are prompted by selfish motives. But, though I recognize the patriotic purpose back of the business-as-usual slogan, as a policy I regard it as unsound. It will prolong the war and hamper the fighting effectiveness of the nation every day it is practiced. Business has but one job to-day, and that is to do the thing that will bring victory at the earliest possible moment. And business cannot serve two masters. Even before the war our productive capacity was taxed to the limit. We simply cannot fill all the added demands of war and, at the same time, satisfy all the appetites of peace. Our job is the business of war—not business as usual.

"The question America faces is just this: Shall the voluntary economy of the people make it possible for all American business to become essential business, or can that end be reached by government action only, and after a long period of wasted life and money and needless inefficiency? We shall be obliged to examine all production and selling in the light of its ultimate contribution to the winning of the war. If business becomes a slacker through holding on to nonessential producing and selling it will have to be conscripted for essential service.

"Preach economy as vigorously as we may, we can be sure that the public will move slowly enough to prevent a panic in readjustment. If business is not redirected to the production and sale of essentials by the voluntary and gradual economy of the people, it will have to be done later by drastic and probably disturbing methods of government control. I predict that if the change is made now, through gradual popular action, business will be good next autumn, and good on a much sounder and better basis.

"The Government will need a vast amount of supplies from factories already rushed with orders; if ordinary personal demands are keeping the factories busy the Government will be obliged to compete with its own people in the prices it pays. This will force a rise in prices; and if the Government is obliged to get its supplies on a rising scale of prices it is clear that the purchasing power of the Government, which the people puts in its hands through bonds and taxes, will run out just that much more quickly.

"The result will be more bond issues and additional taxes, which will, of course, come out of the purse of the people. Every unnecessary purchase on the part of the individual cuts down the purchasing power of the Government and makes it necessary for the Government to ask more revenue from the people. The only thing that will break this vicious circle of luxury and waste, rising prices, reduced government purchasing power, and back again to taxes, is sane economy on the part of every American. Thus, economy not only adds to the war power of the nation but lightens the burden of taxes on the individual.

"Some have visions of hundreds of salespeople being thrown out of our big stores, skilled workmen searching for jobs; in fact, labor demoralized in general. But the fact is, there will be more than enough work for all. With the prospect of two million men being withdrawn from business and industry for the army, and with the enormous added demands for war supplies, the outlook is that our problem will not be finding jobs for workers, but finding workers for jobs. And, above all, a régime of economy will do our notoriously wasteful nation a lasting good. It will do 'democracy's willful stomach' good to go on a war-time diet. It will reduce the waistline, clear the eye, and harden the muscle of the nation."

The Secretary's Education

One of my friends was the Secretary of the Treasury in a panic year. He managed the government finances admirably and rendered great help to business in its time of need. He was overwhelmed with congratulations after the crisis had passed. I ventured to add mine to the flood, and, at the same time, took advantage of our relations to ask him frankly where he had acquired the skill and the knowledge of finance he had so abundantly displayed. Prior to coming to the Treasury he had had no financial experience. Said he:

"It requires no more skill and no more sense to expend two hundred million dollars prudently and wisely than it does to expend two dollars, once you have clearly grasped the principle on which the expenditure is based. I have lived and maintained my family all my working life on a salary—usually a small one. My wife and I have had to count our pennies. In the school of experience I learned to apportion my small income to the best advantage and with the smallest waste.

"The problem I faced when this panic came upon us was the same problem I had faced every month of my married life, when I sat down with my wife to go over our domestic accounts and determine how much of my salary could be devoted to household expenses, how much to the education of our children, how much to the entertainments I was required to give, and how much to saving. I never had enough to allow any for frivolity and waste.

"During these months of panic I have conducted the Treasury finances on the same principle; and I have proved what I knew—that there is no essential difference between spending a hundred million dollars and a dollar."

That, I think, is the lesson business men seek to make clear to all of us at this juncture. To be economical is good economics.

THE DICTAPHONE

The Dictaphone is the business woman's opportunity—

Whether you are a stenographer, or intend taking up office work in the immediate future—The Dictaphone offers you a great business opportunity to increase your value and your salary.

Employers are facing a labor shortage, due to the war, that calls for the most modern methods to save time and increase all-round efficiency. And in this readjustment they are adopting The Dictaphone.

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The Dictaphone is proving *all* this for thousands of women every day. Ask your employer if he has thought about The Dictaphone. It is an opportunity for *you*—and an opportunity for *him*.

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Write for "The Man at the Desk"

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The "button" tread you real anti-skid

FISK Non-

on Fisk Tires gives protection ALL ways

ADDITIONAL SAFETY against side slipping is supplied by a rib of rubber extending around the whole tread, on both sides. Fisk Non-Skids are the only automobile tires that furnish such complete protection.

This graphic illustration explains Fisk Non-Skid features —protection from every direction.

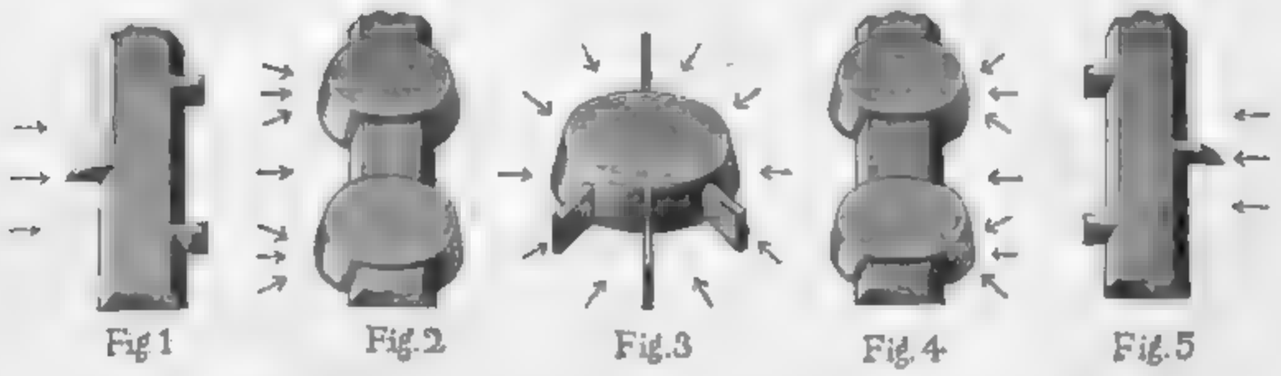


Fig. 1 *is the outside rib that makes an uninterrupted counter against direct side slipping or skidding—* ***Fig. 5*** *is the same protection on the other side of the tread.*

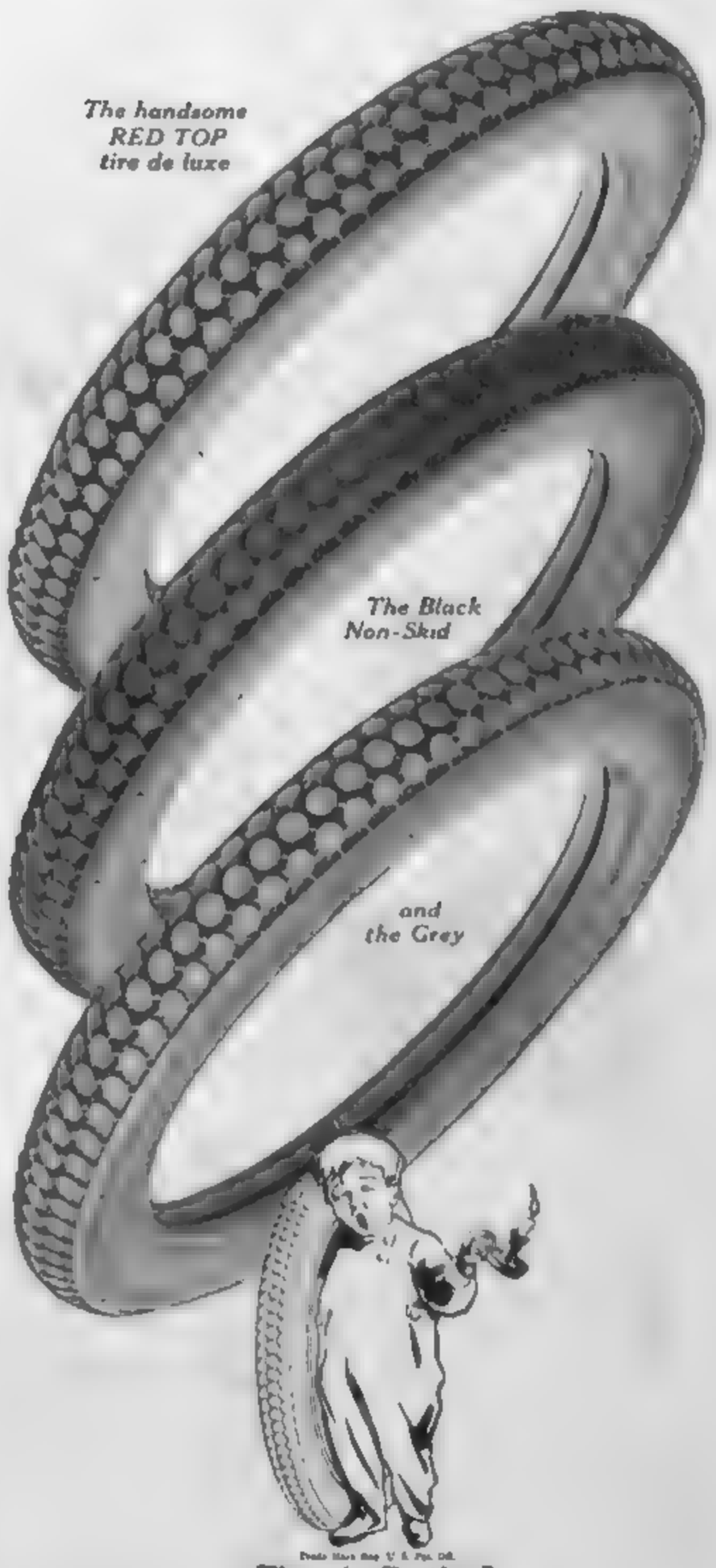
Fig. 2 *is the outside row of buttons, connected by a second rib of solid rubber. The buttons, which are slightly higher than the connecting rib, offer perfect resistance against skidding and, because they grip the road so firmly, make the pull forward in soft ground ever so much more positive and certain—* ***Fig. 4*** *has these identical qualities, but from the opposite directions.*

Fig. 3 *is the master button around which the Fisk Non-Skid tread is constructed. It supplies resistance against slipping in any direction—no matter which way there is a tendency to skid there is always a flat resisting surface to prevent that skidding, and to assist the sure forward movement of the wheel.*

Buy Fisk Tires and get the real protection. Price and mileage are right. You can't buy greater dollar-for-dollar value in tire quality—and no other tire offers such safety. You can buy them everywhere.

Distributed to dealers in the United States by more than 125 direct Fisk Branches located in principal centers—in Canada by Jas. Walker Hardware Co., Montreal; Breen Motor Co., Ltd. Winnipeg; Fisk Tire Agency, Calgary; John Millen & Son, Ltd., Vancouver; and Dominion Automobile Company, Ltd., Toronto.

Made in three styles—



Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

Skid TIRES

INTO the base of each Federal Tire are built four staunch, twisted steel cables of exceptional tensile strength. These cables anchor the tire firmly to the rim and hold it there against the severest service strains.

It is an exclusive strength and safety feature found only in Federal Tires and which overcomes the causes of most tire troubles

Federal Tires throughout are built for Extra Service. They are recommended and are sold as such by dealers everywhere.

Rugged (white) or Traffik (black) non-skid treads in all standard sizes for standard rims.

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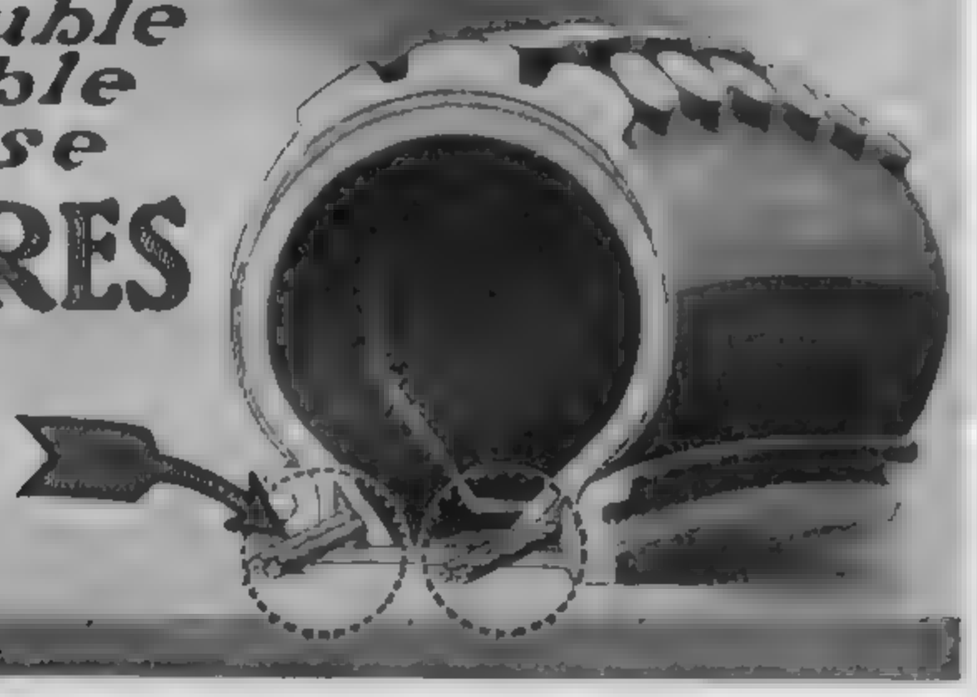
FEDERAL

Double Cable Base TIRES



IN THE VOSGES

(Continued from Page 9)

The car stopped for a moment; we had to get out to lift the bonnet. The noise of the men marching, with their laughter and songs, stopped with us, and instantly the peace of the night was in its place, with the ripple of a brook, trotting downhill, and a murmur like the noise of a beach where the sea falls upon sand. For an instant I felt that we were beside the sea or that we were on an island in the sea, for the noise of waves fell all round us and died and rose and strengthened, and then gathered as though the tide were upon us.

"Is not that like the sea?"

"It's the pine beginning. It is all pine forest on from here."

"Listen!"

There was no noise of cannon. One of the great owls of the forest was crying near by, and his mate was hunting in the valley. Somewhere, very far away, a motor horn sounded, and near at hand the pellets of snow pitted on our coats, and the breathing in the trees was made louder by them. The commandant flashed his torch, so as to show the road, just dusted with snow, running behind us between bare banks, and running on before us into what looked like an army of giants drawn up and halted on the path; these were the pines.

When we were in the forest the noise of the voices began and I felt again all the impotence of blindness. The dust of the snow drove into my eyes, and I could see nothing but blackness, peopled—as it seemed—by voices and by bulks of blackness that would seem to be wagons or guns or marching columns—and then prove to be nothing. We wound up the hill in a zigzag, like a beast nosing on a trail.

After rounding each turn the commandant let her out and she ran uphill for a minute or two, hugging the inner bank. Then, as he judged her to be near the next turn, he edged her over, slowed her and crept along till we were round. I did not then know what lay beyond on the outside edge of the road. Afterward I saw it by daylight. The hill tips down on a slope that is the steepest a man can climb without having to use his hands. Out of this slope the pine trees shoot like the columns of a cathedral. There is nothing but the pine trees to keep a falling car from rolling over and over into the scree, and from the scree into the river at the bottom.

We had groped our way round one or two turns when the car lurched, nosed into the bank, scraped along it, dropped her hind wheel with another lurch and then went on. The jolt gave me a pang, for I thought we were over. We slackened a bit and felt our way; and then from right ahead came the cry "*Attention!*" which in French means "Look out!" or "Mind what you're playing at!"

We stopped dead, and there came a shogging of feet; it was a column of the *relève* going up; we had overtaken the rear company, and now they were shifting to the right to let us go past. By a flash torch I could see the great packs upon the men's shoulders and the droop of weary bodies. The men were not what you would call marching. They were plodding forward, much as pack slaves must have plodded on the road between Panama and Porto Bello.

Batteries Open Fire

We went warily on, sounding the horn; we heard the crunching of the road under the feet, and the strain of leather, and the voices, though not the words, of those who cried for a lift. Presently we passed the rear company, and the voices died away, and we came to some gap or glen that let in the roar of the battle, and I heard the crashing of the guns and saw a glimmer in the sky. It did not last for more than a minute, but it went right through me, it was so much nearer. Then we passed again into the heart of the forest and that noise of the sea shut the battle away, except for an occasional crash from the French heavy guns on our side of the hill.

All the time the snow was falling. It came from nowhere, over the screen into my eyes, almost as though someone were throwing it. Whenever I shut my eyes I heard voices and the noise of wagons ahead; whenever I opened them I saw blackness, with a sort of dance of grayness in it. Then the specks of the snow came into my eyes and made me shut them again. I cannot tell you the trouble of not being able to see. We crept forward, rubbing our nose in the bank and edging one wheel in the ditch, while the snow came pit-pit-pitter-pit and the crunch of the wagons filled the road. And the surf overhead was full of laughter.

Then there were lights in among the tree boles—or, rather, streaks of light—with men's bodies moving across the streaks and hurrying across the road. We had to wait while some hundreds of men came down at the *pas de charge*—a sort of heavy-laden trot—and went away to our left. They were out of breath, and their officers, being younger, called to them, and one or two of the men joked. The noise of the guns could be heard again, but somehow they seemed far off; the near-at-hand things were what mattered—these men in the road, the snow-like dust, and not being able to see.

When we had gone some distance farther I had the shock of my life. Two hidden batteries in the wood beside us suddenly opened a rapid fire, with a succession of crashes and screams that sent my heart into my boots. Then over the noise of our engines came a wailing whistle; I saw a blinding light with a tree bole in it; there was a bang and a sound of something falling. Then another blinding light burst with a bang on the road in front of us; then another and another and another, each one glimmering nearer to us and screaming.

The Shells in the Forest

I did not need to be told that these were enemy shells and that they were meant to kill me. I made that out for myself. Was I scared? No; I was not scared. I was terrified out of my wits! Laying down my life for France seemed sweet and fitting—four thousand miles away; but here it was being blown to bits by something unseen that rushed on you out of the dark. There came one awful thing; I felt the wind of it, it screamed right at us and flung earth over us.

"That was a dud," said the commandant. "It would have about put us west if it had burst. They have this bit of road down fine."

I got a bit of a hold of myself, though I felt my heart shaking like a buzzer. My tongue seemed too big for my mouth and all dried up at the roots, and my chest seemed so tight that I could hardly breathe. Ow-ow! Ow-ow!! Bong!!! came a shell in front. I swore with terror; and I remember the thought: "These damned artists don't give you any idea of it!" Then I heard a bong behind us, and heard a pellet hit the ambulance. Then came another dud fairly close, and then a succession of howling in the air that made me really sick.

"They're only our *départs*," said the commandant. "But, golly, here's an *arrivée*! Golly, he's a big one!"

Right ahead there was a roaring scream, louder than anything that had come. There was a blast on the road in front and a droning aloft from the shell shards spinning in the air; then a noise of collapsing and the gallop of a runaway horse. I heard the hoofs and the noise of chain and something slatting and dragging on the road, and then a half-mad *ravitaillement* horse came tearing downhill with a bit of his wagon still hitched to him. His chain hit our bonnet a good clip, and then he was gone. I got one thing from that horse—that this life of ours, man's and horse's, is pretty much of a piece in the main. I knew what he was feeling, and I felt the same way myself.

By the time the last of the shell was down we were at the shell hole in the middle of the road. I suppose it was four feet deep and six feet across. My first thought, as I flashed the torch so that we could dodge it, was: "Suppose another comes while we are here!" Then as our engine slackened I heard a man groaning and saw a piece of a horse and a sort of tumble of planks lying in the road. The groans came from among the planks, so we stopped and got down, and I just saw the face of an old man change into a dead face.

"It got him on the head," said the commandant, "and blew the one horse to pieces and cut the other loose. Here come some *génies*; they'll clear the road."

The snow was drifting about still, but what there was of it was blowing up off the ground, not falling. The ground was powdered over with it. My flash torch made a circle of light round the dead man in the wreck; beyond the circle were a dimness, the road, tree boles, and then blackness.

Out of the blackness came some men with a lantern. They were bearded men and moved slowly. They were the *génies*, or engineers, in charge of that section of the road.

Another shell and then another burst in the forest beyond us. After one of them there were a pause, a splitting crack, and a swoosh and collapse as a big tree came down. Its fall scared up some little animal, a rabbit or squirrel, which pattered about and seemed lost, and bolted into the road and then saw us and bolted back. My one thought was: "O God, why don't these *génies* hustle and clear the road, so that we can get past? Do they want to keep us here till we are blown to pieces?"

They bent down at the wreck, lifted some planks of the wagon and hove them aside, so as to free the body of the driver.

"He got it on the brow," said one. "That's bad, that!"

"Yes," said another. "They killed my cousin so, in Champagne, in the Battle of the Marne."

"He's dead," said a third to me. "You needn't take him to the *poste*." They pitched some of the wreck into the shell hole, and presently the road was clear, but for parts of the horse; an engineer waved us forward. About half a dozen shells burst right over the road in front of us, and at each burst there came a whi-i-i-i-i-ng in the air that I had not heard before. One of the *génies* laughed.

"Shrapnel!" he said. "That's pretty, that!"

"That's the bullets of the shrapnel scattering," said the commandant; "and I can't get her to start. It's a hell of a place to go *en panne* in!" *En panne* means hove-to, stopped, without way, and, at the Front, broken down.

I thought "Now I am done! I shall be killed here. I shall be blown to pieces here in this road. Damn this dirty enemy who began this war; I shan't even see them!"

There came a shrapnel fairly close. If it had been high explosive I might have bolted, but shrapnel seemed quite friendly, and I got hold of myself and I said:

"Did she get a bit of *éclat* in front?"

When I had said that I found that I could turn my back on the enemy and see about patching the car. It was nothing; we had her going in a minute.

"*Bonne chance!*" said one of the *génies;* a little dud shell went into the wood and nosed the earth about.

"Some shooting to-night!" said the commandant.

The Attack

When we were away from the engineers the darkness closed in upon us for what seemed a long time; we went uphill as before, as blind as the dead. The shells seemed to miss the next bit of road; they went over it and burst in the wood beyond, thirty yards below us. It seemed very safe after the last piece. We came up on to what was a kind of neck between two bulges of mountain, and as we came round on to it we caught the roar of the battle, now dead near and banging like the Fourth. I had never heard such a racket, but even as we went it quickened to a rolling drumming, and immediately every gun within miles took up the song and let out for all it was worth, and every hill and valley and *col* sent back a different echo, till the roar shook and rocked and hit the head.

"That's an attack," said the commandant. "Do you hear the mitrailleuses? Here we are at the *poste*."

I could see nothing, but by the flash torch I could make out a cleared space with a kind of cave built into the hill, and a very neat pine railing in front of it. There was a garden there, with little paved alleys and a summerhouse in it—all made by the soldiers. Someone cried out "*Attention!*" and I got out of the way of two stretcher bearers who were carrying a man who kept saying: "*Oh, là là! Oh, là là!*"

I thought, when they had passed, that that was over; but it was only the beginning of a procession of stretcher bearers, all coming very slowly, in the midnight, step by cautious step, on their plod from the trenches to the road and down to the *poste*. I cannot describe their plod. It was slower than a funeral march. First the bearers groped with their feet for a footing in the dark, then made good the footing with their other feet. I thought: "Imagine traveling like that, in the front communication trenches, with shells bursting all round! And these stretcher bearers are elderly men—married men with families, or priests and monks. They go right up to the first line day in, day out; in a midnight attack like this they work all night as well. I should be a cur to be afraid simply to go along a road in an ambulance."

All this time many shells were passing overhead, so many that I could not think of each one; there was some comfort in that. Then a fair number failed to burst, which was a great comfort; but even so the racket was terrific. There were a lot of ambulances parked at the roadside in a line, ready to go down when filled. I put my hand on the side of one of them—it was trembling, just like an animal. The commandant asked me if I would like to see the *poste*.

We went into the mouth of the cave to a low hall or cellar, vaulted with iron, and ceiled above the iron with many feet of timber balks, sandbags, earth and stones. The floor of the hall was already covered with stretchers. I suppose there were twenty stretchers at my feet; in the room beyond, where they were operating, there were others; and outside, in the terrace or kind of garden, they were laying down more. The place was lit with an oil lamp. The light seemed to have an attraction for the wounded men. Many of them stared at it. No doubt it caught their eyes when they were brought in out of the dark, and they were still too dazed to be able to look away.

I don't know that I was shocked or horrified or terrified, but I was moved right down to the heart. Nothing that I could say was any good, nothing I could do to help. Then I looked at those men and heard a sort of whimper of pain pass like a message across them, and I thought: "There are beautiful human beings, finer fellows than I; and some devils have been doing this to them."

What the Sign Meant

The médecin-chef—surgeon in charge—of the *poste* came from his operating table to peer at us. He waved to the commandant, called out that he was too busy, and went back to the table. There was a smell of ether, and the air seemed full of iodine. I don't know what they were doing in there, but I saw great shadows moving and heard a thick voice cursing; I suppose someone was being anæsthetized. It was my first sight of surgery of war. These things cannot be described; they have to be felt.

Outside they were loading up the ambulances, so we bore a hand and soon loaded up ours. Ours were three bad cases who lay very still. One of them was a head case, whom we had to lift with the extreme of care, since one touch might be death to him. We were told to take another road down the mountain; so we set off.

Going down was like going up—a groping in a blackness—but that there was less forest by this road. The first part of the way was fairly clear, open moorland, with a kind of lightness or snow blink on it, so that we could see. It was not a snow blink, though, but the glare of war. In all the sky above this moorland was a ruddy running glimmer of flashes, which never really stopped. It was like summer lightning, only ruddier and more constant. Then at intervals, all along it, star shells went up, and stopped in the air like the toys tossed up by a conjurer. I liked the star shells, for when they were aloft I could see where we were going; but they were dreadful for all that; and the racket from where they came, always slackening and quickening, was terrible.

When we had gone about a quarter of a mile we came to a crossways where some companies of soldiers were halted. Right at the crossways there was a lantern on the stump of a tree. A sergeant was standing by the light calling a roll, and men were answering to it. On the top of the stump was a big white placard or direction pointer, pointing toward the battle.

We stopped there for some minutes while the troops mustered and took their several roads. While we waited I read the writing on the pointer. It was *Centre de Résistance*. I asked the commandant what it meant.

"That?" he said. "It means that that bit of hill over there must be held at all costs, and that these men going to it must not leave it alive. Every man must die at his post, rather!"

Presently we were able to move forward on our way down to the valley. Once or twice, on our way down, the cocks in the henroosts, roused by our passing, flapped their wings on their perches and crowed at us.

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BANG! GOES THE DESK ON SORDID TROUBLE—AND—BANG! THE OFFICE DOOR ON MUSTY GRIND AND TOIL.

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ENJOY A DAY OF REST AND PLAY IN COOL, POROUS, FEATHERLIGHT PALM BEACH—

IT REPELS BOTH DIRT AND RAIN, AND ALWAYS LOOKS SO CRISP AND FRESH.

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To have as much of its heat as you need *in the iron* and none in the room—

To have one iron that stays hot instead of several that must be frequently changed—

To have no fuel waste, no bills to pay for heat that only makes you uncomfortable.

All these advantages and more come with a Westinghouse Electric Iron.

Just connect it to any lamp-socket or base-plug, and you're ready to iron a waist or the family washing.

Before the electric iron could become a practical device for general use, however, there had to be means of generating power, transmitting it long distances and applying it to the individual need, all with safety, certainty and economy.

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The products of Westinghouse engineering and manufacturing include automatic stokers that have greatly lowered the cost of producing steam in power-plants all over the world; turbo-generators that turn the steam into electricity with unequaled efficiency, and a thousand and one other kinds of electrical apparatus and appliances.

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Everywhere along the way from the power-house furnaces to the ironing board you'll see the name "Westinghouse."

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Westinghouse Irons are made in three sizes, eight, six and three-pound. The latter is especially adapted to travelers' use.

Sold by light and power companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores. Look for the name "Westinghouse." It is your guarantee.

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HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC WARE CENTRAL STATION EQUIPMENT

But what is "medium" oil?

"A quart of medium oil, please!"

What *is* "light" oil?
What *is* "heavy" oil?

EVERY motorist should know this once and for all: "Light", "medium" and "heavy", when applied to oils, are extremely uncertain terms.

They are no more definite than "mild", "medium" and "strong" when applied to tobacco.

We have never yet found two "light", "medium" or "heavy" oils of different manufacture which tested alike.

Of nine different "medium" oils we recently purchased from different dealers no two were alike either in specific gravity or in viscosity.

So if the motorist always asks for "medium" oil, the resulting lubrication will plainly be uneven.

For the one time when he secures a proper piston-ring seal there are many times when the piston-ring seal will be poor. The fuel charge and power will then waste past the rings. And it is quite possible that this motorist should *never* have asked for "medium" oil in the first place.

The thorough piston-ring seal supplied by the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for *your* car never varies. The power and economy discovered in the first gallon will be continued as long as you use the oil.

Every quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is exactly like every other quart of "A". "B" is always "B", "E" always "E", "Arctic" always "Arctic".

The following test rarely fails to show surprising results in favor of scientific lubrication:

An Economical Demonstration

It will probably cost you less than $1 to fill your reservoir with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car. Your dealer has it, or can promptly secure it for you.

Ask him to empty your reservoir of its present oil and fill it with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. You can then judge for yourself, the results in—gasoline economy and reduced oil consumption, to say nothing of reduced carbon deposit and greater power.

Write for new 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems; list of dealers with registered and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Marine Engines.

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In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

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Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below the letter appearing after each indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, etc. Under each model year are two columns, one for summer and one for winter use. This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our 50 years' experience as specialists in Automobile Lubrication.

Model of CARS	1913 Summer	1913 Winter	1914 Summer	1914 Winter	1915 Summer	1915 Winter	1916 Summer	1916 Winter	1917 Summer	1917 Winter
Abbott Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (4 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" Mod. 33-34-35					A	A				
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Auburn (4 cyl)			A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Biscoe	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
Case	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" Mod. 6-40			A	A						
" Mod. 6-30	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Cole			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Cunningham					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Dart	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mod. C	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A		
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)					A	A				
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	B				
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Empire (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Federal	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	A	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Hal Twelve	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Hudson			Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	A	Arc
" Super Six	A	Arc	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" (6 cyl	A	A								
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
Kissel			B	B	B	B				
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar				
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	Arc
King					A	Ar	A	A	A	B
" (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Ar	A				
" Com'l	Arc	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A		
Kissel Kar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	Ar	A
" Mod. 44			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (4 cyl)	A	A								
Lexington	A	A	A	Ar	Ar	Arc				
Liberty Stewart	A	A	A	A	Arc	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	Arc
Mod. M	A	Ar	A	A						
" (Mod. MW	A	A								
Locomobile	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	Arc	Arc
Maibohm	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
Maxwell	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
(22-70)					Ar	Arc				
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Moline									A	A
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon (4 cyl)					A	Ar	A	A	Arc	A
" (6 cyl					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
National	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	Arc
" 8 cyl			A	A						
Oldsmobile			A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A
" (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	Ar	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	A
					A	Ar	A	A	A	B
Paige	A	A	A	A	Ar	A				
" 6-46	A	A	A	A	Ar	A				
" 6-36 & 38	A	A	A	A	A	Arc				
Pathfinder	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	A		A
" 12 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Ar	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	Ar
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	A	A
" Com'l	Ar	Arc	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		A	A
Regal	Arc	Ar	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
" 8 cyl			A	A	A	Arc				
Pennsylvania			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
Richmond	Ar	Arc	Ar	A	A	Arc	A	A	Ar	A
Rickert	B	B								
Saxon	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B		
Scripps-Booth	Ar	Arc	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" 8 cyl	A	A	B	A						
Studebaker	A	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar
" 4-5	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A
" the 18 cyl					A	A	A	A	A	A
" 6 cyl	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	A	Ar		
Westcott	Arc	Ar	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
White	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar
" 16 valve	A	A								
Wisconsin Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Woods Six	Arc	Ar								
Worthington	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A

Electric Vehicles: For motor bearings and reduction gears use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in winter, Mobiloil "B" in summer. For transmissions and differentials use Gargoyle Mobiloils "C" the year round.

Exception For winter lubrication of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic. For worm drives and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic have great drive.

Sense and Nonsense

Ty Cobb and K. of K.

AFTER Irvin Cobb returned from his visit to the European battle front in the early stages of the great conflict, he went on a lecture tour, detailing some of his experiences. When he was filling a date at Bridgeport, a judge came all the way from his home in Danbury to tell Cobb that his colored servant girl had been a constant reader of Cobb's war articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The judge went on to state that on the morning after the publication of Cobb's interview with Lord Kitchener, in which His Lordship was quoted as expressing an opinion as to the probable duration of hostilities, the servant girl, entering the dining room, showed high excitement.

"Jedge!" she burst out, "dis yere war is goin' to last three years!"

"How do you know?" he asked.

"De King of Europe told Ty Cobb so."

Without Benefit of Clergy

SOME time ago a dinner was given in New York, at which a well-known actor, who is something of a freethinker along theological lines, sat at the guest table. When the hour for starting the feast arrived the toastmaster, a very religious man, discovered that no minister of the Gospel was present, though several had been invited. In this emergency he turned to the actor and asked him to say grace.

The actor rose, bowed his head, and in the midst of a deep hush said fervently:

"There being no clergyman present, let us thank God!"

Colonels in the Making

PERSONS from the North who have wondered at the number of gentlemen bearing military titles to be found in certain portions of the South may be interested in the explanation furnished in the form of a story by President Alderman, of the University of Virginia.

"I was visiting in a town in North Carolina," said President Alderman, "and I was struck by the fact that nearly every Caucasian adult was addressed as 'Colonel' by members of the colored population. To an old darky I put the question:

"'Uncle,' I said, 'there are a great many colonels in this town, aren't there?'

"'Yas, suh,' he said; 'dey sho is.'

"'Surely all of them could not have served in the army,' I said.

"'Naw, suh,' he answered; 'powerful few, I reckins.'

"'Well, then, how did they all get their titles?'

"'Some by bein' bawn dat way, and some by fightin' in de Big War, and some by jest bein' good to niggers.'"

A House Divided

ONE day a jaunty yellow girl called at the home of a New York playwright to apply for the post of cook, then vacant.

"Where were you last employed?" inquired the playwright's wife.

"Wellum, yere lately I been workin' fur de Jones fambly six do's up dis same street, but I had to leave 'em 'count of dey bein' always fussin' and quarrelin' and carryin' on."

Knowing the Joneses for a young married couple who appeared to be ideally happy, the lady of the house was shocked.

"You don't mean to tell me that Mr. and Mrs. Jones are quarrelsome?" she demanded.

"Dat's perzactly whut I means," stated the colored person.

"What did they quarrel about?"

"Quarreled 'bout ever'thing nearly. W'en she wuzn't 'sputin' wid me 'bout de way I run things in de kitchen he wuz. Dat's w'y I up and lef' 'em."

The Main Drawback

THE young man who had, at some expense, taken a cure for stammering, was writing to his sweetheart about it.

"I have made great headway," he wrote. "I can now say 'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers' without stuttering once. I still have one difficulty, though: It is awfully hard to work this remark into a casual conversation naturally!"

First-Hand Information

MASTER ARCHIE, aged four, had been told that babies came down direct from heaven per stork, and he was puzzled to understand why he could not recall his former celestial surroundings. When a second child was born into the household Archie was admitted to his mother's bedchamber to take a look at his new relative.

The little chap tiptoed up to the cradle and gazed down at the pink wrinkled mite lying there. He bent far over.

"Brother," he whispered, "tell me about God before you forget!"

Conversation Island

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON, the Chicago cartoonist, became the owner by purchase last fall of a beautiful little island near the Bahamas. Then he married a charming Chicago girl and took her away to his new possession for the honeymoon.

"I wonder why John bought an island?" mused one of his friends at the Chicago Athletic Club one evening shortly after the couple had departed for the island.

"So he could refer to it in conversation!" said George Ade.

Frugal to the Last

NOT long ago a certain publication had an idea. Its editor made up a list of thirty men and women distinguished in art, religion, literature, commerce, politics and other lines, and to each he sent a letter or a telegram containing this question: "If you had but forty-eight hours more to live, how would you spend them?" his purpose being to embody the replies in a symposium in a subsequent issue of his periodical.

Among those who received copies of the inquiry was a New York writer. He thought the proposition over for a spell and then sent back this truthful answer by wire, collect:

"One at a time."

A Heave in Time Saves Nine

TOM ROBERTS is a bayman, which means that he makes his living on the waters of the Great South Bay on the Long Island coast as a trapper and guide for hunting and fishing parties. One day last summer he took a party of city visitors out in his motor boat, The Supreme King, on a bluefishing expedition.

A squall came up about noon, and presently Tom took notice that his guests were not feeling well.

Without exception they were slumped down in despondent attitudes with faraway apprehensive looks upon their respective countenances.

Tom, who ever strives to please, took swift inventory of the pea-green faces about him and reached for the large and well-filled lunch hamper.

"Do you want me to heave this grub overboard now," he asked, "or wait and let you folks do your own heaving after you've et it?"

A Matter of Spelling

A TEACHER in a public school on the East Side asked her small pupils to coin sentences containing the word "theft." A little chap, whose first name was Isadore and whose last name was Cohen, thought a bit, and then, holding up his hand, delivered himself of this gem:

"Mr. Teft was a very good President!"

Welcome Self-Denial

MIRIAM, aged eight, was the child of devout Episcopalian parents. Her mother was High Church in her leanings and the father not by any means Low. With the approach of the Lenten season they explained to their daughter the meaning of the season to Christians and suggested to her that, for the mortification of the flesh, she should deny herself something until Easter.

Miriam thought it over for a period. Then she said:

"I'll tell you what I'll give up: I'll give up speaking to the little Harris girl who lives across the street. I don't like her much, anyhow."

THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 21)

and national. Cissie Boscobel could do it—not because she's clever or has had experience, but because the tradition is there. We've no tradition."

The tradition in Cissie Boscobel became evident on a day in July when she came to sit beside me in the grounds of the Casino. I had gone with Mrs. Rossiter, with whom I had been watching the tennis. When she drifted away with a group of her friends I was left alone. It was then that Lady Cecilia, in tennis things, with her racket in her hand, came across the grass to me. She moved with the splendid careless freedom of women who pass their lives outdoors and yet are trained to drawing-rooms.

She didn't go to her point at once; she was, in fact, a mistress of the introductory. The visits she had made and the people she had met since our last meeting were the theme of her remarks; and now she was staying with the Burkes. She would remain with them for a month, after which she had two or three places to go to on Long Island and in the Catskills. She would have to be at Strath-na-Cloid in September, for the wedding of her sister Janet and the young man in the Inverness Rangers, who would then have got home from India. She would be sorry to leave. She adored America. Americans were such fun. Their houses were so fresh and new. She doted on the multiplicity of bathrooms. It would be so horrid to live at Strath-na-Cloid or Dillingham Hall after the cheeriness of Mrs. Burke's or Mrs. Rossiter's.

Screwing up her greenish catlike eyes till they were no more than tiny slits with a laugh in them, she said, with her deliciously incisive utterance:

"So you've done it, haven't you?"

"You mean that Mr. Brokenshire has come round."

"You know, that seems to me the most wonderful thing I ever heard of! It's like a miracle, isn't it? You've hardly lifted a finger—and yet here it is." She leaned forward, her firm hands grasping the racket that lay across her knees. "I want to tell you how much I admire you. You're splendid! You're not a bit like a colonial, are you?"

Since she meant well, I mastered my indignation.

"Oh, yes, I am. I'm exactly like a colonial, and very proud of the fact."

"Fancy! And are all colonials like you?"

"All that aren't a great deal cleverer and better."

"Fancy!" she breathed again. "I must tell them when I go home. They don't know it, you know." She added, in a slight change of key: "I'm so glad Hugh is going to have a wife like you."

It was on my tongue to say "He'd be much better off with a wife like you"; but I made it:

"What do you think it will do for him?"

"It will bring him out. Hugh is splendid in his way—just as you are—only he needs bringing out, don't you think?"

"He hasn't needed bringing out in the last ten months," I declared with some emphasis. "See what he's done ——"

"And yet he didn't pull it off, did he? You managed that. You'll manage a lot of other things for him too. I must go back to the others," she continued, getting up. "They're waiting for me to make up the set. But I wanted to tell you I'm—I'm glad—without—without any—any reserves."

I think there were tears in her narrow eyes, as I know there were in my own; but she beat such a hasty retreat that I could not be very sure of it.

Mildred Brokenshire was a surprise to me. I had hardly ever seen her till she sent for me in order to talk about Hugh. I found her lying on a couch in a dim corner of her big, massively furnished room, her face no more than a white pain-pinched spot in the obscurity. After having kissed me she made me sit at a distance, nominally to get the breeze through an open window, but really that I might not have to look at her.

In an unnaturally hollow, tragic voice she said it was a pleasure to her that Hugh should have got at last the woman he loved, especially after having made such a fight for her. Though she didn't know me, she was sure I had fine qualities; otherwise Hugh would not have cared for me as he did. He was a dear boy, and a good wife could make much of him. He lacked initiative in the way that was unfortunately common among rich men's sons, especially in America; but the past winter had shown that he was not deficient in doggedness. She wondered if I loved him as much as he loved me.

There was that in this suffering woman, so far withdrawn from our struggles in the world outside, which prompted me to be as truthful as the circumstances rendered possible.

"I love him enough, dear Miss Brokenshire," I said with some emotion, "to be eager to give my life to the object of making him happy."

She accepted this in silence. At least it was silence for a time, after which she said, in measured, organlike tones:

"We can't make other people happy, you know. We can only do our duty—and let their happiness take care of itself. They must make themselves happy! It's a mistake for any of us to feel responsible for more than doing right. When we do right other people must make the best they can of it."

"I believe that, too," I responded earnestly—"only that it's sometimes so hard to tell what is right."

There was again an interval of silence. The voice, when it came out of the dimness, might have been that of the Pythian virgin oracle. The utterances I give were not delivered consecutively, but in answer to questions and observations of my own.

"Right, on the whole, is what we've been impelled to do when we've been conscientiously seeking the best way. . . . Forces catch us, often contradictory and bewildering forces, and carry us to a certain act or to a certain line of action. Very well, then; be satisfied. Don't go back. Don't torture yourself with questionings. Don't dig up what has already been done. That's done! Nothing can undo it. Accept it as it is. If there's a wrong or a mistake in it life will take care of it. . . . Life is not a blind impulse, working blindly. It's a beneficent rectifying power. It's dynamic. It's a perpetual unfolding. It's a fire that utilizes as fuel everything that's cast into it. . . ."

And yet when I kissed her to say good-by I got the impression that she didn't like me or that she didn't trust me. I was not always liked, but I was generally trusted. The idea that this Brokenshire seeress, this suffering priestess whose whole life was to lie on a couch and think and think and think, had reserves in her consciousness on my account was painful. I said so to Hugh that evening.

"Oh, you mustn't take Mildred's gassing too seriously," he advised. "Gets a lot of ideas in her head; but—poor thing—what else can she do? Since she doesn't know anything about real life, she just spins theories on the subject. Whatever you want to know, little Alix, I'll tell you."

"Thanks," I said dryly, explaining the shiver which ran through me by the fact that we were sitting in the loggia, in the open air.

"Then we'll go in."

"No, no!" I protested. "I like it much better out here."

But he was on his feet.

"We'll go in. I can't have my sweet little Alix taking cold. I'm here to protect her. She must do what I tell her. We'll go in."

And we went in. It was one of the things I was learning, that my kind Hugh would kill me with kindness. It was part of his way of taking possession. If he could help it he wouldn't leave me for an hour unwatched; nor would he let me lift a hand.

"There are servants to do that," he would say. "It's one of the things little Alix will have to get accustomed to."

"I can't get accustomed to doing nothing, Hugh."

"You'll have plenty to do in having a good time."

"Oh, but I must have more than that in life."

"In your old life perhaps; but everything is to be different now. Don't be afraid, little Alix; you'll learn."

"Learn what? It seems to me you're taking the possibility of ever learning anything away."

This was a joke. Over it he laughed heartily.

"You won't know yourself, little Alix, when I've had you for a year."

Mr. Brokenshire's compliments to me were in a similar vein. He seemed always to be in search of the superior position he had lost on the day we sat looking up into the hillside wood. His dear Alexandra must never forget her social inexperience. In being raised to a higher level I was to watch the manners of those about me. I was to copy them, as people learning French or Italian try to catch an accent which is not that of their mother tongue. They probably do it badly; but that is better than not to do it at all. I could never be an Ethel Rossiter or a Daisy Burke, but I could become an imitation. Imitations being to the House of Brokenshire like paste diamonds or fish-glue pearls, my gratitude for the effort they made in accepting me had to be the more humble. And yet on occasions I tried to get justice for myself.

"I'm not altogether without knowledge of the world, Mr. Brokenshire," I said, after one of his kindly, condescending lectures. "Not only in Canada, but in England, and to some slight extent abroad, I've had opportunities ——"

"Yes, yes; but this is different. You've had opportunities, as you say. But there you were looking on from the outside, while here you'll be living from within."

"Oh, but I wasn't looking on from the outside ——"

His hand went up; his pitiful crooked smile was meant to express tolerance. "You'll pardon me, my dear; but we gain nothing by discussing that point. You'll see it yourself when you've been one of us a little longer. Meantime if you watch the women about you and study them ——"

We left it there. I always left it there. But I did begin to see that there was a difference between me and the women whom Hugh and his father wished me to take as my models. I had hitherto not observed this variation in type—I might possibly call it this distinction between national ideals—during my two years under the Stars and Stripes; and I find a difficulty in expressing it for the reason that to anything I say so many exceptions can be made. The immense class of wage-earning women would be exceptions; mothers and housekeepers would again be exceptions; exceptions would be all women engaged in political or social or philanthropic service to the country; but when this allowance has been made there still remains a multitude of American women economically independent, satisfied to be an incubus on the land. They dress, they entertain, they go to entertainments, they live gracefully. When they can't help it they bear children; but they bear as few as possible. Otherwise they are not much more than pleasing forms of vegetation, idle of body and mind; and the American man, as a rule, loves to have it so.

"The American man," Mrs. Rossiter had said to me once, "likes figurines." Hugh was a rebel to that doctrine, she had added then; but his rebellion had been short-lived. He had come back to the standard of his countrymen. He had chosen me, he used to say, because I was a woman of whom a Socialist might make his star; and now I was to be put in a vitrine.

Canadian women, as a class, are not made for the vitrine. Their instinct is to be workers in the world and mates for men. They have no very high opinion of their privileges; they are not self-analytical. They rarely think of themselves as the birds and flowers of the human race, or as other than creatures to put their shoulders to the wheel in the ways of which God made them mistresses. Not ashamed to know how to bake and brew and mend and sew, they rule the house with a practically French economy. I was brought up in that way; not ignorant of books or of social amenities, but with the assumption that I was in this world to contribute something to it by my usefulness. I hadn't contributed much, heaven only knows; but the impulse to work was instinctive.

And as Hugh's wife I began to see that I should be lifted high and dry into a sphere where there was nothing to be done. I should dress and I should amuse myself; I should amuse myself and I should dress. It was all Mrs. Rossiter did; it was all Mrs. Brokenshire did—except that to her—poor soul—amusement had become but gall and bitterness. Still, with the large exceptions which I cheerfully concede, it was the American ideal, so far as I could get hold of it; and I began to feel that, in the long run, it would stifle me.

It was a kind of feminine Nirvana. It offered me nothing to strive for, nothing to

(Continued on Page 66)

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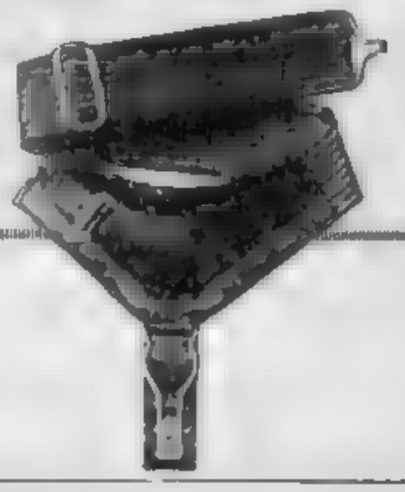

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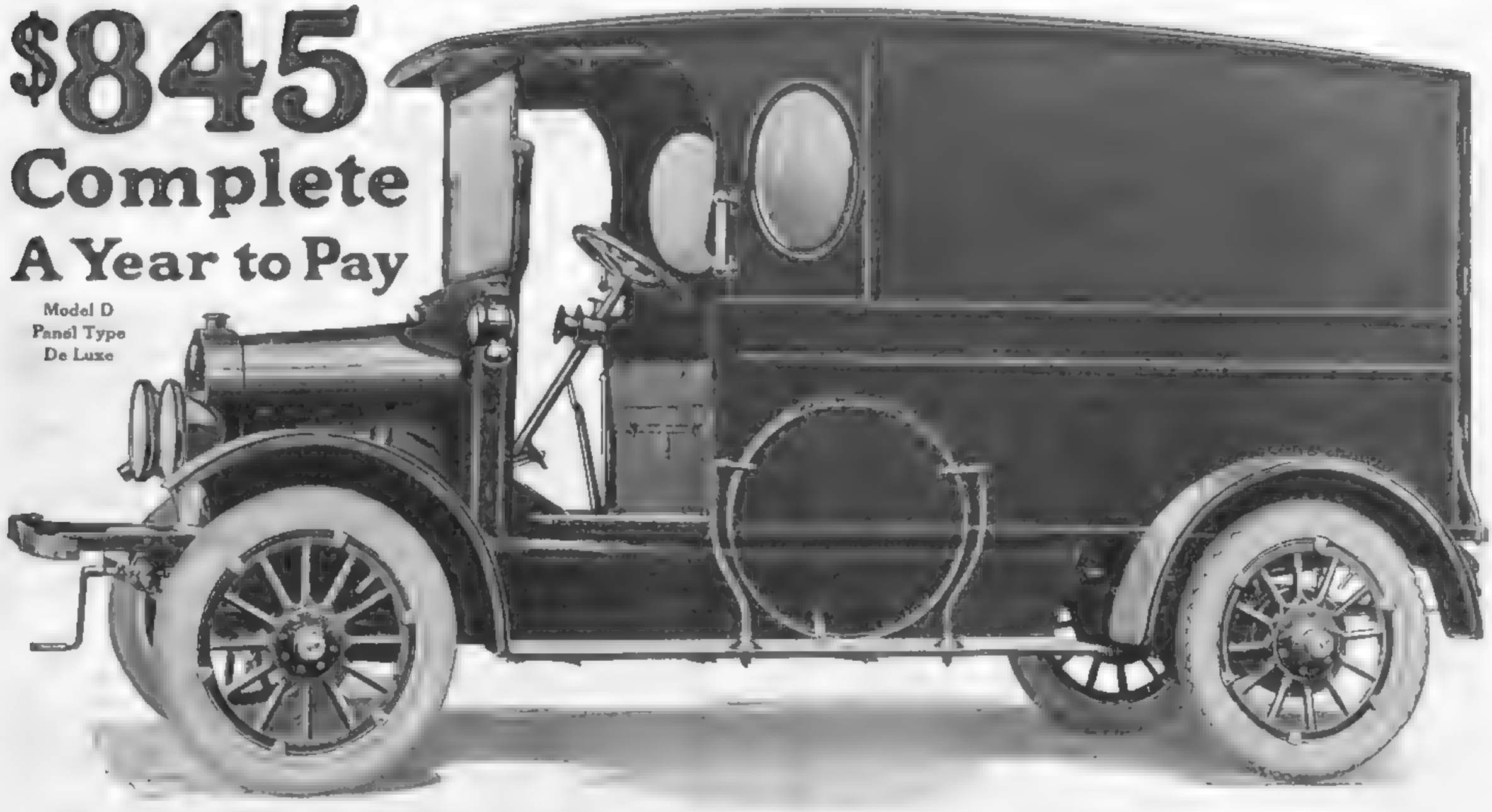

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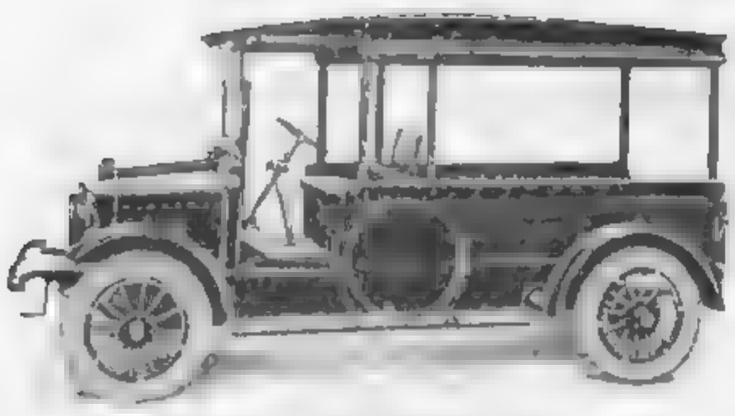
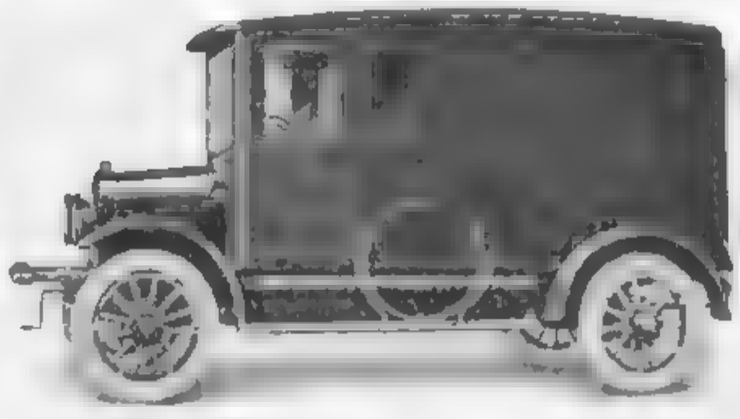
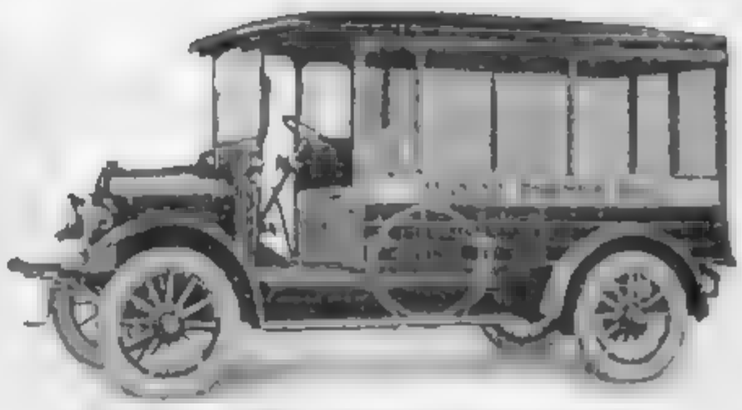


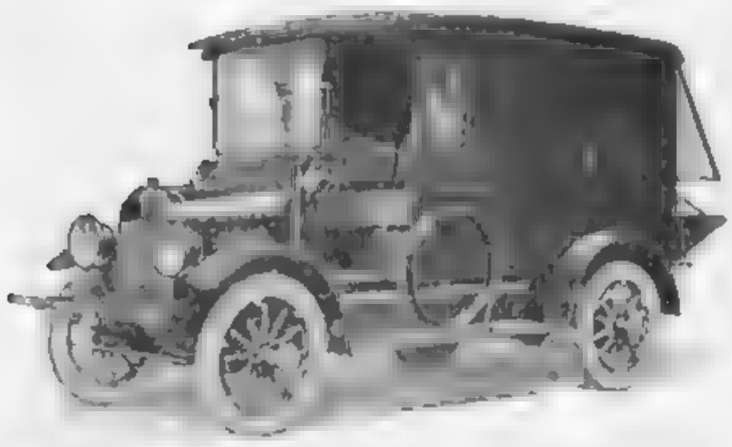
Model F—Open Express, $815



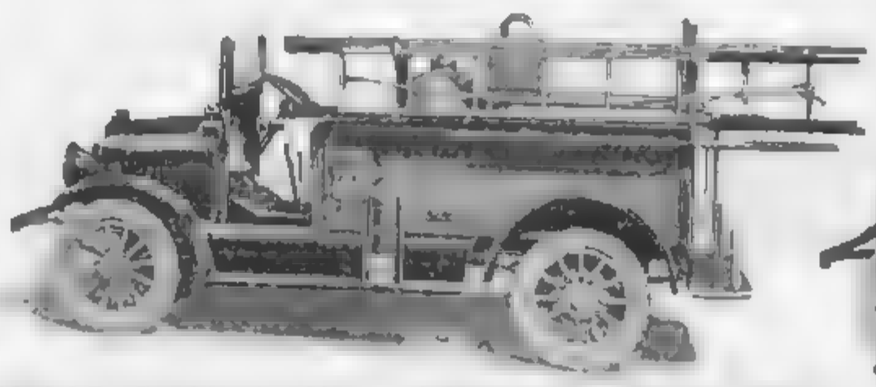
Model G—Berline Panel, $915



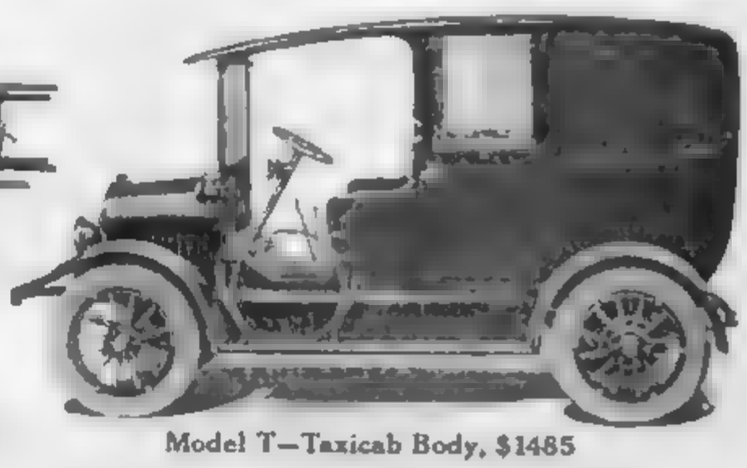
Model M—Mail or Screened Express, $905



Model B—Panel, Screened Back and Tail Gate, $855



Model R—Combination Hose and Chemical Apparatus, $1505



Model T—Taxicab Body, $1485

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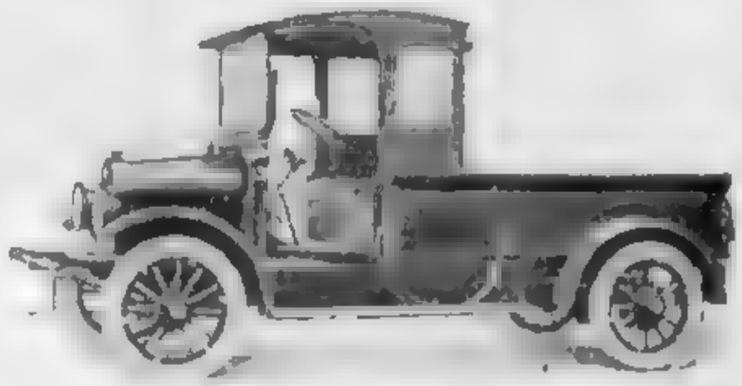
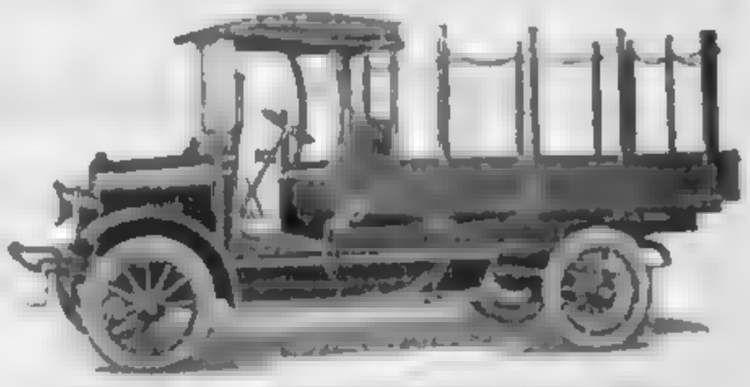
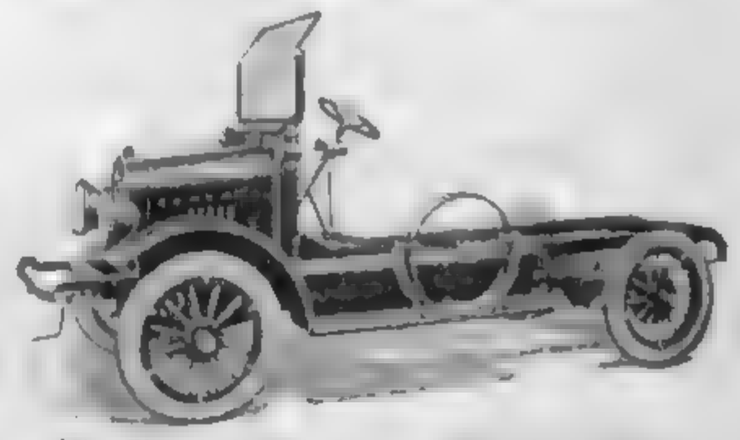


Model H—Express Driver's Cab, $815



Model S—Stake Side and Platform Body, $885



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You can get a better balance of comfort, style and economy in Keds than in any other shoe you can buy. Every pair carries with it the reputation of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

United States Rubber Company
New York

(Continued from Page 63)

wait for in hope, nothing to win gloriously. The wife of Larry Strangways, whoever she turned out to be, would have a goal before her, high up and far ahead, with the incentive of lifelong striving. Hugh Brokenshire's wife would have everything done for her, as it was done for Mildred. Like Mildred she would have nothing to do but think and think and think—or train herself to not thinking at all. Little by little I saw myself being steered toward this fate; and, like Saint Peter, when I thought thereon I wept.

I had taken to weeping all alone in my pretty room, which looked out on shrubberies and gardens. I should probably have shrubberies and gardens like them some day; so that weeping was the more foolish. Everyone considered me fortunate. All my Canadian and English friends spoke of me as a lucky girl, and, in their downright, practical way, said I was "doing very well for myself."

Of course I was—which made it criminal on my part not to take the Brokenshire view of things with equanimity. I tried to. I bent my will to it. I bent my spirit to it. In the end I might have succeeded if the heavenly trumpet had not sounded again, with another blast from Sarajevo.

XXII

AS I HAVE already said, I had almost forgotten Sarajevo. The illustrated papers had shown us a large coffin raised high and a small one set low, telling us of unequal rank, even at the Great White Throne. I had a thought for that from time to time; but otherwise Franz Ferdinand and Sophie Chotek were less to me than Cæsar or Napoleon.

But toward the end of July there was a sudden rumbling. It was like that first disquieting low note of the Rheingold, rising from elemental depths, presaging love and adventure and war and death and defeat and triumph, and the end of the old gods and the burning of their Valhalla. I cannot say that any of us knew its significance; but it was arresting.

"What does it mean?"

I think Cissie Boscobel was the first to ask me that question, to which I could only reply by asking it in my own turn. What did it mean—this ultimatum from Vienna to Belgrade? Did it mean anything? Could it possibly mean what dinner-table diplomats hinted at between a laugh and a look of terror?

Hugh and I were descending the Rossiter lawn on a bright afternoon near the end of July. Cissie, who was passing with some of the Burkes, ran over the grass toward us. Had we seen the papers? Had we read the Austrian note? Could we make anything out of it?

I recall her as an extraordinarily vivid picture against the background of blue sea, in white, with a green silk tunic embroidered in peacock's feathers, with long jade earrings and big jade beads, and a jade-colored plume in a black-lace hat, cocked on her flaming hair as she alone knew how to cock it. I merely want to point out here that, to Cissie Boscobel and me, the questions she asked already possessed a measure of life-and-death importance; while to Hugh they had none at all.

I remember him as he stood aloof from us, strong and stocky and summerlike in his white flannels, a type of that safe and separated America which could afford to look on at Old World tragedies and feel them of no personal concern. To him, Cissie Boscobel and I, with anxiety in our eyes and something worse already clutching at our hearts, were but two girls talking of things they didn't understand, and of no great interest, anyway.

"Come along, little Alix!" he interrupted gayly. "Cissie will excuse us. The madam is waiting to motor us over to South Portsmouth, and I don't want to keep her waiting. You know," he explained proudly, "she thinks this little girl is a peach!"

Cissie ran back to join the Burkes and we continued our way along the Cliff Walk to Mr. Brokenshire's. Hugh had come for me in order that we might have the stroll together.

I gave him my view of the situation as we went along, though in it there was nothing original:

"You see, if Austria attacks Serbia, then Russia must attack Austria; in which case Germany will attack Russia, and France will attack Germany. Then England will certainly have to pitch in."

"But we won't. We shall be out of it."

The complacency of his tone nettled me.

"But I shan't be out of it, Hugh."

He laughed.

"You? What could you do, little lightweight?"

"I don't know; but whatever it was I should want to be doing it."

This joke might have been characterized as a screamer. He threw back his head with a loud guffaw.

"Well, of all the little spitfires!" Catching me by the arm he hugged me to him, as we were hidden in a rocky nook of the path. "Why, you're a regular Amazon! A soldier in your way would be no more than a ninepin in a bowling alley."

I didn't enter into the spirit of this pleasantry. On the contrary, I concealed my anger in endeavoring to speak with dignity.

"And, what's more, Hugh, than not being out of it myself, I don't see how I could marry a man who was. Of course no such war will come to pass. It couldn't! The world has gone beyond that sort of madness. We know too well the advantages of peace. But if it should break out ——"

"I'll buy you a popgun with the very first shot that's fired."

But in August, when the impossible had happened, when Germany had invaded Belgium, and France had moved to her eastern frontier, and Russia was pouring into Prussia, and English troops were on foreign continental soil for the first time in fifty years, Hugh's indifference grew painful. He was perhaps not more indifferent than anyone else with whom I was thrown, but to me he seemed more so because he was so near me. He read the papers; he took a sporting interest in the daily events; but it resembled—to my mind at least—the interest of an eighteenth-century farmer's lad, excited at a cockfight. It was somewhat in the spirit of "Go it, old boy!" to each side indifferently.

If he took sides at all it was rather on that to which Cissie Boscobel and I were nationally opposed; but this, we agreed, was to tease us. So far as opinions of his own were concerned, he was neutral. He meant by that that he didn't care a jot who lost or who won, so long as America was out of the fray and could eat its bread in safety.

"There are more important things than safety," I said to him scornfully one day.

"Such as ——"

But when I gave him what seemed to me the truisms of life he was contented to laugh.

Cissie Boscobel was more patient with him than I was. I have always admired in the English that splendid tolerance which allows to others the same liberty of thinking they claim for themselves; but in this instance I had none of it. Hugh was too much a part of myself. When he said, as he was fond of saying, "If Germany gets at poor degenerate old England she'll crumple her up," Lady Cissie could fling him a pitying, confident smile, with no venom in it whatever, while I became bitter or furious.

Fortunately Mr. Brokenshire was called to New York on business connected with the war, so that his dear Alexandra was delivered for a while from his daily condescensions. Though Hugh didn't say so in actual words, I inferred that the struggle would further enrich the house of Meek & Brokenshire. Of the vast sums it would handle a commission would stick to its fingers, and if the business grew too heavy for the usual staff to deal with, Hugh's own energies were to be called into play. His father, he told me, had said so. It would be an eye opener to Cousin Andrew Brew, he crowed, to see him helping to finance the European war within a year after that slow-witted nut had had the hardihood to refuse him!

In the Brokenshire villa the animation was comparable to a suppressed fever. Mr. Brokenshire came back as often as he could. Thereupon there followed whispered conferences between him and Jack, between him and Jim Rossiter, between him and kindred magnates, between three and four and six and eight of them together, with a ceaseless stream of telegrams, of the purport of which we women knew nothing. We gave dinners and lunches, and bathed at Bailey's, and played tennis at the Casino, and lived in our own little ladylike Paradise, shut out from the interests convulsing the world. Knitting had not yet begun. The Red Cross had barely issued its appeals. America, with the speed of the Franco-Prussian War in mind, was still under the impression that it could hardly give its philanthropic aid before the need for it would be over.

Of all our little coterie Lady Cissie and I alone perhaps took the sense of things to

heart. Even with us, it was the heart that acted rather than the intelligence. So far as intelligence went, we were convinced that, once Great Britain lifted her hand, all hostile nations would tremble. That was a matter of course. It amazed us that people round us should talk of our enemy's efficiency. The word was just coming into use, always with the implication that the English were inefficient and unprepared.

That would have made us laugh if those who said such things hadn't said them like Hugh, with detached, undisturbed deliberation, as a matter that was nothing to them. Many of them hoped, and hoped ardently, that the side represented by England, Russia and France would be victorious; but if it wasn't, America would still be able to sit down to eat and drink and rise up to play, as we were doing at the moment, while nothing could shake her from her ease.

Owing to our kinship in sentiment, Lady Cissie and I drew closer together. We gave each other bits of information in which no one else would have had an interest. She was getting letters from England; I from England and Canada. Her brother Leatherhead had been ordered to France with his regiment—was probably there. Her brother Rowan, who had been at Sandhurst, had got his commission.

The young man her sister Janet was engaged to had sailed with the Rangers for Marseilles and would go at once to the Front instead of coming home. If he could get leave the young couple would be married hastily, after which he would return to his duty. My sister Louise wrote that her husband's ship was in the North Sea and that her news of him was meager. The husband of my sister Victoria, who had had a staff appointment at Gibraltar, had been ordered to rejoin his regiment; and he, too, would soon be in Belgium.

From Canada I heard of that impulse toward recruiting which was thrilling the land from the Island of Vancouver, in the Pacific, to that of Cape Breton, in the Atlantic, and in which the multitudes were of one heart and one soul. Men came from farms, factories and fisheries; they came from banks and shops and mines. They tramped hundreds of miles, from the Yukon, from Ungava and from Hudson Bay. They arrived in troops or singly, impelled by nothing but that love which passes the love of women—the love of race, the love of country, the love of honor, the love of something vast and intangible and inexplicable, that comes as near as possible to that love of man which is almost the love of God.

I can proudly say that among my countrymen it was this, and it was nothing short of this. They were as far from the fray as their neighbors to the south, and as safe. Belgium and Serbia meant less to most of them than to the people of San Francisco, Chicago and New York; but a great cause, almost indefinable to thought, meant everything. To that cause they gave themselves—not sparingly or grudgingly, but like Araunah the Jebusite to David the son of Jesse, "as a king gives unto the king."

Men are wonderful to me—all men of all races. They face hardship so cheerfully, and dangers so gayly, and death so serenely. This is true of men not only in war but in peace—of men not only as saints but as sinners. And among men it seems to me that our colonial men are in the first rank of the manliest. Frenchman, German, Austrian, Italian, Russian, Englishman and Turk had each some visible end to gain. They couldn't help going. They couldn't help fighting.

Our men had nothing to gain that mortal eyes could see. They have endured, "as seeing Him who is invisible."

They have come from the far ends of the earth, and are still coming—turning their backs on families and business and pleasure and profit and hope. They have counted the world well lost for love—for a true love—a man's love—a redemptive love if ever there was one; for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

But when, with my heart flaming, I spoke of this to Lady Cecilia, she was cold. "Fancy!" was the only comment she ever made on the subject. Toward my own intensity of feeling she was courteous; but she plainly felt that in a war in which the honors would be to the professional soldier, and to the English professional soldier first of all, colonials were out of place. It was somewhat presumptuous of them to volunteer.

She was a splendid character—with British limitations. Among those limitations her attitude toward colonials was, as I saw things, the first. She rarely spoke of Canadians or Australians; it was always of colonials, with a delicately disdainful accent on the word impossible to transcribe. Geography, either physical or ethnic, was no more her strong point than it is that of other women; and I think she took colonials to be a kind of race of aborigines, like the Maoris or the Hottentots—only that by some freak of Nature they were white. So, whenever my heart was so hot that I could contain myself no longer, and I poured out my foolish tales of the big things we hoped to do for the empire and the world, the dear thing would merely utter her dazed "Fancy!" and strike me dumb.

And it all threw me back on the thought of Larry Strangways. Reader, if you suppose that I had forgotten him you are making a mistake. Everything made my heart cry out for him—Hugh's inanity; his father's lumbering dignity; Mildred's sepulchral apothegms, which were deeper than I could fathom and higher than I could scale; Cissie Boscobel's stolid scorn of my country; and Newport's whole attitude of taking no notice of me or mine. Whenever I had minutes of rebellion or stress it was on Larry Strangways I called, with an agonized appeal to him to come to me. It was a purely rhetorical appeal, let me say in passing. As it would never reach him, he could not respond to it; but it relieved my repressed emotions to send it out on the wings of the spirit. It was the only vehicle I could trust; and even that betrayed me—for he came.

He came one hot afternoon about the twentieth of August. His card was brought to me by the rosebud Thomas as I was taking a siesta upstairs.

"Tell Mr. Strangways I shall come down at once," I said to my footman knight; but after he had gone I sat still.

I sat still to estimate my strength. If Larry Strangways made such an appeal to me as I had made to him should I have the will power to resist him? I could only reply that I must have it! There was no other way. When Hugh had been so true to me it was impossible to be other than true to him. It was no longer a question of love, but of right; and I couldn't forsake my maxim.

Nevertheless, when I threw off my dressing gown, instinct compelled me to dress at my prettiest. To be sure, my prettiest was only a flowered muslin and a leghorn hat, in which I resembled the vicar's daughter in a Royal Academy picture; but if I was never to see Larry Strangways again I wanted the vision in his heart to be the most decent possible. As I dressed I owned to myself that I loved him. I had never done so before, because I had never known it—or rather, I had known it from that evening on the train when I had seen nothing but his traveling cap; only I had strangled the knowledge in my heart. I meant to strangle it again. I should strangle it the minute I went downstairs. But for this little interval, just while I was fastening my gown and pinning on my hat, it seemed to me of no great harm to let the unfortunate passion come out for a breath in the sunlight.

And yet, after having rehearsed all the romantic speeches I should make in giving him up forever, he never mentioned love to me at all. On the contrary, he had on that gleaming smile which, from the beginning of our acquaintance, was like the flash of a sword held up between him and me. When he came forward from a corner of the long dim drawing-room all the embarrassment was on my side.

"I suppose you wonder what brings me," were the words he uttered when shaking hands.

I tried to murmur politely that, whatever it was, I was glad to see him—only the words refused to form themselves.

"Can't we go out?" he asked as I cast about me for chairs. "It's so stuffy in here."

I led the way through the hall, picking up a rose-colored parasol of Mrs. Rossiter's as we passed the umbrella stand.

"How much money have you got?" he asked abruptly, as soon as we were on the terrace.

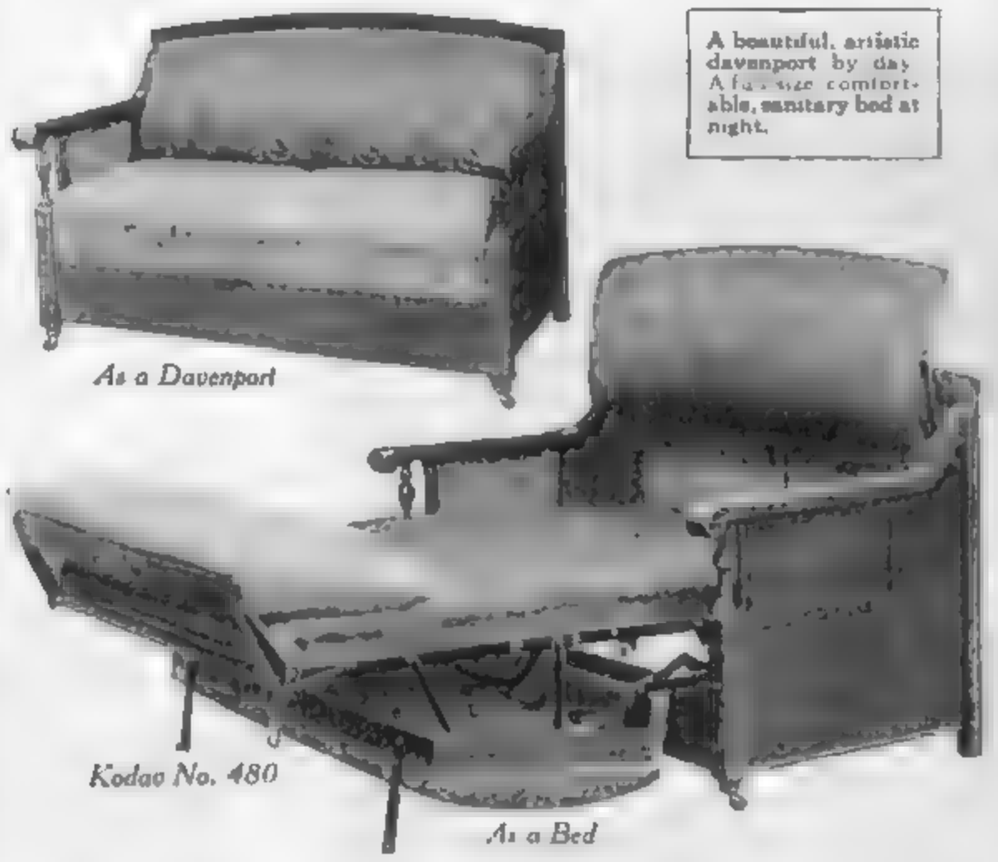
I made an effort to gather my wits from the far fields into which they had wandered.

"Do you mean in ready cash? Or how much do I own in all?"

"How much in all?"

(Continued on Page 70)

KROEHLER
Bed Davenports



Made for the Finest Homes

For a small amount of money you can greatly improve the appearance of your home and enjoy the comfort of a handsomely finished and luxuriously upholstered Kroehler Kodav or Kroehler Daveno. Either one can instantly and with slight effort be changed into a full-size, sanitary, comfortable bed.

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The Kroehler Kodav is a short davenport for small rooms; the Kroehler Daveno is a long davenport for large rooms. Either one will provide additional sleeping room for members of your family—or for guests.

Both the Kroehler Kodav and Kroehler Daveno contain, concealed in an airy space under the seat, a full-size, luxuriously comfortable bed equipped with a thick, removable 35-pound mattress—not a mere pad.

Bed frame and springs are entirely independent of upholstering and when in use as a bed there is ample room for free circulation of air underneath and all around.

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Large variety of upholstery coverings and a wide range of styles, including Period designs.

Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere at moderate prices for cash or on easy payments.

Our huge purchasing power and modern manufacturing facilities make it possible for dealers to purchase and sell the Kroehler Quality of Bed Davenports at very moderate prices. To protect yourself against substitution, insist on seeing the name Kroehler stamped on the metal bed frame before you buy.

Write for Interesting Free Booklet—and name of your nearest furniture dealer handling Kroehler Bed Davenports.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING CO.
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GOODRICH

GOODRICH AND THE INVISIBLE GIANT—ELECTRICITY

THE two strangest, most eccentric children of Nature, ELECTRICITY and RUBBER, hand in hand won their way into modern life and industry.

From the twilight zone of the *Unseen*, came ELECTRICITY; from the world of *matter*, material as the granite hills, came RUBBER; and joining their queer, uncanny talents, they worked themselves into the modern order of things till we can not picture ourselves without the GREAT INVISIBLE GIANT to labor for us, and the SILENT SOFTENER OF STRESS AND DISTRESS to save us from the hurly-burly of our time-pressed efforts.

Years they languished known, yet *little* KNOWN; ELECTRICITY, a *plaything* of physicists; RUBBER, an *oddity* brought back from the tropics by seafarers.

It may be a co-incidence, but the progress of ELECTRICITY from little more than a *scientific toy* to the greatest force in modern life is CO-INCIDENT with the *forty-eight* years the B. F. Goodrich Company has been making RUBBER.

HOWBEIT, take *Goodrich rubber* away, and the realm of ELECTRICITY would be a Kingdom of Chaos.

Goodrich gaskets and bushings take part in the generation of ELECTRICITY, whether at the dynamo of the power house, or at penstock and turbine wheel far off in the mountains.

Goodrich insulated cable carries electricity across valley and hill through transmission and reducing stations, and delivers it to the home and mill, to street car, and to street lighting.

Because of Goodrich rubber men may speak in whispers, and be heard at great distances.

HIGH AND LOW TENSION CABLES, HARD RUBBER SHEETS,
TUBES, RODS, KEYS, TELEPHONE RECEIVERS,
TRANSMITTERS, RUBBER MATS, RUBBER
BELTING, EAR CUSHIONS

FAIR LIST PRICES

GOODRICH

THE voices of your friends and family come on the telephone across country and through the conduits of the great city over Goodrich insulated wire. Goodrich gaskets and battery jars help lead the sound along. The switchboard is *alive* with Goodrich hard rubber parts. You pick up the telephone instrument, and the receiver and mouthpiece are Goodrich hard rubber.

If you are kind to your ears, you have a soft Goodrich *ear cushion* to mask the hard edge of the receiver.

Less personal to our habits of living, but not less important to our system of business, the *telegraph* enlists Goodrich rubber in insulated cable, insulating bushings, gaskets and battery jars.

And the very elevator in your office building is *lighted and lifted* by Goodrich Lighting and Central Cables.

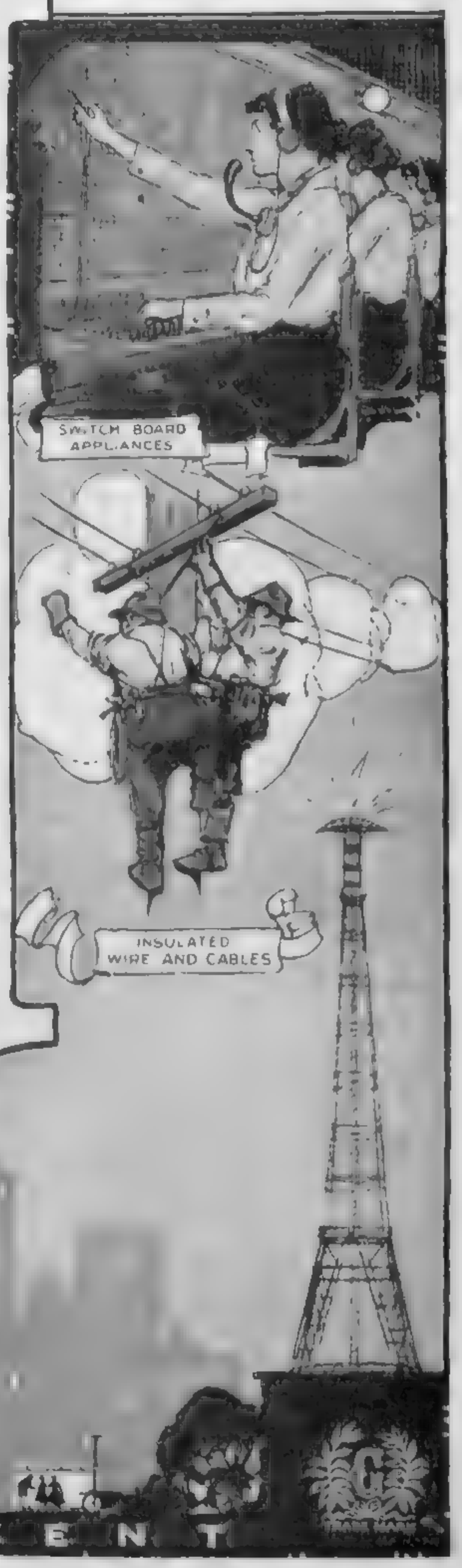
GOODRICH rubber *shortens* and *brightens* the *long, dark* night. You turn on the glow which drives blackness from your home with a Goodrich hard rubber key

You travel on railway trains as brilliant as a hotel rotunda, but you would squint and blink in a dim coach but for the *axle lighting belt* Goodrich gave to the world in 1900.

So widespread is the use of this remarkable contribution to the railroads that if you see a well lighted train, it is next to certain it is Goodrich lighted. For nearly eighty per cent of the railways in this country use Goodrich Axle lighting belt, and *all* but one system with a mileage of more than 2000 miles.

Because Goodrich Rubber has its part in the evolution of electrical machinery, because it is a faithful ally in every field of electrical usefulness, because it means efficiency of effort to the electrical engineer, and safety to the workman fingering and groping amidst live wires, GOODRICH is RUBBER to the ELECTRICAL WORLD.

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO



BRAIDED AND LEAD COVERED CABLES, BATTERY JAR SEPARATORS AND COVERS, HARD RUBBER HANDLES, SOFT RUBBER, WIRELESS APPARATUS PARTS, BUSHINGS

FAIR TREATMENT

HOW do you know He's a chip of the Old Block?

"Your Nose Knows"

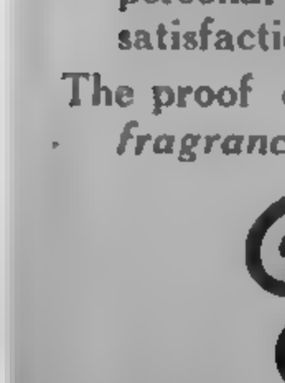
—by the fragrance, the *pure fragrance* of the tobacco he smokes—so precise an echo of *your own* good judgment, of *your own* appreciation of tobacco quality through its fragrance, of *your own* personal preference for the best. There is a real satisfaction in the fact that *his* "nose knows" too.

The proof of its supreme quality lies in the *pure fragrance* of

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco

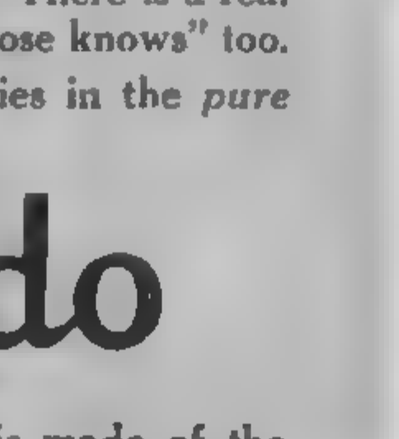
And the reason is that Tuxedo is made of the most fragrant leaves of the tobacco plant, the tender Burley leaves, ripened in the Blue Grass sunshine of Old Kentucky, mellowed and carefully blended. No tobacco compares with it. None has so *pure a fragrance*—"Your Nose Knows."

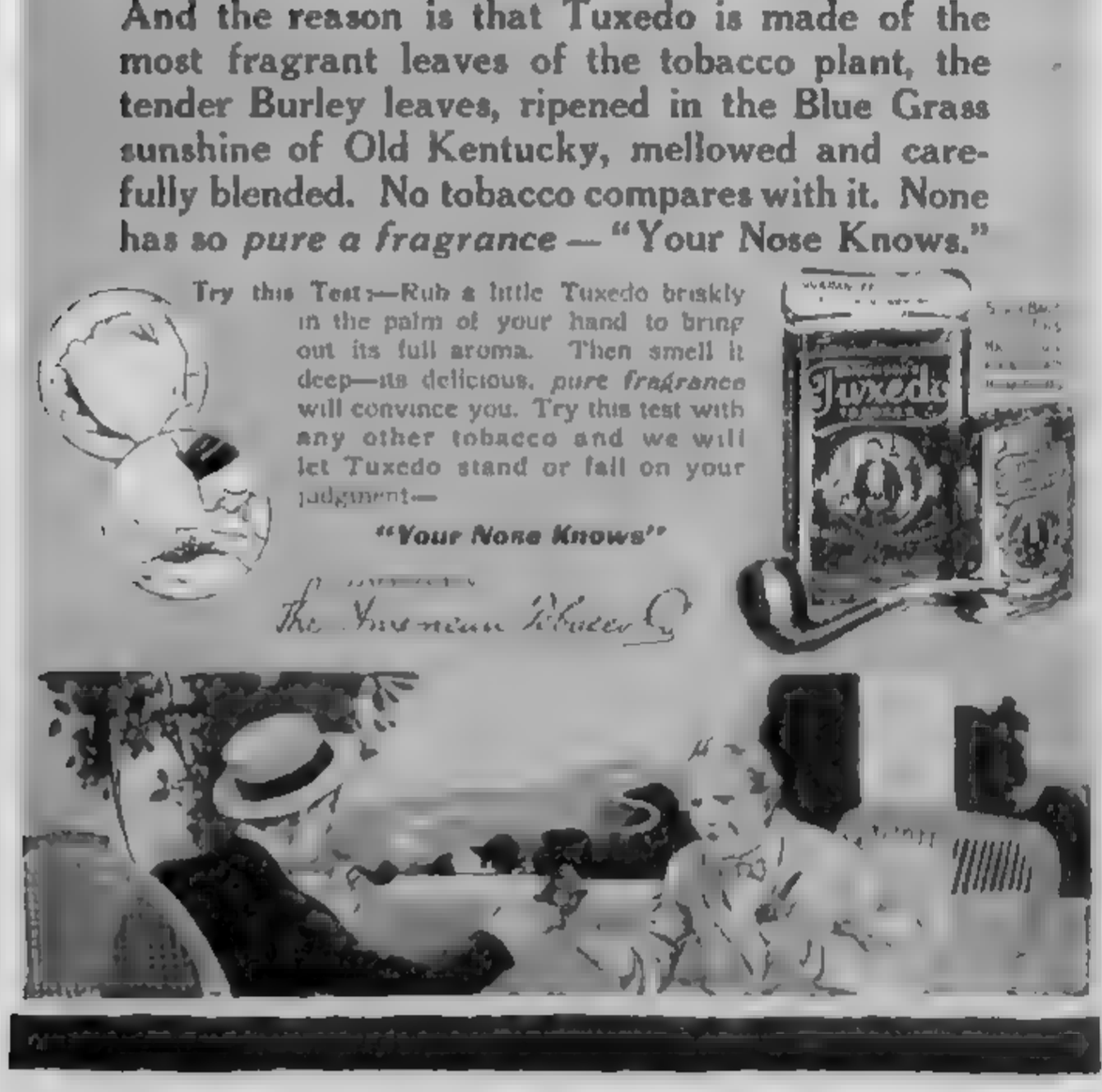


Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

"Your Nose Knows"

The American Tobacco Co.





(Continued from Page 67)

I told him—just a few thousand dollars, the wreckage of what my father had left. My total income, apart from what I earned, was about four hundred dollars a year.

"I want it," he said as we descended to the steps to the lower terrace. "How soon could you let me have it?"

I made the reckoning as we went down the lawn toward the sea. I should have to write to my uncle, who would sell my few bonds and forward me the proceeds. Mr. Strangways said that would take a week.

"I'm going to make a small fortune for you," he laughed in explanation. "All the nations of the earth are beginning to send to us for munitions, and Stacy Grainger is right on the spot with the goods. There'll be a demand for munitions for years to come ——"

"Oh, not for years to come!" I exclaimed. "Only till the end of the war"

"'But the end is not by and by,'" he quoted from the Bible. "It's a long way off from by and by—believe me! We're up against the struggle mankind has been getting ready for ever since it's had a history. I don't want just to make money out of it; but, since money's to be made—since we can't help making it—I want you to be in on it."

I didn't thank him, because I had something else on my mind.

"Perhaps you don't know that I'm engaged to Hugh Brokenshire. We're to be married before we move back to New York."

"Yes; I do know it. That's the reason I'm suggesting this. You'll want some money of your own, in order to feel independent. If you don't have it the Brokenshire money will break you down."

I don't know what I said, or whether I was able to say anything. There was something in this practical caretaking interest that moved me more than any love declaration he could have made. He was renouncing me in everything but his protection. That was going with me. That was watching over me. There was no one to watch over me in the whole world with just this sort of devotion.

I suppose we talked. We must have said something as we descended the slope; I must have stammered some sort of appreciation. All I can clearly remember is that as we reached the steps going down to the Cliff Walk, Hugh was coming up.

I had forgotten that this sort of encounter was possible. I had forgotten Hugh. When I saw his innocent, blank face staring up at us I felt I was confronting my doom.

"Well!" he ejaculated, as though he had caught us in some criminal conspiracy.

As it was for me to explain I said limply:

"Mr. Strangways has been good enough to offer to make some money for me, Hugh. Isn't that kind of him?"

Hugh grew slowly crimson. His voice shook with passion. He came up one step.

"Mr. Strangways will be kinder still in minding his own business."

"Oh, Hugh!"

"Don't be offended, Mr. Brokenshire," Larry Strangways said peaceably. "I merely had the opportunity to advise Miss Adare as to her investments ——"

"I shall advise Miss Adare as to her investments. It happens that she's engaged to me!"

"But she's not married to you. An engagement is not a marriage; it's only a preliminary period in which two persons agree to consider whether or not a marriage between them would be possible. Since that's the situation at present, I thought it no harm to tell Miss Adare that if she puts her money into some of the new projects for ammunition that I know about ——"

"And I'm sure she's not interested."

Mr. Strangways bowed.

"That will be for her to decide. I understood her to say ——"

"Whatever you understood her to say, sir, Miss Adare is not interested! Good afternoon." He nodded to me to come down the steps. "I was just coming over for you. Shall we walk along together?"

I backed away from him toward the stone balustrade.

"But, Hugh, I can't leave Mr. Strangways like this. He's come all the way from New York on purpose to ——"

"Then I shall defray his expenses and pay him for his time; but if we're going at all, dear ——"

At a sign of the eyes from Larry Strangways I mastered my wrath at this insolence, and spoke meekly: "I didn't know we were going anywhere in particular."

"And you'll excuse me, Mr. Brokenshire," our visitor interrupted, "if I say that I can't be dismissed in this way by anyone but Miss Adare herself. You must remember she isn't your wife—that she's still a free agent. Perhaps, if I explain the matter a little further ——"

Hugh put up his hand in stately imitation of his father.

"Please! There's no need of that."

"Oh, but there is, Hugh!"

"You see," Mr. Strangways reasoned, "it's more than a question of making money. We shall make money of course; but that's only incidental. What I'm really asking Miss Adare to do is to help one of the most glorious causes to which mankind has ever given itself ——"

I started toward him impulsively.

"Oh! Do you feel like that?"

"Not like that; that's all I feel. I live it! I've no other thought."

It was curious to see how the force of this all-absorbing topic swept Hugh away from the merely personal standpoint.

"And you call yourself an American?" he demanded hotly.

"I call myself a man. I don't emphasize the American. This thing transcends what we call nationality."

Hugh shouted, somewhat in the tone of a man kicking against the pricks:

"Not what I call nationality! It's got nothing to do with us."

"Ah, but it will have something to do with us! It isn't merely a European struggle; it's a universal one. Sooner or later you'll see mankind divided into just two camps."

Hugh warmed to the discussion.

"Even if we do, it still doesn't follow that we'll all be in your camp."

"That depends on whether we're among those driving forward or those kicking back. The American people has been in the first of these classes hitherto; it remains to be seen whether or not it's there still. But if it isn't, as a nation, I can tell you that some of us will be there as individuals."

Hugh's tone was one of horror.

"You mean that you'd go and fight?"

"That's about the size of it."

"Then you'd be a traitor to your country for getting her into trouble."

"If I had to choose between being a traitor to my country and a traitor to my manhood I'd take the first. Fortunately no such alternative will be thrust upon us. Miss Adare pointed out to me once that there couldn't be two right courses, each opposed to the other. Right and rights must be harmonious. If I'm true to myself I'm true to my country; and I can't be true to my country unless I do my 'bit,' as the phrase begins to go, for the good of the human race."

"And you're really going?" I asked breathlessly.

"As soon as I can arrange things with Mr."—but he remembered he was speaking to a Brokenshire—"as soon as I can arrange things with—with my boss. He's willing to let me go, and to keep my job for me if I come back. He'll take charge of my small funds and of any Miss Adare intrusts to me. He asked me to give her that message. When it's settled I shall start for Canada."

"That'll do you no good," Hugh stated triumphantly. "They won't enlist Americans there."

Larry Strangways smiled.

"Oh, there are ways! If there's nothing else for it I'll swear in as a Canadian."

"You'd do that!" In different tones the exclamation came from Hugh and me simultaneously.

I can still see Larry Strangways, with his proud fair head held high.

"I'd do anything rather than not fight. My American birthright is as dear to me as it is to anyone; but we've reached a time when such considerations must go by the board. For the matter of that, the more closely we can now identify the Briton and the American, the better it will be for the world."

He explained this at some length. The theme was so engrossing that even Hugh was willing to listen to the argument. People were talking already of a world federation, which would follow the war and unite all the nations in approximate brotherhood. Larry Strangways didn't believe in that as a possibility; at least he didn't believe in it as an immediate possibility. There were just two nations fitted to understand each other and act together, and if they couldn't fraternize and sympathize it was of no use to expect that miracle from

races who had nothing in common. Get the United States and the British Empire to stand shoulder to shoulder, and sooner or later the other peoples would line up beside them.

But you must begin at the beginning. Unless you started as an acorn you couldn't be an oak; if you were not willing to be a baby you could never become a man. There must be no more Hague conferences, with their vast programmes and ineffective means. The failure of that dream was evident. We must be practical; we mustn't soar beyond the possible. The possible and the practical lay in British and American institutions and commonly understood principles. The world had an asset in them that had never been worked. To work it was the task not primarily of governments, but, first and before everything, of individuals. It was up to the British and American man and woman in their personal lives and opinions.

I interrupted to say that it was up to the American man and woman, first of all; that British willingness to coöperate with America was far more ready than any similar sentiment on the American side.

Hugh threw the stress on efficiency. America was so thorough in her methods that she couldn't coöperate with British muddling.

"What is efficiency?" Larry Strangways asked. "It's the best means of doing what you want to do, isn't it? Well, then, efficiency is a matter of your ambitions. There's the efficiency of the watchdog who loves his master and guards the house, and there's the efficiency of the tiger in the jungle. One has one's choice."

It was not a question, he continued to reason, as to who began this war—whether it was a king or a czar or a kaiser. It was not a question of English and German competition, or of French or Russian aggression, or fear of it. The inquiry went back of all that. It went back beyond modern Europe, beyond the Middle Ages, beyond Rome and Assyria and Egypt. It was a battle of principles rather than of nations—the last great struggle between reason and force—the fight between the instinct of some men to rule other men and the contrary instinct, implanted more or less in all men, that they shall hold up their heads and rule themselves.

It was part of the impulse of the human race to forge ahead and upward. The powers that worked against liberty had been arming themselves, not merely for a generation or a century but since the beginning of time, for just this trial of strength. The effort would be colossal and it would be culminating; no human being would be spared taking part in it. If America didn't come in of her own accord she would be compelled to come in; and meantime he, Larry Strangways, was going of free will.

He didn't express it in just this way. He put it humbly, colloquially, with touches of slang.

"I've got to be on the job, Miss Adare, and there are no two ways about it," were the words in which he ended. "I've just run down from New York to speak about—about the money; and—and to bid you good-by." He glanced toward Hugh. "Possibly, in view of the fact that I'm so soon to be off—and may not come back, you know," he added with a laugh—"Mr. Brokenshire won't mind if—if we shake hands."

I can say to Hugh's credit that he gave us a little while together. Going down the steps he had mounted, he called back over his shoulder:

"I'm going off for a walk, dear. I shall return in exactly fifteen minutes; and I expect you to be ready for me then."

But when we were alone we had little or nothing to say. I recall that quarter of an hour as a period of emotional paralysis. I knew and he knew that each second ticked off an instant that all the rest of our lives we should long for in vain; and yet we didn't know how to make use of it.

We began to wander slowly up the slope. We did it aimlessly, stopping when we were only a few yards from the steps. We talked about the money. We talked about his going to Canada. We talked about the breaking off, so far as we knew, of all intercourse between Mr. Grainger and Mrs. Brokenshire. But we said nothing about ourselves. We said nothing about anything but what was superficial and trite and lame.

Once or twice Larry Strangways took out his watch and glanced at it, as if to underscore the fact that the sands were slipping away. I kept my face hidden as much as possible beneath the rose-colored parasol. So far as I could judge, he looked over my head. We still had said nothing—there was still nothing we could say—when, beneath the bank of the lawn and moving back in our direction, we saw the crown of Hugh's panama.

"Good-by!" Larry Strangways said then. "Good-by!"

My hand rested in his without pressure; without pressure his had taken mine. I think his eyes made one last wild, desperate appeal to me; but if so I was unable to respond to it.

I don't know how it happened that he turned his back and walked firmly up the lawn. I don't know how it happened that I also turned and took the necessary steps toward Hugh. All I can say is—and I can say it only in this way—all I can say is, I felt that I had died.

That is, I felt that I had died except for one queer, bracing echo which suddenly came back to me. It was in the words Mildred Brokenshire had used, and which, at the time, I had thought too deep for me to understand:

"Life is not a blind impulse working blindly. It is a beneficent rectifying power."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Poets' Corner

Sunday in an Office Building

THE corridors are strangely still;
The offices are bleak and chill.
The elevators do not run
On busy errands. Life seems done,
And no one guards the marble door
Wherethrough, on Monday, there will pour
Hundreds—nay, thousands—like a tide;
Legions that cannot be denied.

The desks are empty; mice confer
Like ghouls within a sepulcher.
This is the temporary grave
Of volumes over which men slave.
To-morrow it will be alive
With rushing feet, a sounding hive.
Yet for these few brief hours it knows
The stillness of the dreaming rose.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

When Dulcie Dons Her Overalls

WHEN Dulcie dons her overalls
Of cotton or chambray,
The sight of her just thrills my soul
And takes my breath away.

Oh, how she charms my artist eye
When she in stripes is seen!
Oh, how she moves my inmost sense
In pair of black sateen!

And when she dons the khaki kind
Or wears a pair with checks,
I grind my teeth in agony
At all the rubbernecks.

Yet, don she white or don she blue,
Her charms my heart enthrall—
I wonder why she ever wore
Those ugly skirts at all! . . .

When Dulcie dons her overalls
I'm filled with longing throes
That they'll give her what I have not—
The courage to propose.

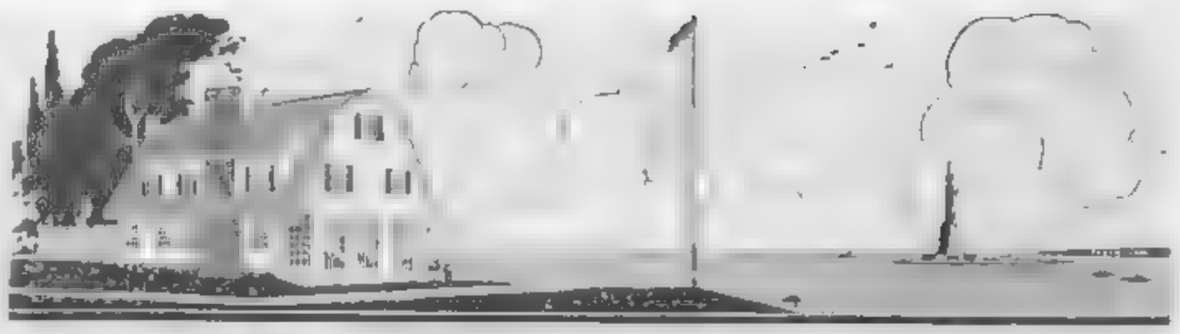
—Oscar H. Roesner.

A Ghost

NOW summer, with her glory, goes,
And vanished is the radiant rose.
Soon, like a ghost, immortal June
Shall wander through the autumn noon;
Wander for just an instant—then
Be utterly consumed again.

Now our young Love has vanished! Lo!
It lies so still where asters blow,
Beneath the autumn of our tears
It fades across the waste of years.
Yet, like an Indian Summer day
Once it came back—then went away.

—Charles Hanson Towne.



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Zinc added to lead makes durable paint—a stronger, tougher and more weather-resisting paint than can be made without it.

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All the best prepared paints contain zinc as well as lead. If your painter mixes his own paints he can buy zinc ground in linseed oil, just as he buys lead in oil.

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Smith

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NOW is the season of overworked horses—overcome by the heat, irritated by insects, harness galled, chafed. It is your season of biggest waste in hauling and delivery expense if you are using horses.

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Horses cannot stand up under the blistering heat of city pavements. They cannot do the work in hilly districts on hot summer days. They are easily exhausted. And every time you slow up the speed of your work—or lighten the load to favor the horses, you are losing real money. You know this—it is one of your real business worries.

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These men are using Smith Form-a-Trucks—displacing from two to four horse-drawn wagons with one Smith Form-a-Truck. They are getting certain delivery—unrestricted by weather—unhampered by road or load conditions—definite in expense and so inexpensive in cost of installation that, in many cases, the sale of the former horse equipment more than pays for the cost of the Smith Form-a-Trucks used.

This is the delivery you must use if you are to get the full earning power out of your business. It is the only form of hauling or delivery that will relieve you, not only of the time-wasting, money-losing, low efficiency of horses—but of the high cost of maintaining a service the average loading ability of which is greater than your requirements.

Our transportation engineers will analyze your hauling and delivery problems for you.

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Smith Form-a-Truck Delivery Gives You the "Lowest Hauling Cost in the World" at an Initial Expense one-third to one-half Lower Than You Will Pay for Any Other Service.

THOUSANDS of users—in nearly every line of business—in all parts of the country are setting entirely new standards of economy and efficiency with Smith Form-a-Trucks. Over 30,000 are in daily service. Every type of body ever used on a truck chassis is found somewhere in service on a Smith Form-a-Truck.

Transportation engineers have proved the wonderful ability of the Ford, Maxwell, Dodge Brothers, Chevrolet, Buick and Overland power plants to do the work of a motor truck power plant.

There is a Smith Form-a-Truck attachment for each of these six well-known cars—easily and quickly adjusted—making a permanent truck that duplicates the most expensive truck you can buy in real service value.

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Government statistics show that accidental drownings average nearly 7,000 per year, many while bathing. The "Kant-Sink" swimming harness insures safety.

Sold by Sporting Goods and Department Stores, or direct by mail. Where we have no dealers, agents at summer resorts can sell this harness at a good profit.

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Children's size up to sixteen years of age $3.50

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Extra large sizes made to order.

When ordering specify height and bust measure, and send money order or certified check. Prompt shipment by prepaid parcel post to anywhere in the United States.

KANT SINK

SWIMMING HARNESS Co

TRAVERSE CITY

MICHIGAN

THE THRIFT OF MARTHA

(Continued from Page 16)

That was all. But Martha felt that she had paved the way.

IT HAD been in September when Martha first borrowed from Perry Brigham. Now, in the following May, delightedly viewing the results of her little ruse, Martha figured that Perry had unwittingly saved three hundred and sixty dollars, not counting the interest which would be added on the next quarter day. It was distressingly little, looking at it one way; but from another point of view it made all the difference in the world. Carter was getting ready to leave the office. It was not known within the ranks, but Martha knew it. The vacancy might have to be filled any week now. And so she decided that the time had come to tell Perry how he stood with the world.

She had looked forward to this. The anticipation of utterly surprising him with the information had already more than repaid for the pangs of conscience and injured pride she had suffered in the doing of it. She would show him the figures, tell him the whole scheme, and watch his amazement. Then she would say:

"Now see how easy it is! It hasn't hurt you a bit, has it? You've been just as well off—and you have this to show for your work. Now then, Perry, we'll transfer this to your account; and you can begin to save for yourself."

So that last Saturday before the revelation Martha finished her work by noon and hurried to the bank before the closing time of one o'clock. It was several blocks away, and she sped along on wings of eagerness toward the familiar building with the marble front and Corinthian columns. As she turned the corner she saw a crowd of people gathered in front of the Central. They were mostly of the recently foreign class—poorly dressed laborers, Italians, Poles, Greeks; and there were women with shawled infants in arms, with other children tugging at their skirts. Much gesticulation and a murmur of voices—turbulent, angry, excited—swept toward her.

Martha Barnett did not comprehend the situation at once. There came to her mind a little happy idea that there were lots of other people intent on saving money, too; and she felt glad. But the crowd did not seem to be going in and she had to elbow her way to the steps. Men and women stared at her as she passed through the crowd and muttered something at her. And then she stood face to face with a big coppery metal gate, shut and locked across the entrance.

Even then she did not understand. But a placard, hung upon the gate, shouted the news into her eyes. It read:

CLOSED

BY ORDER OF
THE SUPERINTENDENT OF BANKING

DEPOSITORS ARE REQUESTED
TO AWAIT RESULTS OF FURTHER
INVESTIGATION

It was not a skillfully worded announcement. It promised nothing, reassured nobody. It was printed in English only, as though depositors unable to read that estimable language thereby sacrificed their right to know what had become of their money.

But Martha Barnett could read it only too plainly. For several minutes she stood there, her little hand bag swaying against the gate, her head whirling. Two policemen came along and began to shoo the crowd from the sidewalk, crowding them into the street, as though they were in front of a newspaper bulletin board. An Italian orator had begun a spirited argument at one end of the steps. He was gently but firmly removed, kicking and biting.

The girl turned from the gate and managed to clear herself of the crowd. A man took her by the arm and said chokingly:

"Have you got money there too?"

She nodded her head, and then almost ran from the scene.

It was gone! His money! All Martha Barnett had ever heard of bank failures and defalcations came rushing back through her brain. First of all came the recollection of a bank which had failed in New York. She remembered that someone concerned had been sent to prison; she couldn't remember that the depositors had ever got their money. It summed itself up into one terrible truth—the bank had closed! And Perry Brigham's money was gone!

It was a full hour afterward, as she was sitting wearily in the far corner of a cheap lunchroom, footsore from walking aimlessly about, when it occurred to her that her own money was gone too. She had indeed thought of this at the first moment in front of the gate; and then the idea had been obliterated by the other and more horrible one. She saw it now! Not only was Perry's money gone but she could not make up the loss from her own. She herself had nothing!

She felt wild, frenzied. Now she knew, for the first time, why it was that the more excitable people of Southern Europe threw stones through windows and tried to burn such buildings. It was their little all they were thinking of, and it made them crazy. It was her little all—and Perry's—and she felt as though she might be going crazy too.

She paid her check at the door mechanically and wandered out. There was only one thing to do: She must find Perry Brigham at once and tell him the whole truth. So she dragged herself to his boarding place. The landlady greeted her at the door.

"Why, didn't you know?" said the woman, surprised. "He hasn't lived here for a long time. He comes round once in a while, in the evening, to see the rest of them. But—no; I haven't the slightest idea where he lives."

He had moved! It wasn't strange, as Martha considered the matter, that he had said nothing to her about his change of address. They had not seen each other out of office hours since the engagement was broken. But—what should she do? To wait until Monday seemed impossible; she could never stand the suspense so long.

Then, as she went down the steps, she remembered that each employee at the office was required to file his or her address with the cashier. The cashier was probably still in his cage at this hour. Martha flew to the nearest telephone booth. To her unspeakable relief, she heard the voice of the cashier at the other end.

"The reason I must have his address," she said with perfect truth, "is that I have an important message for him."

When she got the address Martha did not know where the street was. The name was unfamiliar to her. But a patrolman directed her to the right street car and she was soon in a part of the city where she had never been before. The houses, when she alighted, looked distressingly poor and ill-kept. There was a telltale plenty of basement coal-and-wood dens, from which coal was peddled by the bucket and wood by the meager armful.

She nearly fainted as she entered Number 34 and saw the door wide open, and charcoal sentiments, chalk marks and dents plentifully besprinkled in the hallway. Yet there was a certain aimless cleanness about the interior; and when she rang a tremendously stout woman, with a fresh apron on, waddled to the door.

"Does Mr. Brigham room here?"

The woman nodded, giving the trim little visitor a curious look.

"Two flights up, in the rear," she said, and then discreetly disappeared.

Martha looked round for a reception room or parlor, or something of the sort. There wasn't any. She climbed the stairs.

For several moments the girl hesitated before the door. She could hear somebody moving about within, but she was afraid it might be the wrong room. Then she gave a little tug at her courage and knocked.

"Martha!" cried Perry Brigham when he saw her before him.

"Oh, Perry!" she gasped weakly; then she added: "I—I must come in."

"Yes, yes," was the response. "I—you'll have to excuse the looks of the place, Martha. I was just getting my—er—lunch."

The fact was self-evident. In that little box of a room, scarcely more than twice the size of the closet of her own airy room at her boarding house, were a bed, one rickety chair, a washstand of iron with the enamel mostly chipped off, a bureau and a small table. On the table a little wood-alcohol stove was sending a blue-yellow flame

(Concluded on Page 77)

In the Web of Prussian Intrigue

JAMES WATSON GERARD, late United States Ambassador to Germany, is writing the story of his experiences at the Prussian Court. With the approval of the State Department, he is telling, for the first time, just what happened to him in Germany. He is publishing many of the documents contained in the famous "black bag" guarded so carefully on the historic journey from Berlin to Washington.

It is a sensational story—stranger and more dramatic in its episodes than fiction. It describes the real Kaiser and the real Germany, tells what they said about us, what they planned to do to us.

It exposes the unscrupulous intrigue of the court cliques, intrigue that stretches like a spider's web over all phases of German political life. It is replete with startling incidents—humorous, dramatic, tragic—and moves with the quick action of a play.

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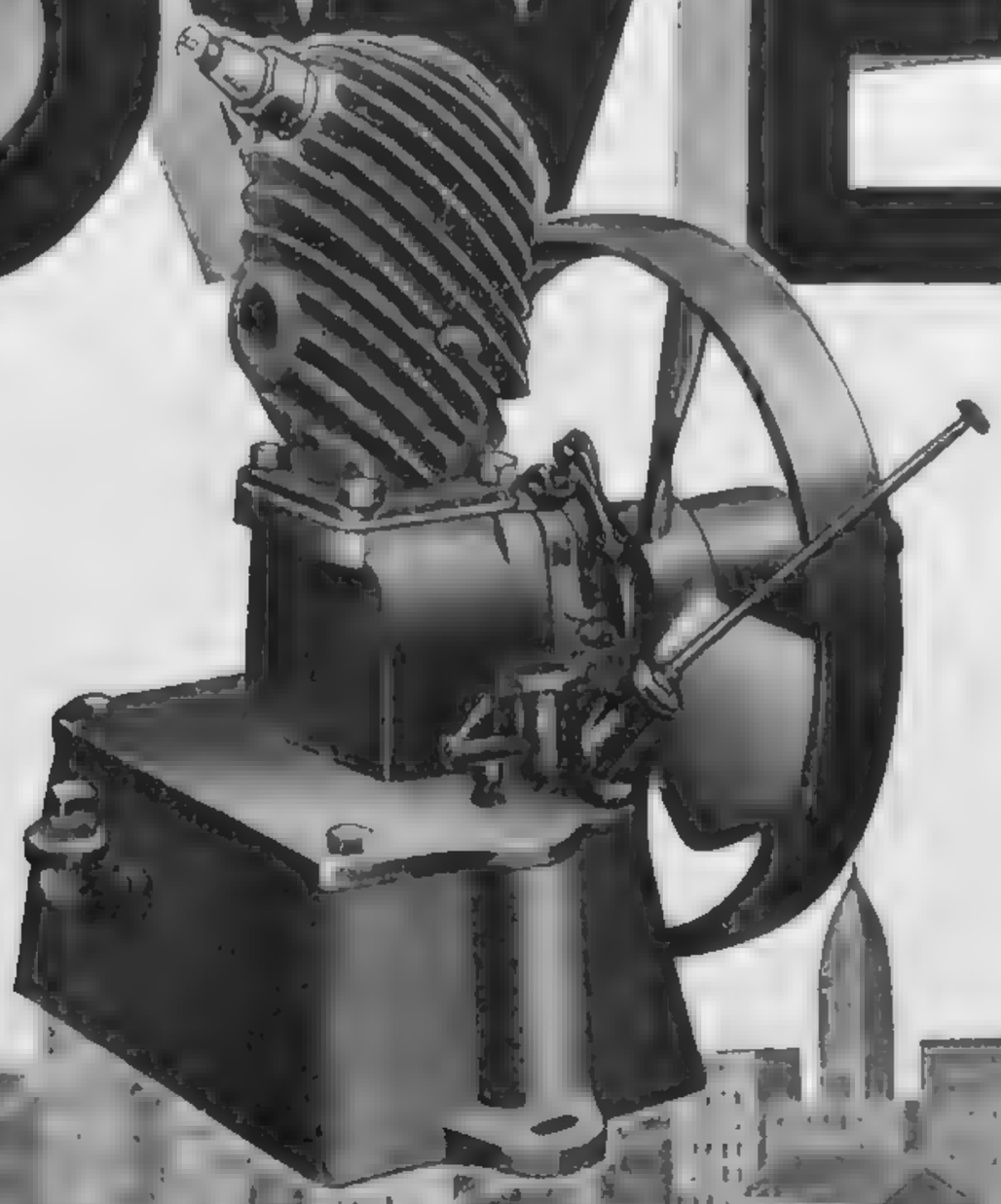

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Maytag Multi-Motor

solves the power problem for a hundred and one things. It is more than a mere engine—it is a service co-ordinating efficiency and economy. It is the essence of engineering achievement.

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World's Foremost Builders of Washing Machines

JOBBERS AND DEALERS:—Write for the Maytag Multi-Motor proposition. It pays.

(Concluded from Page 74)

against a tiny pan of water in which lay two eggs. A box of biscuits was open beside it, and there was a little dish with a pat of butter, and a pint jar of milk.

"Your lunch, Perry!" choked the girl. "You—you don't eat here?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, grinning and blushing furiously at the same time. "I'm my own cook and bottle washer. I've got some dandy peanut butter, Martha. Shall I make you a sandwich?"

"You're starving!" she burst out. "Oh, Perry, what have I done!"

"Starving! I guess not. I used to eat too much. I feel better physically. Martha, you don't realize what a heap of food you can buy in cans for fifty cents, if you do a little shopping. I know where you can get a can of clam chowder—that big!—for fifteen cents. Enough for two meals."

"Don't!" she wailed, sinking down on the edge of the bed. "This is terrible! This is what I have done!"

For a moment she sat there, stunned, panting, fearing to look at the man. Then she rose and put out her hands to him.

"Perry," she said, "do you—do you still want me—to marry you?"

"Do I?" he cried. "Martha! You don't mean it!"

"Do you?" she insisted with wet eyes.

"My dear girl! Yes! Yes!"

"Then I will. Any time. I—was wrong. I see it. I ——"

But suddenly he drew back from her, just as he was about to put his arms round her. He felt that something had gone wrong; that she had not come in tears to tell him this.

"What has happened?" he asked nervously. "Tell me, little girl. Something has happened."

"I have lost your money!" she whispered.

Perry looked at her, aghast. She was trembling. Her face was turned from him. He took her gently by the hands. They were cold. He said:

"Poor little girl! You —— Great heaven! Something is wrong! Martha! You—lost—my money? What do you mean?"

"Your money," she repeated. "I've been saving it for you—ten dollars a week—in my bank. The bank has failed. It's all gone. Mine too. Everything! I can't pay you. And you—you've been starving; living here in this horrible place. You can never forgive me."

"My money! Ten dollars a week!" he repeated, bewildered.

Then it flashed across him what she was driving at. He sat down beside her, caught her round the waist and pressed her to him, laughing, cackling, patting her, trying to make her share his feelings.

"Oh, my precious little girl!" he chuckled. "That's what you were doing with the ten dollars a week! I see it! You were going to show me how to save. Hold on! I see something else: You knew about that job of Carter's and you wanted me to be able to show the Old Man something! You're a dear little deceiver, Martha! Ha! Ha! Cheer up! What do we care for the money! I ——"

He jumped to his feet again, the laughter gone in an instant.

"Wait!" he said soberly. "I see—something else. I—I hadn't thought of it. You—don't really want to marry me. You—were going to pay me back—that way. You—were—just—settling a debt ——"

The thing, of a sudden, had struck him between the eyes. The fires of joy her first words had kindled in his heart went black. He drew the back of his right hand across his eyes and then clasped his hands before him and stared at the worn carpet.

"You owe me nothing, Martha," he went on in a shaking voice. "When I lent you that money I was glad in thinking I could do something for you. I can never repay you for your good will. You made me see the light after all. I didn't count that ten dollars at all. I quit my room and came over here—and I've been saving ten dollars a week besides." He fumbled in his coat pocket. "See! Here's my bank book. I've been paying a dollar a week for this room. I haven't done anything but sleep and eat here; so it's been just as good as a palace. Evenings I've spent at the Public Library, mostly—and that's been the best thing which ever happened to me. And you waked me up enough so that I made a deal with a clothing store to do some simple accounting for them in exchange for my clothes. I feel better all round."

She had turned toward him and was looking at him with astonishment in her turn.

"I tell you you owe me nothing!" he went on. "It's I who owe you everything. You put me on my feet. And you not only put me on my feet, but you put my brother George on his feet. He's got a job now; and he's doing well. Why? Because I turned him down hard the last time he wanted to borrow; and I told all his other friends to do the same. He woke up with a smash—and he sees the light too."

A little hand, not quite so cold as before, was laid on Perry's as he proceeded:

"Not only that, Martha; but I'm assistant purchasing agent at the office. Mr. Quimby gave me the job this morning. . . Yes, he did! He asked me just the questions you said he would; and I looked him squarely in the eye and told him I'd been a spendthrift and a waster, but that last summer I got a jolt that woke me up. I told him the whole thing. He said: 'Well, I suppose everyone has to learn how to save. I guess you've learned. The job is yours.' Beginning Monday I get thirty dollars a week. You did that for me, Martha. So you owe me—you owe me nothing. There is no—no debt to settle—to ——"

His voice broke. He clasped his fingers together hard and shook his head slightly.

"So you need not ——" he began.

The words were dammed back by a hand that was pressed against the young fellow's mouth. At the same time an arm went round his neck from behind him and he felt two warm lips on his cheek.

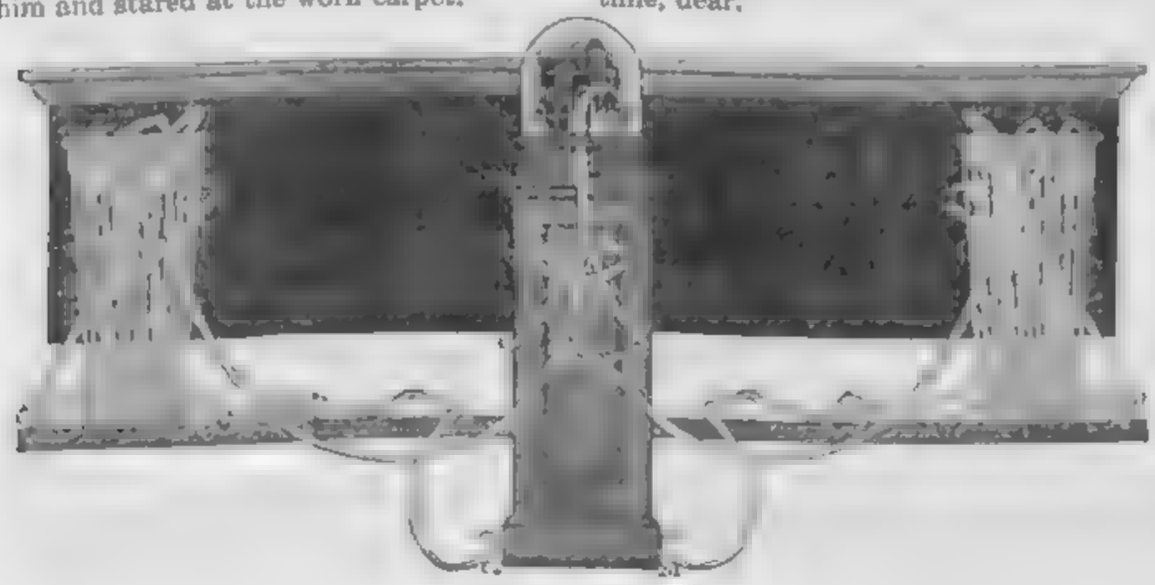
"Perry," said a voice softly, "there is a debt to settle. It's a debt I owe—my heart. I love you—dearly! Dearly! I want to be your wife. I have suffered enough. You have suffered enough. I "

There was a long silence—that is, almost silence. It would have been utterly silent in the room except for a little contented crooning, which came from way down deep, somewhere in Martha's breast.

He could have told her then—but he thought it trivial in the face of the greater things they were thinking and saying—that neither his money nor hers was lost in the Central Savings Bank; for the headlines in the afternoon newspapers, which looked up at them from the table, were proclaiming that, in spite of certain irregularities, depositors at the closed bank would be paid in full. He didn't tell her this at the moment, because he figured it was too worldly, too practical, too much of the earth—earthy.

You see, even then he didn't realize what a practical soul he had just acquired. But he was in a better way to realize it when Martha Barnett suddenly wriggled away from him and dashed to the table, saying:

"I declare, Perry, you've forgotten the eggs! They must be hard-boiled by this time, dear."



"How Do You Make It So *Smooth*?"

WE are asked that question frequently in regard to Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, by people who have noticed especially its even texture and its *freedom from grit*.

At the Beech-Nut Plant our answer consists in showing visitors the remarkable processes by which we clean the peanuts. Processes which with extreme care remove all skins; dislodge the bitter little hearts; sort out defective kernels; and absolutely eliminate all grit. Every process in the making of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

is characterized by this same extreme care. It begins with the selection of the nuts. Only highest grade No. 1 Spanish and Virginia peanuts, the choicest grown, are used, and the two kinds are *carefully blended* for the finest flavor.

It characterizes the careful roasting—under steady North light, to insure the *precise color* which determines correct roasting.

It characterizes the careful crushing in ingenious machines specially devised by our engineers, which with minute exactness add salt as they crush the nuts to golden-brown butter.

It characterizes the careful sterilizing of the glass jars, and the careful filling—*from the bottom first*, to make sure no air stays in; and the careful *vacuum sealing*, which keeps Beech-Nut Peanut Butter always fresh. It is never rancid.

These are just a *few* of the reasons why you find Beech-Nut different from any other peanut butter. And why your children like it as well as they like sweets. It is nourishing besides. A Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwich contains the same *Strength*, *Heat* and *Energy* as a glass of rich milk.

It Has Many New Delicious Uses

The tempting flavor of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is enjoyed in many ways besides spread on bread, crackers and toast. Cooks are now making peanut butter cake-fillings, muffins, soups, stuffed dates, etc. Have *you* any new peanut butter "creations"? Write us about them. If original and thoroughly practical, we will gladly pay you for them.

You can't begin learning the flavor and the smoothness of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter too soon. Order a jar today.

Ask Your Grocer About the Superior Quality of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

TRY IT YOURSELF

Weed Chain-Jack

The Jack That Saves Your Back

Simply a few pulls on its chain and the heaviest car is raised or lowered without danger and without exertion

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from springs, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in opposite direction. Up or down—there's no labor.

Powerful—Safe—Easily Operated

Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheels protected by a stamped-steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting. ***Has a strong cap,*** providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Every Weed Chain-Jack*** is submitted to a lifting test and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift. ***Try it yourself.***

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised with Auxiliary Step Up
8 inch	8 inches	12½ inches	14½ inches
10 inch	10 inches	15½ inches	17½ inches
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux. Step
12 in. Truck	12 inches	19½ inches	No Aux. Step

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated above. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the Jack.

TRIAL COUPON

American Chain Co. Inc.
Dept. G, Bridgeport, Conn.

Gentlemen

Enclosed find $1.00 / $10.00. Send me a Weed Chain-Jack (size ____ in.). It is understood I am to try it for 10 days, and if not satisfied I am to return it and you will refund the purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them, send $5.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $10.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $6.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $12.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money. Use the coupon.

American Chain Company, Inc.

Bridgeport (A.C.C.) **Connecticut**

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

The Complete Chain Line—all types, all sizes, all finishes—from plumbers' safety chain to ships' anchor chain.

$1.00 Tightens 4 Wheels

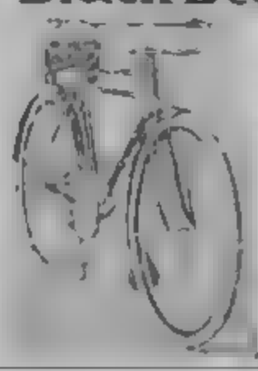
SPOKE-NITE

Stops the Creaking

A dollar's worth of Spoke-Nite will keep [illegible] from squeaking and rattling for a year. It is the very best thing for loosening tight hubs. Soaks into the wood of spokes and rim, swells it a little, tightens the whole wheel. Also good for stopping squeaks in springs, fifth wheels, etc. Enough in one can to do a set of buggy wheels or about 40 auto wheels. Sold by dealers everywhere.

LIQUID WHEEL TIGHTENER CO.
Dept. J Modesto, California
Sales Offices: Boston, New York

$1.00 a week pays for the Black-Beauty-Bicycle



JUST THINK OF IT! [illegible] $1.00 a week [illegible] we ship freight prepaid.

Direct From Factory—On Approval

You take no risk, for if you don't like the Black Beauty, [illegible] you're to find a cent.

5-Year Guarantee

All sizes, all [illegible] WRITE US TODAY.

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO
Est. 1896. Dept. R, Phila., Pa.

You're The Man!

We want your spare time. Will you sell it? All about you are subscribers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You can earn $20 a week renewing expiring subscriptions and taking new orders. Inquire of THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 360 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

TINTED AND TAINTED NEWS

(Continued from Page 18)

they would make the country a limited constitutional monarchy in fact as well as in name.

With all their virtues and their faults these papers are day by day influencing the Japanese people. Whether relations between Japan and America remain friendly is largely in their hands. With only a trivial incident as a basis they may rouse the Japanese people to a frenzy of rage against this country. The tinder is ready for the spark, for the Japanese populace is not friendly—a situation for which irresponsible Japanese and American papers are largely to blame.

If a large amount of American news were printed in Japan the public there would have a chance to get all sides and a sense of proportion. But little American news reaches Japan, generally only a few brief dispatches a day. Often news is sent so condensed that the background is lost entirely.

Some of the Japanese papers have correspondents in this country; they cable but little, as the press cable rate is almost prohibitive, being forty-five cents a word from Washington. Even at the high cable rate the Asahi's correspondent cabled his paper almost the full text of President Wilson's address to Congress setting forth that a state of war exists with Germany. This was a remarkable piece of journalistic enterprise. But it is an isolated incident, a newspaper splurge.

Most of the brief news bulletins that reach Japan from Europe and America come through a British news service, Reuter's Agency. For years Reuter's had close to a monopoly of the news entering and going out of Japan. Reuter's daily cabled to Japan from its Shanghai office a three or four hundred word summary of the principal events of the world. In the opposite direction Reuter's sent out of Japan brief messages relating to Japanese affairs; these messages were distributed by Reuter's directly or indirectly through other news agencies to the rest of the world.

Three years ago a group of Japanese bankers and other business men organized a company the purpose of which was to gather and sell news to the Japanese papers. They were animated by a variety of reasons, one of which was to free themselves from dependency upon a British company for their foreign news.

News From Japan

Reuter's thereupon withdrew from Japan. For a consideration that agency turned its Japanese business over to the new concern, the Kokusai, which was to have access to the Reuter's dispatches at Shanghai. At once the British press in England and in the Orient, dependent upon Reuter's for its Japanese news, screamed about the "Japaning of Reuter's." All hands soon were busy accusing or explaining. Among other things it came out that the Japanese ambassador at London had a hand in the play. Reuter's made it clear that if the Japanese were determined to have an agency of their own and were willing to foot the bill Reuter's as a business concern could not compete.

The attitude of the English papers is easy to understand: they did not want to be dependent upon a semiofficial Japanese news agency for news originating in Japan. Under such circumstances the British public would stand a slim chance of getting an accurate version of critical happenings in Tokio. The precise relations of the Kokusai to the Japanese Government, a matter in dispute, were not overimportant, for, as Baron Herbert von Reuter said in a letter: "Every agency reflects more or less the atmosphere and opinion of the country in which it works, and the communication of these currents is precisely the *raison d'être* of its existence." Exactly. The Japanese did not want British-flavored news any more than did the British want a Japanese-scented version. Nor should the United States be satisfied with either.

But the idea behind the Kokusai went further than this. There was to be a Japanese-owned news agency which would be represented by Japanese abroad and which would pass on to the Japanese their observations. At the same time the agency would establish a monopoly of the news going into Japan and passing out of Japan. This charming little plan, had it worked, would have limited the Japanese public to news as seen through Japanese eyes and would have given the rest of the world such a view of Japan as the Kokusai cared to send out.

No plan could do more to further a rigid, partisan, distorted nationalism. That the plan only partially worked is not the fault of its progenitors. Nor can its originators be credited with having invented a new scheme; other people in other countries have had the same idea.

Several of the Japanese papers had reached a point of commercial success that permitted their sending out their own representatives to the principal capitals and making independent, or, rather, supplemental connections. A syndicate supplying news to about two hundred small Japanese newspapers bought a service—sixty to eighty words a day—cabled from America by the United Press. This is the only American-controlled service reaching the Orient. All other American cable news sent to the Orient passes through the hands of foreign companies that have no interest in America and that usually show no great understanding of American news values. In addition to the smaller papers several of the great dailies of Tokio and Ozaka subscribe for this service, and the line "By United Press" is familiar to the Japanese reader. Sixty to eighty words a day can give no adequate picture of American events, but the Japanese papers seem unwilling to pay the United Press for a larger service.

So far as news coming out of Japan is concerned, both the Associated Press and the United Press ignore the Kokusai, getting their Japanese news from their own correspondents in Tokio. The Associated Press apparently does not avail itself of its connection with Reuter's to make use of the service furnished Reuter's from Japan by the Kokusai.

The Situation in China

Reuter's has no correspondent in Japan. The hundreds of papers throughout the world dependent on Reuter's for their telegraph-cable news are really trusting to the Kokusai for their news regarding Japan.

In addition to the United Press service to Japan from America the Kokusai receives brief messages from the New York office of Reuter's, and such other messages regarding this country as Reuter's may send to Shanghai through Europe.

Japanese worry over the brief amount of news regarding their country that is printed here; Americans who know Japan plead that more American news may reach the Japanese people. Only scratchy bits of news, sometimes sensational, generally so condensed that all perspective is lost, reach the reader. There is no full exchange of news that would help the two peoples to become acquainted; no *rapprochement* of understanding or sympathy is possible. The United States and Japan may drift or be forced into a war, with the real reason that the peoples of the two countries have never had a chance to understand each other; their ignorance leaving the way open for rabid officials and yellow journals to stir up animosities.

The news situation in China presents an entirely different picture. The circulation of the Chinese papers is limited, as not more than eight per cent of the population read; those eight per cent constitute the influential section of the community. Very few of the newspapers are paying business enterprises; nearly all are party or personal organs.

China has not had time to develop great papers. Freedom of the press has been known only for a few years. Before that if the powers-that-were did not like an article the editor's head was deftly removed from his shoulders—a method of treatment that seems to have discouraged journalistic independence.

However, one newspaper editor beat the game. Mulling over in his mind how he could be offensive and still retain his anatomy intact, he hit on a bright combination of thoughts. Chinese officials fear the British. The British Government does not stand for Chinese officials' interfering with British business. He would financially interest the British in the fate of his neck. He would let the Chinese officials know of that interest. He insured his life in a

(Continued on Page 81)

The 5 Commonest Ford Troubles and how to correct them

WHAT troubles will a Ford owner have with his car? How can these troubles be prevented or corrected?

These questions are now answered for you by leading automobile experts who have made a special study of Ford cars over a period of years.

These experts have analyzed the five commonest Ford troubles—bucking or jerky engine—carbon and dirty spark plugs—engine knocks—overheating—loose bearings—and have determined the fundamental causes of them.

A separate explanation of each of these five troubles is given in this article.

1. Bucking or jerky engine

The commonest trouble Ford owners have, and one of the hardest to eliminate, is a bucking or jerky engine. Yet it is not the fault of the car. It is the result of bad operating conditions.

It may arise from any one of six causes—

1. Carbon deposits and dirty spark plugs.
2. Worn or leaky piston rings.
3. Pitted or sticking valves.
4. Engine worn by sediment in the lubricating oil.
5. Uneven spark plug gaps.
6. Too lean or too rich an explosive mixture.

The first four of these causes are usually the direct result of faulty lubrication. How to correct this difficulty is explained further on in this article.

HOW TO ADJUST SPARK PLUG GAPS. The fifth cause of bucking—uneven spark plug gaps—is easily corrected by fitting a smooth 10c piece between the points: 1915 and earlier models a trifle closer. See that all four plugs have the *same* gap.

HOW TO SET YOUR CARBURETOR RIGHT. The sixth cause of a bucking engine—the wrong mixture—can also be quickly corrected by following this simple rule for carburetor adjustment:

Warm up your engine. With the car standing and the engine running, enrich the mixture and then cut down the amount of gasoline fed by the carburetor until the engine begins to slow down. Then increase the supply of gasoline slowly, till the speed is restored—but not a notch beyond this point. This adjustment gives the ideal mixture—neither too "lean" nor too "rich."

2. Carbon and dirty spark plugs

Carbon deposits and dirty spark plugs are frequently due to inefficient lubrication. Also to wrong carburetor mixture and to worn pistons and rings.

The carburetor adjustment is explained above.

Mechanical faults can be remedied by installing gas-tight piston rings.

Too much oil, or the wrong oil causes carbon deposits and dirty spark plugs.

Oil that is too thin, works up into the explosion chambers in large quantities. Oil that is too heavy, carbonizes rapidly in the cylinder. Oil that breaks down under heat, forms voluminous black sediment.

Any one of these three conditions increases carbon deposits and soots up the spark plugs.

3. Engine knocks

Engine knocks are due to one or more of the following seven causes:

1. Pre-ignition due to carbon.
2. Worn connecting rods.
3. Worn bearings.
4. Loose fitting piston rings.
5. Piston striking a cylinder-head gasket.
6. Too advanced spark.
7. Wrong carburetor adjustment.

Notice that the first four causes of knocks usually result from inefficient lubrication. (The remedy for the last three causes is obvious.)

You can tinker with your Ford engine all you want, but unless you get a lubricant that *can resist heat* and that has the *correct body* for the Ford engine, you can never expect to be free from annoying engine knocks.

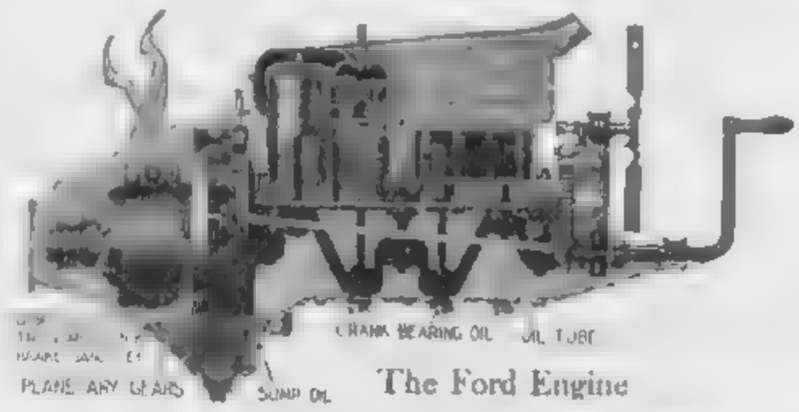
4. Overheating

Many Ford owners who are troubled with overheating correct the obvious causes only.

You may have your engine in almost A1 condition—spark control, cooling, ignition and carburetor—all these things right—and still have overheating.

The commonest cause of overheating, and the one that is most often overlooked, is faulty lubrication the use of poor oil, not suited to the Ford engine, or the use of too much oil.

To avoid overheating, first make sure that your engine is efficiently lubricated. Then look for trouble elsewhere.



The Ford Engine

Notice the unique arrangement of the Ford power plant. The planetary transmission gears and bands, the disc clutch, service brake, and the engine parts are all enclosed in the same case. The oil in the sump must lubricate three separate units—the engine, the transmission and the clutch. It must meet three different requirements. Veedol Medium *is specially made to do this.*

5. Loose bearings

The bearings of the Ford engine are lubricated by oil splashed from the troughs in the bottom of the crank case.

When the connecting rod is driven down it splashes the oil upward. Thus the oil reaches the wrist-pin bearings, the crankshaft bearings and the three main bearings.

The Ford engine runs at unusually high speed and high temperature. You can readily see that unless the lubricating oil maintains a *durable, frictionless film* between these metal surfaces, rapid wear will surely result.

Loose bearings, one of the principal causes of knocks and loss of power, are the direct and inevitable result of using the wrong oil.

The special problem of Ford lubrication

The experts, who are authorities on Ford car performance, have found that 90% of all Ford troubles are due to inefficient lubrication.

That is largely because the lubrication of the Ford presents special, complicated problems. It is the hardest of all cars to lubricate efficiently.

Unlike any other automobile, the Ford engine parts are enclosed with the transmission gears and disc clutch.

One oil must lubricate three entirely different mechanisms. *One oil must meet the requirements of the engine parts, the transmission gears and the disc clutch.*

Do not use "light" oil

For the engine proper the oil should be *heavy* enough to resist intense heat, and thus prevent heavy carbon deposits and avoid boiling the water.

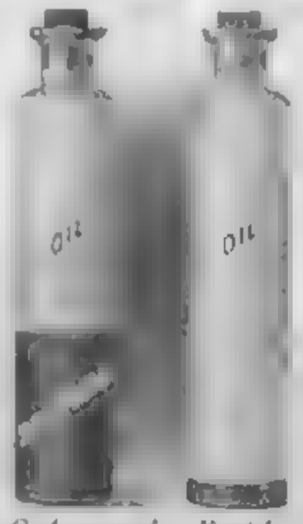
For the transmission gears, the oil should be *extra heavy* to cushion the gears and prevent noise and wear.

For the disc clutch, the oil should be *light enough* to prevent danger to the operator from "dragging," especially when starting the motor in cold weather.

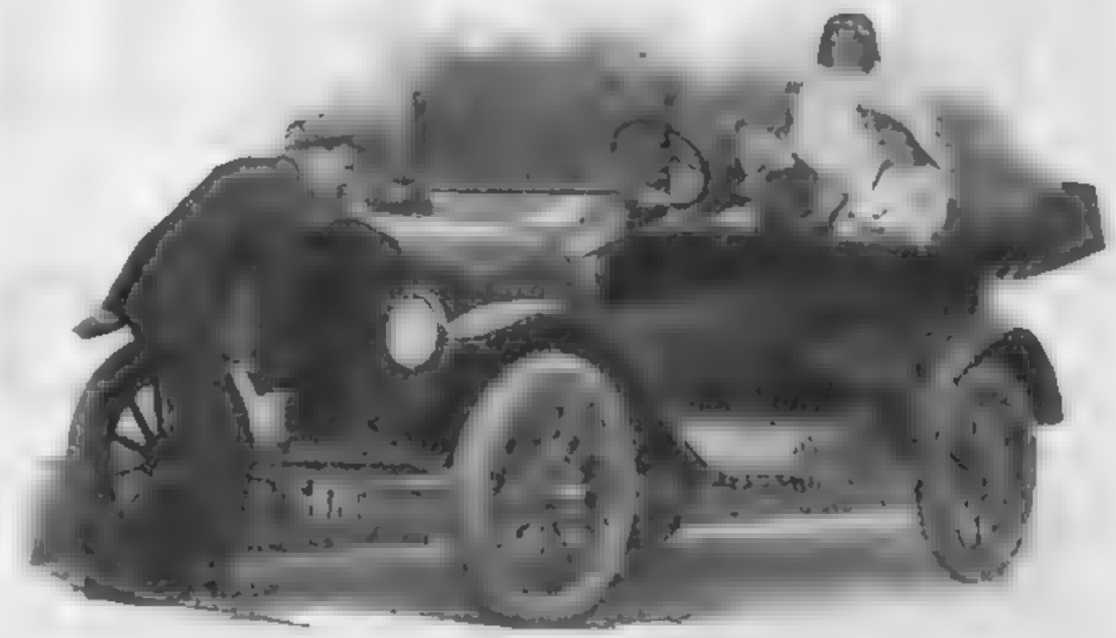
These three different conditions demand a compromise in the body of the one oil used. Light oil cannot efficiently lubricate the Ford engine, transmission and gears.

The ideal lubricant for your Ford

To meet the special problems of the Ford, the engineers of the Platt & Washburn Company have perfected *Veedol Medium.*



Ordinary oil after use — *Veedol after use*



Off for the day

After scientific investigation and thousands of road tests, they have proved that Veedol Medium is the one lubricant that will most satisfactorily lubricate all three units of the Ford power plant—the engine, transmission and clutch.

It is heavy enough for the engine and the gears, yet light enough so the clutch will not drag.

All the above facts are recognized by the larger users of Ford cars. The New York Telephone Company, for example, known as one of the most efficient organizations in the country, uses Veedol Medium exclusively on its fleet of more than 400 Ford cars and states it is the most satisfactory lubricant they have ever found for Ford cars.

Reduces sediment by 86%

Veedol is different from all other oils because it resists heat.

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine and forms voluminous black sediment. This sediment increases friction and clogs the engine parts.

The two bottles show how Veedol prevents the rapid formation of sediment. Notice that ordinary oil in the left-hand bottle contains fully seven times as much sediment as Veedol.

Make this road test

Drain off all the used oil. Fill with kerosene. Run your motor about thirty seconds under its own power. Then run the front wheels of your Ford up on the curb or jack them up in order to empty the oil troughs. Draw out all kerosene. Refill with Veedol up to the proper level cock, but no higher. Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability. It will vibrate less. It will be more silent than before. It will give greater gasoline mileage. When you crank up you will feel the increased compression.

Try Veedol today

Veedol is distributed through the accessory jobbers and dealers. Over 12,000 dealers are selling it. If you cannot get Veedol, write for name of dealer who can supply you.

Buy a can of Veedol today—begin now to get full efficiency from your automobile.

Send 10c for new 80-page book

Send 10c for our new 80-page book on the construction and lubrication of automobiles, motor boats, tractors and stationary engines. It is profusely illustrated. No other book at any price contains so much information on this subject.

Platt & Washburn Refining Co.
1810 Bowling Green Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices:
Boston Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Use grease of tested quality

The Sediment Test shows you how far Veedol excels ordinary oil. Veedol grease is equally superior to ordinary grease. There is a special grade of Veedol grease for every purpose

Try Keal, the New Soap

For washing you can try Keal—the new pure potash soap. Cleanses and Preserves lustre. Special new Sani-Bag, that saves soap, supplied at cost. Uses only half as much soap. Ask your dealer.

Wear Shoes with Rinex Soles

WEAR them for the slipper-like comfort they bring to your feet. Wear them for their neat appearance. Wear them because they save you actual money. Wear them because they are waterproof.

Rinex is not rubber, not leather, but a synthetic product of the world's largest rubber manufacturer. Rinex is better by far than either rubber or leather for shoe-soles. You can prove this yourself.

Rinex Soles are comfortable. They "give" with every step you take. No breaking-in.

Rinex Soles are good-looking. They look like leather, but hold their good appearance much longer.

Rinex Soles are economical. They outlast leather soles. They wear down smoothly, evenly, imperceptibly.

Rinex is, we believe, the greatest advance in footwear since civilized man discarded the wooden shoe. It came in response to the demand for something better than leather for the one specific purpose of shoe-soles.

WEAR shoes with Rinex soles—you, and all your family. Everybody who wears shoes—*everybody*—can enjoy the blessings of Rinex. Next pair of shoes you buy, tell the salesman you want —*must have*—Rinex Soles on them.

Thousands of the best shoe-stores all over the United States can supply you with your favorite brand of shoes, with Rinex Soles already attached.

Take those shoes you are now wearing to the nearest repair-shop and have Rinex Soles put on them. Thousands of the best shoe repairmen throughout the country are equipped to fit you out with Rinex Soles. They cost no more than leather and last longer.

It is all-important to see that the name "Rinex Sole" is stamped in the shank. Like every other successful product, Rinex has its imitators. So, be sure to look for this name. It is your assurance of the genuine Rinex Sole.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department,
1790 Broadway, New York

60 High Street, Boston

(Continued from Page 78)

British company for a thousand dollars. The severance of his neck would cost a British company a tidy sum of money. The editor died a natural death.

In the newspaper field, as in other lines, the foreign devil has been busy trying to teach the Chinese new tricks. An American incorporated a newspaper company under the Hong-Kong regulations. He then started a paper, with a group of Chinese in charge; the crew, coached by the American, began blackmailing wealthy Chinese. Business flourished; dividends were declared. The provincial governor complained to the British consul; both the American and the company had extra-territorial rights.

The American told the Britisher to chase himself, as a Simon-pure American cared not what a British consul thought. The consul reported as much to the governor, who then carried his troubles to the American consul. Before that dignitary the American sweetly asked what jurisdiction an American consul had over a British corporation. As an individual he was an American; as a corporation he was British. Rather neat.

One night the Chinese police broke into the newspaper office, and as they were feeling healthy they continued their breaking, demolishing the press, the type and the furnishings. It was a nifty job, well and expertly done, with no lost motion. Before breakfast the American burst into the American consulate, but he was gently shooed off. What interest has an American consul in a British company? At the British consulate: "What interest have we in Americans and their beastly property?" Also rather neat!

The Reuter Service

The Chinese papers cannot be brushed into the wastebasket as useless scraps of paper. They are a force. We are vitally concerned with what goes into them about America. China is looking about; slowly she is going to find and take her place in the world; and the mass of her people will obtain their news and their views of current developments in their own country and in other countries through the newspapers. There are few trained journalists; there are no steadying traditions. The newspapers are often narrow and provincial, frequently venal, and generally reckless. Foreigners subsidize them—sometimes directly, more often indirectly by furnishing them a news service at less than cost.

The principal paper printed in Chinese in Peking is Japanese owned, edited and supported. It is accredited with having the wily trick of using the Chinese character meaning "we" in such a way that the reader cannot tell whether the editors, the Chinese or the Japanese are meant.

As is true of Japan, for years Reuter's was the only extensive news service reaching China. Reuter's was the pioneer and still is probably the most important news agency. As early as 1849 Paul Julius von Reuter organized news-collecting agencies and connected them by carrier pigeons. Two years later he left Germany and took up his residence in England. In order to get started he first furnished news telegrams free to the London papers, merely stipulating that the dispatches when printed should indicate that he furnished them. As soon as his service was well advertised he began charging for it.

Any piece of American news that reaches the Orient through Reuter's regular service can qualify for membership in the globe-trotters' union. Reuter's agent in New York selects what news he thinks his London office wants and gives it to the cable company for transmission across the Atlantic. Having escaped U-boats and censors, the message reaches a desk in Reuter's London office. If the office is impressed by the relative worth of this item, after being condensed it starts off under the Atlantic for Cape Town, South Africa. Possibly Reuter's man there does not think much of it, so he condenses it again.

After traveling through a cable up the east coast of Africa, Mister Item reaches Aden. After a brief rest at this fortified British seaport it hurries away across the Indian Ocean to Bombay—Bombay with its fine water front. In the Indian city the item is again given the once over; if it survives, or if any version of it does, it crosses India and takes a cable trip to Singapore. Possibly the agent there has had a bad night, and he kills the poor little item outright or cruelly mutilates it.

After a visit to Hong-Kong—where anything may happen to it—the item continues its way up the China coast, finally reaching a stone building facing Nanking Road, Reuter's Shanghai office. Before the war only a few hundred words of news from all European and American sources arrived daily in Shanghai. Since the war began Reuter's has provided the Orient with a greatly enlarged service, on much of which it does not, it is said, pay the cable tolls.

For many years Americans have criticized Reuter's service in the Orient for not containing more news relating to their country. Such criticism overlooks the fact that Reuter's is a British organization, primarily supplying British papers. The papers in South Africa, India, Australia and China are not interested enough in American news to pay Reuter's for sending it. That organization cannot afford to carry a line of American news if its customers won't buy it.

The Americans are not the only ones who felt aggrieved. The Germans felt so pained that they took something for their misery. They would not stand by and let a British concern, even one with a German ancestry, monopolize the ear of the Orient. So, in 1900, a group of German concerns put their heads—and pocketbooks—together and organized the Ost-Asiatische Lloyd, a company which was to furnish a "made in Germany" news service to the papers of the Far East. They tried to hope that this company would pay its own way; but knowing that it would not they obligated themselves to contribute toward its expenses.

From the outbreak of the war until recently the Ost-Asiatische Lloyd has been getting news from Germany through the United States. When the German-embassy party left this country it included the man who had been sending messages from this country to the Ost-Asiatische Lloyd—a part of the German propaganda.

The possibility of spreading *Kultur* through the control of news-distributing agencies has long been seen by German business and government. Just prior to the war, plans were being worked out for the establishment of a German news service abroad, to be furnished free or at a nominal cost, in the language of the country in which it was to be printed. The representatives of the service were to watch the foreign press and to seek to have "corrected" anything printed not advantageous to Germany. The Imperial treasury was to pay part of the expense, and German cable rates were to be lowered in favor of the new service.

Tainted "News" From Germany

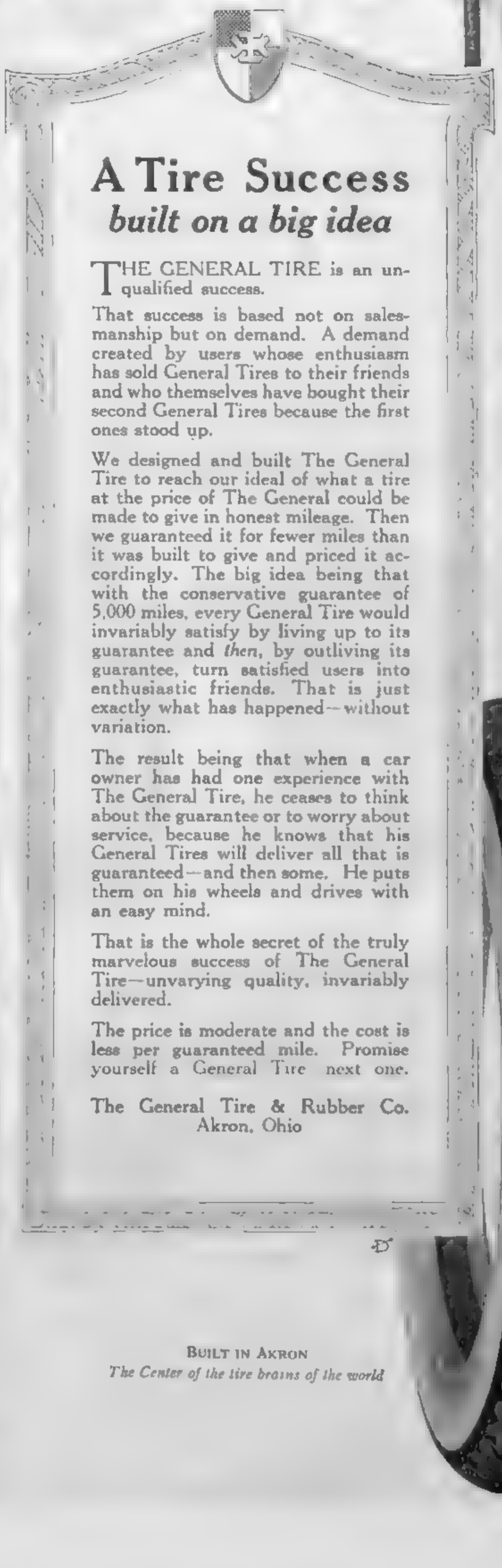
To force papers throughout the world to use this service, leading German companies doing business abroad agreed to limit their advertising to papers which published German information originating exclusively with the new service, which was to be considered the only authorized, authentic source of information concerning Germany and all things German. The self-respecting editor would receive no German advertising; his docile competitor would receive an extensive news service for a nominal sum, and a handsome revenue from German advertising. In other words, Germany planned to corrupt the public opinion of the world in her favor and against us, where our interest might in any way oppose German ambition.

But still other people were and still are trying to make the very idea of a free press a travesty. For years the Japanese have been industrious in providing tone and color for news relating to their empire. For use in China a friendly little news service is prepared; so the Eastern News Agency is found distributing "impartial" news of the world to the Chinese. In that country there is much mystery as to the parentage of the organization; but in Tokio an offhand intimation to an official of a desire to meet the man conducting the Eastern News Agency brought out the man's name and the fact that his office is in the foreign department.

To have a foreign news service for his paper a Chinese editor must obtain it from a British company or from German or Japanese sources. The British company is a world-wide-known agency. The other agencies having cut prices way below cost it is a question whether Reuter's can continue in China as a business enterprise. Reuter's may have to leave China, as it left Japan.

In the long run the editor is very likely to purchase news where he can buy it the cheapest; especially is this so when the

THE GENERAL TIRE



A Tire Success
built on a big idea

THE GENERAL TIRE is an unqualified success.

That success is based not on salesmanship but on demand. A demand created by users whose enthusiasm has sold General Tires to their friends and who themselves have bought their second General Tires because the first ones stood up.

We designed and built The General Tire to reach our ideal of what a tire at the price of The General could be made to give in honest mileage. Then we guaranteed it for fewer miles than it was built to give and priced it accordingly. The big idea being that with the conservative guarantee of 5,000 miles, every General Tire would invariably satisfy by living up to its guarantee and *then*, by outliving its guarantee, turn satisfied users into enthusiastic friends. That is just exactly what has happened—without variation.

The result being that when a car owner has had one experience with The General Tire, he ceases to think about the guarantee or to worry about service, because he knows that his General Tires will deliver all that is guaranteed—and then some. He puts them on his wheels and drives with an easy mind.

That is the whole secret of the truly marvelous success of The General Tire—unvarying quality, invariably delivered.

The price is moderate and the cost is less per guaranteed mile. Promise yourself a General Tire next one.

The General Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

BUILT IN AKRON
The Center of the tire brains of the world

BOTH ARE

DEAF

WHICH IS YOU?

The one who strains to hear and daily weakens his hearing, or the one who allows modern science to make his hearing easy with the "ACOUSTICON"?

Over 300,000 deaf people are using the "Acousticon" every minute of the day. Every one of them is finding his business and social life a hundred times easier and more pleasant because of this small but wonderfully powerful instrument which makes them hear. Many are writing to us that their hearing is *actually improving* through using the "Acousticon."

Doubtless you have heard about the "Acousticon"—***but have you tried it?*** We don't expect you to believe our claim until you have tried it; so we are making you a 10 days' ***free,*** home trial offer of the 1917 "Acousticon." ***Just fill in and mail this coupon. It is the only way that you can prove to yourself, without one penny of expense, that the "Acousticon" positively will make you hear. If it does not entirely satisfy you, just return it at our expense. But mail the coupon now!***

FREE TRIAL OFFER

General Acoustic Company,
1301 Candler Bldg., New York
Send me the "Acousticon" on 10 days' ***free,*** home trial.
Name
St. Address
City State

As we are sending the "Acousticon" without any cash deposit, please give name of one reference.
Name
St. Address
City State

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search free. Send sketch or model. Charges moderate. Book free. GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 211 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SHALER Tire Repair Kit

Saves Tires, Tubes, Trouble and Repair Bills

It's always ready for instant use. Has automatic heat control, cannot injure tube or casing. Can be carried in your tool box and used anywhere on the road. Every motorist should carry one. Complete Shaler Tire Repair Kit only costs $3.50. Saves many times its cost in one season.

Motorists! Send for FREE Book

Care and Repair of Tires, which tells how to mend punctures, how to use and make your own repairs, how to prevent your tire troubles, how to care for your tires, the proper inflation, how to prevent sand pockets and many other valuable facts about tires, their care and repair.

C. A. Shaler Co. 1404 Fourth Street Waupun, Wis.

low-price subsidized news service is not only less expensive but may be larger and more interesting, and objectionable only because it gives a twist to the news favorable to some one country.

Why should the editor pay full price when someone will sell him a news service for less than cost? As for the reader, like the American reader he does not know and is but rarely interested in the history of a dispatch; if his paper has little or no news from America he does not notice it; and if he should he will merely think that nothing much can be doing in America or his paper would have more about that country—America must be an uninteresting place!

It is no one's business to make America interesting to the Chinese. It is no one's business to make sure that the American story is told. Certainly it is not the business of the British or the Germans or the Japanese. The policies of their respective countries may coincide with those of America; on the other hand, they may actually conflict. Even when friendly, the British, the Germans and the Japanese are interested first in their own affairs, and only incidentally in American.

Consider what happened to President Wilson's second Lusitania note—the note with the bite and the virtual commitment to decisive action. Reuter's and the Ost-Asiatische Lloyd each cabled about two-hundred-and-fifty-word summaries to China. One was a British and the other a German version.

With this method of treatment one could prove almost anything, and on the alleged authority of the President. The two cabled versions put together did not constitute the note. Both were printed in a Shanghai paper, accompanied by sarcastic comment on the wide divergence.

The note textually did not reach the Orient for weeks—and then it was no longer news! The note contained a justification to the world of America's stand, but to large sections of the world the message was never delivered. The American Government might well have cabled it at its own expense. In certain places the Government ought to have seen to it that the note was printed, even if its publication was paid for at advertising rates.

For their own purposes various nations are seeking to control the news—and the thought—of the world. In certain countries, like China, as we have seen, the newspapers have not developed to the point where they can afford to pay for honest, disinterested, independent news services.

It is an attenuated idealism that trusts to the sense of decency on the part of others that they will not meddle with the press in their own and other countries, and that they will not taint the news being sent about the world. If at the end of the present war nothing is done to restrict censorships and to prevent the subsidization of newspapers and news-distributing agencies systematic corruption of much of the world's press will take place; hatreds and misunderstandings will be created and fostered that will lead inevitably to other wars.

A treaty of peace is going to be largely futile unless it brings about an international freedom of the press. Restraints will have to be imposed and affirmative action taken so that newspapers and privately owned news agencies can send and receive news freely to and from all parts of the world. Possibly it will be necessary for the nations of the world to take over jointly all the telegraph, cable and wireless systems with a view to establishing nominal, uniform press rates so that news may freely flow about the world.

In any event the problems involved in maintaining a free press and making possible an uncorrupted circulation of news—that peoples may come to understand one another honestly—are stupendous. They require for their consideration special training and a high degree of technical knowledge. Certainly the undemocratic, bureaucratic-minded, subtle international lawyer is no person to do this kind of job. If this work is done at all the international publicity expert will take a commanding place in the eyes of the world.

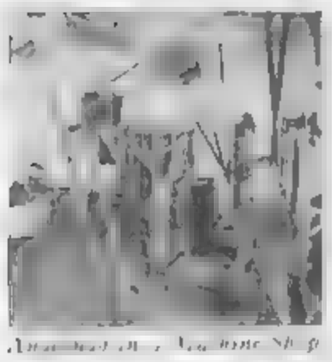
Meantime the American story is being told throughout the world either not at all, or partially, or badly, or with distortions. And it is all bosh to talk about appealing to the intelligence and sentiments of the world while the appeal has not even a remote chance of coming to the attention of most of the world.

IDA M. EVANS—HERSELF

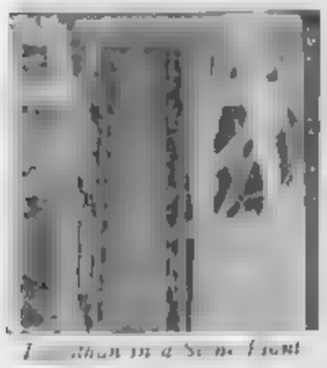
(Concluded from Page 23)

Unless you take it seriously.
But I want to say that there is far more work about writing stories
Than is commonly supposed!
Lots of times I wish I had lived in the Lead Pencil Age
Instead of that of the typewriter.
Then all a writer had to do was to sharpen
A lead pencil and sit down and write
And write and write and write and write and write and write,
Mostly about scenery.
Nowadays you have to go out and catch a hundred-dollar typewriter;
And after catching it,
You have to oil it,
And buy it expensive all-silk ribbons,
And act as valet to forty-two keys, besides the ball bearings
And the back spacer.
And when you have done all that and laid your dictionary and book of synonyms and encyclopedia handy, also a grammar,
And have read about the war in the morning paper,
And learned the last ultimatum of potatoes,
And spoiled a lot of paper just thinking about what you think you will
Maybe write—and since paper got so high on account of the war, it hardly pays authors to author any more!—
Why, then, you hardly ever feel like writing a story.
You would rather go over on State Street
And see President Wilson in Pathé's Weekly,
Or Mary Pickford,
Or sit in a rocking-chair and rock and eat peanut brittle
While you read Conrad,
Or Rupert Hughes or Ring Lardner,
Or Irvin Cobb or E. Phillips Oppenheim or Susan Lenox,
Or Christina Rossetti or Peter Kyne or Fannie Hurst or Rasselas,
Or Rupert Brooke or Ruggles of Red Gap or Sam Blythe,
Or Booth Tarkington or Orison Swett Marden,
Or Mary Roberts Rinehart.
My fondest hope is
That in my next incarnation
I am
A South Sea Islander
And don't have to do anything but lie on the South Sea sand,
In the nice sun,
Without bothering with clothes,
And watch the waves wave round
And the palms stand round
And the clams clamber round
And the shells shell round,
And not need to eat anything but the cocoanuts dropping
From a tree handy to my hand,
And write free verse
IN THE SAND,
And never have to take cognizance of such things as war,
Or Bright's disease,
Or suffrage or the yellow peril or preparedness or the Dove of Peace or Wets or Drys or cold-storage eggs or six-cent loaves of bread or the Freudian theories or Billy Mason or Billy Sunday or Mary Garden or a subconscious self or neuritis or spark plugs or telephones or jazz bands or trading stamps or a Lincoln highway or X-rays or tooth powder or wireless telegraphy or piano players or combination salad or the lure of sex or women's clubs or the Great White Way or the San José scale or percolators or a lot of other things that I could name if THE SATURDAY EVENING POST could spare the space to print them!

Are you Paying for Belting Traditions or for What your Belts will *Do?*



Anaconda in a Canning Factory



Anaconda carrying Shale

Anaconda in a Cotton Mill

WHY do we say of the successful man that he is "typically American"? Because this country was founded on the principles by which successful men measure people and things.

"What can *you* do?" or "What can *it* do?"

Only about one manufacturer in every twenty doubles his size in ten years of normal business.

The far-sighted executive of a great corporation says: "Most manufacturing concerns fail to grow because of reactionary thinking. You find the office full of politics and the factory full of traditions."

* * *

Sticking to outworn belting traditions is costing America a hundred million dollars yearly in power lost in transmission.

* * *

So far as we know—Leviathan-Anaconda is the only belting for power transmission, conveying and elevating that is built and sold on the basis of *value delivered.*

This means that the thousands of factories now using it *(some for thirty-five years)* have insured the lowest belting cost per unit of work done.

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda belting is sold as a *service*, not as a commodity. It is never handled by the ordinary belting trade. It is supplied direct to the user on specifications by practical belting engineers representing the makers.

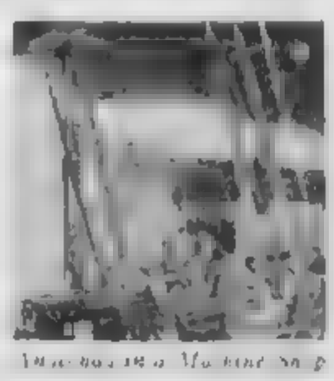
These Leviathan-Anaconda service men lay the belting out properly and check up its performance throughout its proper life, whether it be one year or thirty-five.

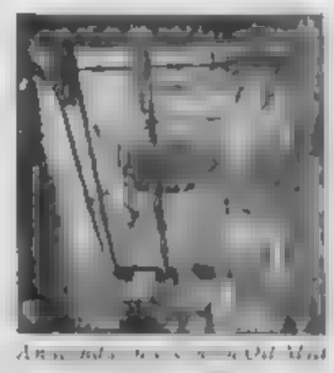
It is not sold by salesmen. It is only sold where it will deliver power or convey material at a saving over other methods.

* * *

Leviathan-Anaconda is unlike any other belting in the world. Over eight thousand factories are using it and are saving ten to thirty per cent on former belt costs.

To the five per cent of manufacturers in the United States and Canada who buy *performance* and insist upon getting it, we say: "Leviathan or Anaconda on the smallest installation in your shop will start our service for your benefit and prove what we say about the power-saving qualities of scientific and scientifically installed belting."





Leviathan—Motor Drive

Anaconda in a Cement Plant

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS

for Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, Philadelphia

NEW YORK CHICAGO PITTSBURGH ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO

Birmingham, England Paris, France Bale, Switzerland Kristiania, Norway Johannesburg, South Africa Petrograd, Russia Havana, Cuba

MAIN BELTING CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Toronto HONOLULU IRON WORKS CO., Honolulu

MILWAUKEE

And THE TRAIL THAT BECAME A HIGHWAY

A Hundred years ago, the way to Milwaukee's door led over a narrow, winding trail far from the beaten path where the tide of progress surged forward to the West—the West that was to become great. But not to all men are "far fields green", and so it came about that a group of sturdy pioneers followed the narrow trail to Milwaukee and here laid the foundation of Milwaukee's industrial triumph—a foundation of honest purpose, industry and determination.

Even the Indian, shrewd purchaser that he was, helped to widen the trail. He was followed by trapper and trader, merchant and manufacturer and, gradually, that intangible thing that makes or mars men, cities and nations—Reputation—became insolubly linked with the name Milwaukee.

Today the winding trail has become a great highway upon which great ships and trains bear the products of Milwaukee's 3600 factories, foundries and mills to the waiting world.

Honest purpose, industry and determination have won their reward and throughout the world "Made in Milwaukee" has come to be a synonym for dependable merchandise.

The products of the manufacturers named herein have vouched for themselves. You know them. Their worth is your assurance that Milwaukee products are ***safe*** products to buy.

Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.,	Power and Industrial Machinery, Farm Tractors, Tillers
David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.,	Makers of Collegian Clothes
The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.,	Largest Producers of Electrical Controlling Devices
Eagle Lye Works,	Largest Exclusive Lye Manufacturers in United States
Evinrude Motor Company,	Detachable Rowboat and Canoe Motors—80,000 sold
The Federal Rubber Co.,	Federal Tires and Mechanical Rubber Goods
Gemco Manufacturing Co.,	America's Largest Producers of Automobile Bumpers
Holeproof Hosiery Co.,	Famous Holeproof Hosiery—worn by millions
O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.,	Quality Gloves—known the world over
Hummel & Downing Co.,	Makers of Fibre and Corrugated Shipping Cases
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.,	Makers of Palmolive Soap and Toilet Articles
Robert A. Johnston Co.,	Johnston's Chocolates—the appreciated candies
Kearney & Trecker Co.,	Milwaukee Milling Machines—automatically lubricated
F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co.,	Makers of Dry-Sox Shoes for Wet Weather
Milwaukee Corrugating Co.,	Mfrs. of Nuair Ventilators, Milcor Cupolas and Ventilating Systems
Milwaukee Paper Box Co.,	Candy Boxes of Quality
National Enameling & Stamping Co.,	Largest Manufacturers of Tin and Enameled Ware
Nunn & Bush Shoe Co.,	Service Shoes—"Farm Wear" Shoes, Army Shoes
Phoenix Knitting Works,	Phoenix Silk Hosiery—largest selling brand
Pawling & Harnischfeger Co.,	America's Largest Makers of Electric Cranes
The Richardson-Phenix Co.,	Lubrication Engineers and Manufacturers
A. O. Smith Corporation,	World's Largest Automobile Frame Plant
Sterling Motor Truck Co.,	Sterling Motor Trucks—2½, 3½, 5 and 7 Ton
Sawyer Steel Casting Co.,	Quality has made their business national
Wisconsin Motor Mfg. Co.,	Auto, Boat and Aëro Motors—three world's records

Electricity is cheap in Milwaukee

Every American citizen should read the booklet entitled "Milwaukee"
You can have a copy for the asking. Address

ROTARY CLUB · · MILWAUKEE

ETERNAL YOUTH

(Continued from Page 7)

"Our plan," he further explained, "is to make our influence felt among commission merchants and wholesale grocers; to mobilize housewives; and stop all waste, if possible."

She hardly heard this. She was visioning stern men, men of iron will, gathered round war maps, directing the movement of uniformed troops from camp to transport. Her dream rattled with the wheels of heavy artillery.

"You promised to let me help," she whispered.

"Yes. And you'll promise me ——"

"If I can be always by your side, mated to your work — "

"I'll give you the life you want, my dear," he assured her, and cleared his throat.

II

SINCE, in the ensuing months, it was all arranged that fall should find Maggie Hyland wedded to J. Hanley Stuart, nothing would suit her but to throw herself into his work, "body and soul," as she expressed it to her less ambitious friends.

"I don't believe a woman should be a slacker any more than a man," she told Hanley on one of those rare occasions when he had time to talk to her; for the business of making war had turned him into a sort of thinking machine, with the responsibility of floating many millions of dollars' worth of patriotic bonds in his state, mobilizing factories over a quarter of a continent, and directing a board for food conservation, which kept him pendulating between New York and Washington, with occasional detours to speak and rouse enthusiasm.

"Slacker—no!" Hanley had assured her often in the absent-minded voice of a driven man.

"I'm anxious to do my part; and, of course, my place is at your side," she reminded him, somewhat crestfallen that she had to refresh his memory in the matter of their fateful conversation at Flag Rock.

At that he came forth from his trance far enough to say:

"Of course, Maggie, you've got to help. Pretty soon, when we organize ——"

Then he would go again into his mental chamber of mysteries and, a little later, bolt bodily away to keep an appointment with a politician or a gentleman in uniform.

At first, Maggie resolved to be heroic and do her part without unduly interrupting him. She looked about for something original; something which would mark her for devotion above the talents of the herd. For a time she found satisfaction in dedicating her name and her digestion to an enterprise initiated by a Mrs. Jellworthy Hoyle, leader of a fashionably patriotic ladies' organization to be known as the Spartan Sixty, martyrs from exclusive families who were pledged to limit their dinners to three courses, not including soup and coffee.

Maggie pressed her regimen upon her mother's Long Island home until the servants began to leave. Then she abandoned the Sixty, and joined a military regiment of young ladies, who wore khaki and hired a drill sergeant, who marched her, with others, up and down a dusty road until her hair came down under her campaign hat; and she decided that, should Germany invade our shores, there would be sufficient male population to do the rough work. Then she joined the Red Cross and volunteered to roll bandages; to this dull task she stuck two afternoons, and then resigned because the nosey little woman who worked next to her insisted upon becoming better acquainted.

In spasmodic bursts she sold things at fairs, begged books for soldiers, wrote letters to the magazines protesting against German saloons. Once she went forth upon a recruiting tour in lower Broadway and was successful in coaxing one young man into the navy; but was later disappointed to hear that he had been rejected because of mental deficiency.

Some satirist wrote an article, entitled Patriettes, disparaging feminine enthusiasts who go about in wartime doing much and accomplishing little. Maggie read this squib and her mind turned against being classed with decorative ineffectuals. It was all very well for the Clara Glacketts, the Gladys Vanstetters, and other chiffoned darlings of her lighter youth to sell flowers at fairs and call it their bit. But the prospective wife of J. Hanley Stuart must be made of sterner stuff. Also, she was not a little worried as to the future of her intellectual companionship with that unusual man.

One evening, when they were alone in the drawing-room of her father's house at Roslyn, and she had tired of playing the piano to ease his mind of the day's grim realities, she glanced up and found him gazing at her with that adoring humble look he was capable of giving. She noticed, too, how worn he was, and how the bald area cresting his head was peeping through its thinning ambush.

"You're overdoing, my dear," she began. "It isn't fair, when I could help you."

"Just wait until I get things organized."

"Oh, yes."

"Please don't be impatient. I'm really saving something very exciting for you to do."

"I don't want to be excited. I want to be useful to my country—to you."

"My country and you, dear!" he grinned, humming from a mid-Victorian tribute to a Spanish cavalier. Of course she burst into tears.

"I've offered myself to every branch of the Government, from the Red Cross to the Balfour Reception Committee," she sobbed. "And all they've let me do is stand up when the band plays the Star-Spangled Banner!"

"There—there!" He pressed her against his starched shirt front in a caress which, at that moment, reminded her vividly of her father's formula for consolation. "How would you like to come down to my office and help me with my war work?" he asked finally.

"You dear!" Her revival was instantaneous.

"Well—not every day. That might not be interesting. But you would be no end useful on Wednesdays and Thursdays, when I'm in the New York offices of the Food Conservation Board. You'll be of tremendous service to me." Then, as though the lily of service needed the gilt of adulation: "There isn't one woman in a million who'd be capable of doing some of the work I need!"

"I'm so glad!" she chimed. "Because I simply feel that I've got to be your intellectual partner."

He stood there smiling down on her, giving her shoulder innumerable little paternal pats.

J. Hanley Stuart introduced her next day to her duties at his Food Conservation headquarters, a maze of corridors and partitions in temporary rooms adjacent to his regular offices in lower Broadway.

"I'm going to turn you over to Miss Hatch," he said in the kind, impersonal voice he evidently put on for office use.

"Who's Miss Hatch?" She didn't like the name, but she was sorry she had permitted her tone to show it.

"She'll acquaint you with the routine," he evaded. "You don't understand typewriting, do you?"

"I could learn—I ——"

"We'll find something else for you."

He pressed a button under the edge of his desk. The door opened presently to show the long upper lip, poppy spectacled eyes and short-waisted figure of Mr. Stuart's lady in waiting.

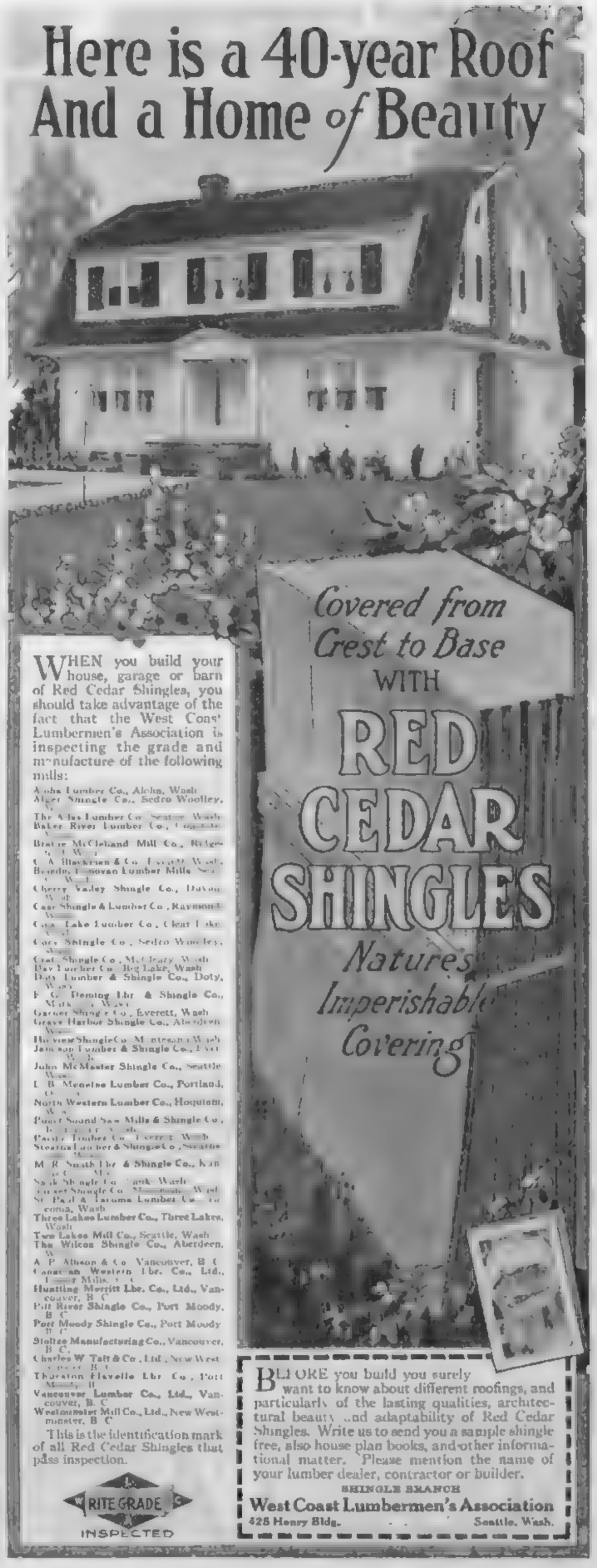
"Miss Hatch, this is Miss Hyland," he explained rapidly. "Miss Hyland is going to be useful to us, as I told you. You'll please show her, Miss Hatch."

All this struck cold and sharp upon poor Maggie's tender idealistic heart. Meekly she followed Miss Hatch out into her own department, a horribly intricate inclosure whose four walls were lined to the ceiling with very unaesthetic taffy-colored index files. The letter combinations labeled upon these maddening, geometrically piled drawers reminded her of the "Trylo to Vic" code on the back of an encyclopedia.

"You've never had any commercial training, have you?" Miss Hatch's question stung the silence of the room.

"No." What in the world did commercial training have to do with helping make war against Germany? Maggie struggled with her inbred arrogance and added meekly: "But I learn rather easily."

"You might begin with these cards," intimated Miss Hatch as she pointed out two piles of ruled and typewritten squares stacked up on the shelf of her desk.


Here is a 40-year Roof
And a Home of Beauty
Covered from Crest to Base
WITH
RED CEDAR SHINGLES
Natures Imperishable Covering
WHEN you build your house, garage or barn of Red Cedar Shingles, you should take advantage of the fact that the West Coast Lumbermen's Association is inspecting the grade and manufacture of the following mills:
Aloha Lumber Co., Aloha, Wash
Alger Shingle Co., Sedro Woolley,
The Atlas Lumber Co., Seattle, Wash
Baker River Lumber Co.,
Bratie McCleland Mill Co., Ridge
C. A. Blackman & Co.,
Brando, Donovan Lumber Mills
Cherry Valley Shingle Co., Duvall
Cedar Shingle & Lumber Co., Raymond
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Doty Lumber & Shingle Co., Doty,
E. C. Deming Lbr. & Shingle Co.,
Gardner Shingle Co., Everett, Wash
Grays Harbor Shingle Co., Aberdeen
Hoquiam Lumber & Shingle Co.,
Humptulips Shingle Co., Montesano, Wash
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John McMaster Shingle Co., Seattle
L. B. Menefee Lumber Co., Portland,
North Western Lumber Co., Hoquiam,
Puget Sound Saw Mills & Shingle Co.,
Pacific Lumber Co., Everett, Wash
Stratton Lumber & Shingle Co., Stratton
M. R. Smith Lbr. & Shingle Co.,
Sauk Shingle Co., Sauk, Wash
Sound Shingle Co.,
St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Co.,
Tacoma, Wash
Three Lakes Lumber Co., Three Lakes,
Wash
Two Lakes Mill Co., Seattle, Wash
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A. P. Allison & Co., Vancouver, B. C.
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Port Moody Shingle Co., Port Moody
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The piles were, as Maggie noticed, colored pale pink and violent green. She liked the pink cards best; so she picked up one irresolutely, gazed at the jumble of letters and numerals in an upper corner, and attempted to comprehend the nonsensical list of Christian names, vegetables, Congressional districts, fancy groceries and railroad lines typed below.

More than anything else it looked like a spirit message from the late Lewis Carroll. Impatient of delay, Miss Hatch relieved Maggie of her card, strode on commonsense heels over to the files and beckoned her puzzled assistant.

"Now look here," she said characteristically as she pointed a thin, knotty finger to the cryptic sign at the corner of the card.

To be sure! The sign on the card corresponded with the sign on the drawer. The rest, in Maggie's estimation, was merely a matter of knowing one's alphabet.

"Thank you," said Maggie Hyland, not forgetting her manners in her dislike of Miss Hatch.

It seemed a pity that such persons should be permitted to hedge her Hanley about with their cramping influences. She couldn't account for bitter people like Miss Hatch.

Perhaps an unfortunate love affair had warped her in a not too recent youth.

Maggie, as she walked irresolutely from label to label, paused and looked over to where Miss Hatch sat typing fiercely. Maybe she entertained a hopeless passion for Hanley Stuart, and Hanley Stuart kept her there out of a chivalrous pity. Maggie wasn't quite sure whether she liked this theory or not.

Miss Hatch seemed to be a ferociously busy person. Surely no true service is done without cheerfulness, reflected the amateur office girl; and she wondered what Miss Hatch got out of life. She was an acrobat in her way. At times she would answer questions and type at the same time, instructing junior clerks and office boys in a curious commercial dialect. The buzzer on her desk was always wheezing and she was forever jumping up to trot into Mr. Stuart's office, only to dash back with notebooks or typewritten sheets and be at her ticktacking again.

If she was a victim of hopeless love she concealed it well behind her little near-sighted spectacles.

Sometime round noon Miss Hatch pulled a coquettish hat over her ungainly head and departed, presumably for luncheon. Maggie was not half done with filing away those crazy pink and green cards. She was very tired, her head ached, and she held to the hope that Hanley would come and ask her to luncheon at some convenient restaurant, where she could rest and speak to him confidentially about some needed reforms in the New York branch of the Food Conservation Board. She waited a long time and her card-dropping became more and more languid.

Presently the buzzer buzzed. She had no orders in this branch of service; so she stood undecided until the buzzer buzzed again—one short wheeze and a prolonged snarl. Maggie bounded through Mr. Stuart's door and presented herself at his desk.

It seemed natural enough that she should thus present herself before the being with whom her soul had found affinity; but when she saw that Hanley Stuart was talking earnestly with two elderly gentlemen, she paused in the middle of the rug and enjoyed a schoolgirl blush. It was like a horrid dream, involving a social entrée in night apparel. Nobody paid the least attention to her; so she calmed her spirit and listened to the contest of great minds round the official desk. They were quarreling over potatoes!

"Miss Hatch!" commanded J. Hanley Stuart at last, never looking up.

"I think Miss Hatch has gone out to luncheon," explained Maggie weakly.

"Oh!" Stuart turned and saw her; but his manner was entirely strange. "You'll do, then, Miss Hyland. Will you please add these figures for me and bring them back as soon as possible?"

She took the sheet and fled. The page, embossed with the Food Board's letterhead, had been jotted all over with complicated figures in Hanley's nervous handwriting. Laboriously she straightened the figures; laboriously she added. She had excelled at decimals at Miss Lloyd's fashionable school for young ladies; so she became fastidious in her labor of love. The computation over, she returned the paper to Mr. Stuart, who reached out for it and went right on talking about potatoes.

Maggie Hyland's headache grew worse. She didn't want anything to eat; but the thought came to her that a short walk in the sea air of lower Manhattan would enable her to live through the afternoon. Outside she stemmed the noontime rush, and her eyes were caught by the flaunting flags—Stars and Stripes, Cross of St. George, glorious Tricolor—flapping above prosperous store fronts and rippling from the golden poles of lofty skyscrapers.

She was faint with fatigue and somehow disappointed in her ideals. America was at war; yet the man to whom she had looked as the potential savior of his country was up in his office, fingering card indexes and talking about potatoes.

She trudged lamely on toward Battery Park. The yellow brown of khaki became more frequent in the crowd. Two boys—almost infantile they looked in their new uniforms of the Marine Corps—rendered her a shy tribute to beauty as they edged by. Somewhere a band was playing. At a popular corner an elderly gentleman in mufti stood on an eminence urging recruits, while sombreroed sergeants passed through the throng making personal appeals.

"We're not a nation of slackers!" She caught the orator's words as she crowded by.

Young men were drilling in Battery Park. From the Governor's Island ferry station many more figures in khaki were filing out, every one walking with a self-confident stride; and the young faces under the broad tan hats gave her a catch in the throat as she remembered her callow dancing partners at Hot Springs. Maybe some cold-blooded register had their names down in card indexes, weighing the warm precious fluid they were sworn to pour out like water; maybe someone must wrangle over the potatoes upon which these Cæsars fed. . . .

She got back late to Miss Hatch's den, and, finding the place unoccupied, set herself again languidly to the shuffling of those eternal cards. Presently Miss Hatch came in through Mr. Stuart's door. Luncheon had given her dyspepsia apparently, for a painful smile played over her bunchy little face as she waved a familiar sheet under Maggie's patrician nose. Recognizing the column of figures she had added so laboriously, Maggie lifted her eyebrows to an interrogation point.

"Did I do the sum wrong?" she nervously inquired.

"H'm!" responded Miss Hatch, pulling a pencil from her hair and seating herself before she further volunteered: "Since when did nine and two equal thirteen?"

Anger was now getting the better of Maggie Hyland. It was outrageous of Hanley to have locked her in with this ferocious little animal. Surely he could have managed better than that. Forcing back her tears, she went drearily on with her cards until the desert of despair rang with Miss Hatch's nasal summons:

"Get me L-42-21 Form K."

"I didn't quite understand," said Maggie, with her last semblance of respect.

Without a word of reply, Miss Hatch jotted the numbers on a sheet of paper and handed them to Maggie as cordially as though they had been an order for her execution. The characters L-42-21 Form K were plainly marked on the page. It might have been the maiden name of a dirigible balloon; and then Maggie bethought herself of the files and hunted up the card with the corresponding cipher.

It was getting on toward four o'clock before Maggie had located L-42-21 Form K, and handed it to the dragon at the typewriter. As though the little square of pasteboard had been saturated with corrosive poison, Miss Hatch dropped it and gazed, popeyed.

"For the love of the law!" she exploded sibilantly.

"Is it—wrong?" asked Maggie.

"It's a pink card!" snorted Miss Hatch, turning the same unbecoming color.

"I'm not color-blind!" retorted Maggie.

"Then, why in the world have you been dropping pink cards in the cases with the green ones? This is one you sorted—why?"

"I think your manner is extremely—discourteous."

"Never mind my manner—thank the Lord, it's my own!" rasped the defender of the files. "You've been putting Connecticut

(Continued on Page 89)

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The errors were picayune affairs—too small even to have been suspected, but in the aggregate, they made a good sized bag.

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Most of the errors were trailed to the bookkeeping. How easily mistakes creep into invoices and statements —and slip through unnoticed, in many and many a [illegible].

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(Continued from Page 86)

cards in the Alabama section—that's what you've been doing."

A sudden panic of humility forced Maggie to apologize against her will.

"I'll take them all out again—I'll ——"

"You'll do no such thing!"

Miss Hatch rose, pulled down her apron, and disappeared into the office of power.

This interval gave Maggie time to react again from despair to rage. What right had this vulgar little office cat to be prowling in and out of J. Hanley Stuart's sanctum, bearing complaints against the girl whom J. Hanley had pledged himself to marry? This Hatch person should be attended to. She gave a dreadfully plebeian tone to his office. Probably he had been too absorbed in his work among the potato kings to give proper attention to such lowly details as Miss Hatch.

Leaning sulkily on the window sill, plotting unworthily, Maggie gazed down on the puppets of lower Manhattan. Flags waved jubilantly in the rising wind. A snub-nosed ferryboat, leaving a liquid comet's tail behind, came laden with khaki from the wharf of Governor's Island. The sight, enchanted by distance, suddenly thrilled her with the thrill of the primitive woman.

Miss Hatch's disagreeable voice cut into the romance:

"Mr. Stuart wants to see you."

Maggie Hyland brushed by with the dignity becoming a duchess. It was not seemly for her to compete in billingsgate with one of Miss Hatch's station; yet her nails were sharp with desire to claw and shake—shake that ungainly figure until the pencils rattled from her hair.

J. Hanley Stuart had just finished talking with three more elderly gentlemen. This time it was box cars, and everybody seemed quite pleased as they shook hands all round. When they had withdrawn, Mr. Stuart turned, with his usual "Well?" Then, when his tired eyes had cleared and he seemed again to see, he humanized momentarily and called:

"Maggie! How are you getting on?"

"Hanley," she said, coming toward him—and the familiar address seemed terribly disrespectful in those surroundings—"I think it my duty to speak to you about that—person—Miss Hatch."

"It seems to me Miss Hatch got in her word first," he smiled, his worn face wrinkling into a series of curves.

"How dare a woman of her kind come to you and talk about me?" Tears of anger were now plainly showing in her dark eyes.

"Oh, come now, Maggie! You don't know Miss Hatch—she'd be saucy to anything in the world that interrupted business."

"I've been doing my best to learn."

"I realize she's something of a martinet. It's just Miss Hatch's way. She claims you've been mixing her files, or something."

"Are you going to allow hybrid little—little office cats to come to you and bear tales against the girl you're engaged to marry?" Maggie stood a tower of dignity.

"Oh, but my dear! You did mix the files, didn't you?"

"That isn't the point. Either Miss Hatch or I will have to go."

J. Hanley Stuart stabbed the blotter with his stubby pencil; then eyed her narrowly.

"Maggie, let's look at things in their proper perspective," he urged. "You see we're all working together here under forced draft to get something done in time to do the country a little good. We've got to work along dull scientific business principles. You can't learn to be a Miss Hatch in twenty-four hours."

"Who wants to be a Miss Hatch?" asked Maggie.

"Well now—that's an esthetic point I've never considered. Just the same, she's been with my office, in one capacity or another, for over twenty years."

"I see."

"She's been one of the most efficient helpers I've ever had. When I stop thinking she does my thinking for me. She's my right hand and my left foot; and without her I'd be a cripple."

"Very well," said Maggie coolly, threateningly, as she turned to go.

"Maggie, come here!"

Even as the child of four responds to the call of an uncle offering candy, Maggie came and permitted him to plant an elderly kiss upon a corner of her eyebrow.

"Be a good girl now, and help me. I want everybody to work without friction. What do you say to my giving you another post for the afternoon—a desk in the outside office, where you can meet people and send them to me?"

"An office girl?" she inquired with some scorn.

"We can't be too proud, can we? This Food Conservation movement, you know, is being aided by a great many fashionable people, and a beautiful young girl of your sort would make such a figurehead!" She paused, considering; and he added: "Now there's one place where Miss Hatch wouldn't do!"

It was wearing on toward five o'clock when Maggie took the desk in the outside waiting room; and humiliatingly it dawned upon her that the time and the place and the girl had been selected by the crafty Hanley Stuart with the idea of doing as little harm as possible. Nobody came in. The minutes dragged their dingy skirts across her dream as she speculated upon the bleak biography of Miss Hatch.

She began rummaging the drawers of her new desk. Some dear departed office boy had left a patriotic button and two cigarette coupons in the large upper drawer, and in the lower one on the right she found a bale of illustrated pamphlets, entitled From Farm to Table. These were filled with dull-looking diagrams of food values, which, by contemplation, reminded her that she had missed her lunch and was feeling rather ill.

She put away the pamphlet and began tidying her hair at the little mirror inside her hand bag. She wondered whether her eyes were not already taking on some of the hennish gleam that pierced Miss Hatch's nearsighted spectacles!

She sighed deeply and walked over to the window, where she could watch the progress of romantic militancy between the Battery and Governor's Island. In the distance an aëroplane had just whirred into the mist that veiled the westerly skyscraper with a tinting of pale lavender. A war-gray cruiser, flying a French flag, was feeling her way among the tugs up the Hudson stream. The little snub-nosed ferryboat, which she had learned to know by sight, was now trailing her comet's tail back toward the Island, and the stirring yellow of khaki flushed up to her with the significance of war. . . .

"Excuse me! Is this the office of the Food Conservation Board?"

Maggie spun round and observed a tall figure in military uniform. Her eyes blinked from the light, and she could only make out, at first, that the warrior was behaving in a most unheroic way, shuffling from foot to foot and fumbling with his campaign hat.

But when he had quite removed this decoration Maggie Hyland beheld a marvel: Dan Ryan, suffused with blushes, stood before her, an apologetic Mars!

"Maggie," he stammered, "what in-why in—well, I'll be ——"

"Dan!" She rushed forward, her hand extended, and the pain of his gigantic pressure was a joy to her. He stood fumbling with his blouse. "Oh, I'm so glad you looked me up!" she said impulsively; but her warrior stood irresolute.

"I didn't look you up," he blurted at last. "I've been sent to Mr. Stuart, with Colonel Wright's compliments ——"

He brought forth a large envelope and laid it in Maggie's hand. She stood stupidly looking him over. How well the garb of war became him! She had never before thought Dan Ryan even passably good-looking.

"Dan," she questioned, quite disregarding his message, "when in the world did you get into those things? Have you joined a nice regiment? What's your rank?"

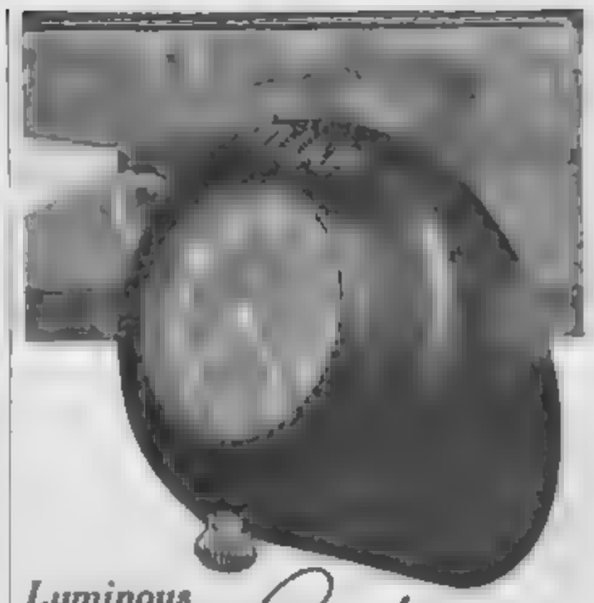
"Private," grinned Dan for the first time. "Engineers."

"Oh!" Even that didn't brush off the glamour; but she asked rather sympathetically: "Didn't you get a commission, or anything?"

"I never tried. Most of the fellows in my class wanted to be generals; and I decided that somebody had to be the private. So I just enlisted, without trimmings."

"Oh!" she said again, and clasped her hands. "Without trimmings!"

Just the enthusiasm of his age—of her age—which was eager for action, for life, even though it spelled death! War had called for just the kind of blood that Dan Ryan had to spill. No desk job; no boosting of a brain too precious to carry under a steel helmet into the trenches, where youth must stand facing the Monster! Dan Ryan—just a single unit in a multitude that would



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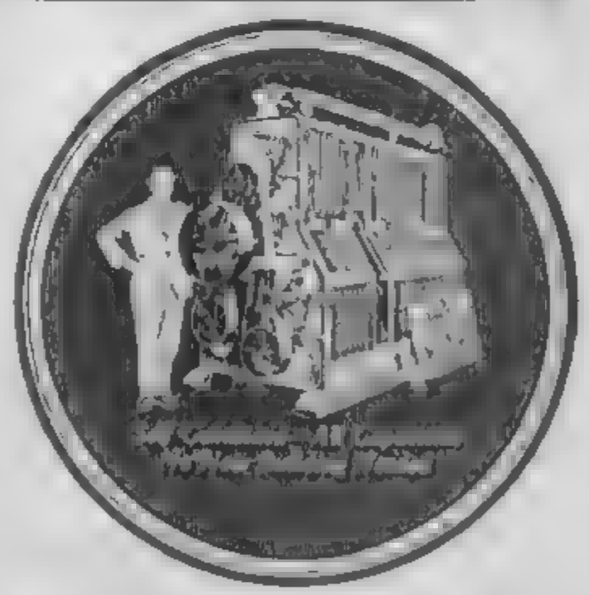

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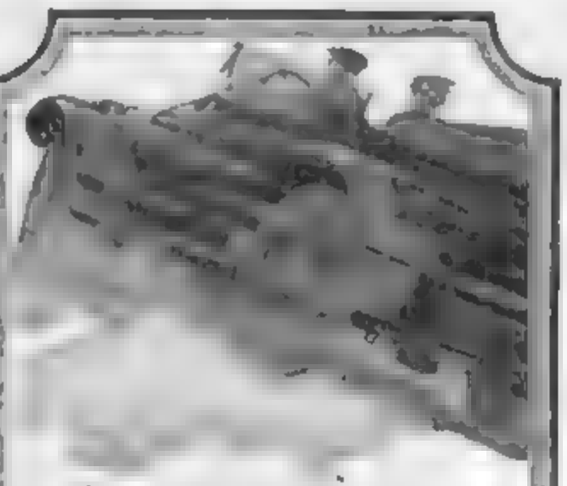

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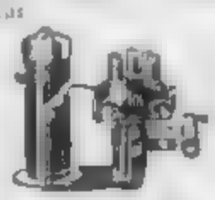

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swell to millions; one man in the wall of young flesh and spirit that guarded her and all she loved from destruction or damnation!

"Dan," she said at last, "are you going away feeling sore and bitter about me?"

"I'll be thinking about you a lot, anyhow," he admitted. "If it's bitter—well, it'll be snappy."

"Do you still want to marry me, Dan?" she inquired in a still small voice.

"What difference does it make?" he asked evasively; yet Dan, who could no more conceal emotion than a hound pup, told his story in his look.

"Because you can, my dear!" she assured him tenderly.

The moment when he put his arms round her seemed so perfect a point of time that she could not, at first, realize how poorly his words coördinated with his deeds.

"I'm not going to marry you. I'll never ask you again. That's settled! You settled it for me."

"Oh, but Dan! You still love me. I've made your life miserable—can't you be reasonable?"

"No. I'm too young for you. What you want is a regular brain."

"You mean?" She nodded toward the inner office.

"Yes. Perpetual ice—Eternal Youth, or whatever you call it."

"Oh, but if you knew how awfully old he is!"

"He'll develop you. I've doped it all out. You're intellectual affinities—you said it yourself."

"If you please, I'll take your message in to Mr. Stuart. Is there any reply?"

"My orders are to wait," he said stiffly; then, awkwardly relaxing, he roared out in his big voice: "Say! You aren't sore, are you, Maggie?"

J. Hanley Stuart sat dictating to Miss Hatch when Maggie walked briskly in. The thinking machine had just reached the words "Hoping this meets with your approval," when he looked up. Maggie scarcely gave him time to say "Well?" before she was out with her errand:

"There's someone outside to see you. If you don't mind—it needs a little explanation."

"That will be all, Miss Hatch," said Mr. Stuart rather wearily.

"There's a soldier out there. He's a private. His name is Ryan—Dan Ryan. He's that college boy who came down to see me at Hot Springs."

"Yes—yes—yes!" It was evident that Mr. Stuart's mind was still harvesting potatoes.

"Well, he's joined the army; and Colonel White sends his compliments and this letter."

"Colonel Wright, I think you mean," corrected the great man pleasantly after he had slit the envelope and devoured its contents. He read the sheet over twice, carefully; then looked keenly over at Maggie and said: "There's nothing about Dan Ryan in this."

"No. But I'd like to speak to you about him on my own account."

J. Hanley Stuart assumed the pose proper for a man of affairs about to be spoken to in behalf of a young man whom he has no intention of helping.

"What about him?" said Mr. Stuart sharply.

"I want to marry Dan, awfully!" Simply that and nothing more.

"I see!"

"And Dan's stubborn, and won't!"

"That slightly complicates matters, doesn't it?" Stuart gave her his professional smile. "Do you call me in as an expert?"

"Oh, if you would speak to him! You have so much power over men."

"If you really think I can be of service I shall be delighted!" His clever face was perfectly solemn, but his large torso moved with the tremor of jelly.

Maggie almost choked the words when she beckoned Dan from the anteroom and whispered:

"Mr. Stuart wants to see you."

The food conservator's eyes twinkled busily between the amateur office girl and the tall young soldier as they came toward him.

"How do you do?" asked the older man as he gave forth his hand and motioned toward a chair. "Won't you sit down? Thank you!" He glanced at his watch before undertaking the business of the moment. "I must be uptown by five-thirty; so you'll excuse my being brief. Mr. Ryan, I understand you're in love with Miss Hyland. Don't conceal anything, please I quite understand your feelings."

"You've said it," was the bashful warrior's admission.

"That's a good beginning. And might I be permitted to say, Miss Hyland, that you, too, are favorably disposed?"

"Oh, do!" she encouraged.

"Well, when Romeo loves Juliet, and Capulet kisses Montague, what in the name of Sam Hill is keeping them apart?"

"He's a perfect mule!" she assured the court.

"I hope I'm not overstepping my rights," said the future ambassador politely. "But, in my capacity as the lady's fiancé, I think it is my duty to see that everything is done to insure her happiness. Am I right?"

"I think you must be, sir," respectfully chimed Dan Ryan, blushing ever deeper.

"Then what's to prevent your getting married at once?"

"She played with me for a year and then threw me down because I was too young."

"I don't think so now," promptly supplied Maggie.

"She said she had too much brains to marry a college boy," Dan further objected.

"You've gotten over that, too, haven't you, Maggie?" her fading future twinkled across the desk of power.

It cost her a qualm, but she agreed to this also.

"A private in the army isn't supposed to marry." The soldier fired this bomb rather weakly.

"If you marry Maggie you won't remain a private very long," guaranteed Mr. Stuart. "What's your next objection, if any?"

"She called me a piker and said that you had the spirit of Eternal Youth."

J. Hanley Stuart gazed a while; then very gently he laid down his pencil and strode over to the window. When he came back he took up his familiar wand again and said:

"The trouble with Eternal Youth is, it's never very young. It's youth in cold storage; stringy youth; preserved youth, with all the real flavor frozen out of it. Youth is a perishable product; and when it isn't allowed to perish—well, it mummifies."

"You've expressed it very well," admitted Dan.

"He expresses everything wonderfully!" up spoke Maggie, keenly appreciative of any compliment tendered the man she still regarded as her protector.

"And don't let's have any more nonsense!" urged J. Hanley Stuart, again looking at his watch. "There's been a lot too much already. Dan—I think I'll call you that—could you bring Maggie and meet me at six-thirty at the Church of the Transfiguration?"

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Stuart!" Dan bounded to his feet; but his expression of perfect bliss clouded to an afterthought; "I'm an enlisted man—according to regulations, I've got to get the colonel's consent."

"And you've got to get a license. Then, let's make it eleven-thirty to-morrow morning. I'll get Wright on the telephone and put in a word for you. Don't worry about the other details."

"I must tell my people; and ——"

"For heaven's sake, don't say a word to your people!" commanded the forceful Stuart. "Don't let's have them in. This is my party, after all."

As transfigured Dan Ryan led the way to the little anteroom, Maggie lingered a moment; then hurried back to Mr. Stuart's desk. Already he was immersed in the typewritten figures on his blotter.

"Tell me one thing," she pleaded wistfully: "Weren't you in earnest that day on Flag Rock when you told me I had a remarkable mind?"

"Probably." He smiled an old, sad smile and laid his hand a moment on her arm. "Just as earnest as you were when you assured me that I was still quite young!"

"We must have been in love," she said very softly.

"We played at love very pleasantly. And love like that has a skillful way of saying the very thing you want to have said. Truth, notwithstanding."

When she had departed J. Hanley Stuart threw out his arms in a gesture that might have been unutterable despair, and probably was unspeakable relief. Then he pressed the button under his desk in the hope that Miss Hatch had not yet gone for the night.

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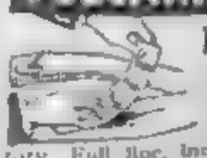

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The Nation's Debt to the Druggist.

The druggist occupies a most important position in the scheme of American life; but his benefactions are taken much as a matter of course by the public. If one wants a stamp he gets it at the corner drug store. If he wants to telephone, he finds an instrument there. If he gets something in his eye, he calls on the public's friend.

When someone is hurt on the street, he is taken to the drug store for first aid until the ambulance comes. People wait in drug stores for street cars, or go there to consult the city directory. For many of his acts of service to the public, the druggist makes no charge, receives no compensation.

For as long as we can remember, the druggist has been the minute-man of our needs at night. He employs a pharmacist who sleeps on the premises, ready to answer our call with his skill and knowledge. Upon the freshness and purity of his drugs we must depend when a life may hang in the balance—we must trust to his earnestness, his care, his interest. And when has he failed to respond to our needs?

He is more than a trader, the druggist. He is a scientist—a professional man of high skill. To keep abreast of demands, he must do much studying. He must be informed as to new products. If it were not for him, many a new article would never be known. Manufacturers and consumers of his wares owe him a debt of gratitude.

The House of Mennen hereby acknowledges his efforts in distributing its products. American drug stores form a wonderful clearing house for Mennen preparations, and countless others. Without the co-operation of this army of useful citizens, the business of making the goods which the druggist sells could not exist. I send greetings to him, and thanks.

William Gerhard Mennen

Leadership in Talcum Powder

The House of Mennen is the originator of borated Talcum Powder. Its preparation, in the beginning, was the result of the vision of Gerhard Mennen. He saw its possibilities as a soothing, comforting powder—easy and safe to use, cleanly and dainty as a toilet requisite, and invaluable for babies, once it was introduced to the public.

Gerhard Mennen's guiding thought was quality in his new preparation. He knew that a business built on that firm foundation must be permanent. So he devoted all of his chemist's skill to making a perfect talcum. Business history tells how well he succeeded.

It is safe to say that the sales of Mennen's Talcum are much larger than those of any other. This is not due entirely to the natural pre-eminence of the pioneer—it is due as much to the unflagging purpose which marked the Mennen standard from the start. If it were possible to make Mennen's Talcum better—it would be done.

In the House of Mennen there has been an absorbing thought for the past three years. It has been in the direction of maintaining Mennen Quality at normal prices. The cost of raw materials is soaring. The upward movement includes not only chemicals but also containers. Printing and paper, to mention just a few items, have advanced to unknown figures.

As a solution of this problem, we have put on the market a larger sized package. We secure a lower labor cost in filling one can as against two; a corresponding saving in container as against the amount of talc furnished in the can, so that in this new-priced can you get the same proportional amount of powder for your money that you got in the original size.

All Products Up to Mennen Standard

The House of Mennen has grown out of one field of producing endeavor to many. The expansion has been natural and logical from a single unit of toilet necessities to a complete line. The wonders of chemistry have been employed for the benefit of men, women and babies.

The Mennen organization is one of students. It is its mission to find better ways of doing things—for instance, the new way of making and packaging tar shampooing soap. For years people have known of the invigorating qualities of tar as a shampoo—but it has always been used in a *cake* of soap, mussy and wasteful. In Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream, the tar is incorporated in a totally different *form* of shampooing agent, to say nothing of the tube—a clean, handy, economical form of container.

Then there is Kora-Konia, an antiseptic dusting powder and dressing for abrasions and minor injuries of the skin, composed of five sanative ingredients. This powder relieves chafing, scalds, burns, and severe irritations of the skin, and is being prescribed daily by physicians everywhere.

These Mennen products, like every one bearing the Mennen trademark, are up to the Mennen Quality Standard. The mere *newness* of an article would not be enough to give it a place in the Mennen line. It must be proved of unusual worth before it is offered to Mennen customers.

And the Mennen *buying* standard is as high as the Mennen *selling* standard. No raw material is bought "at a price." Quality is considered first, and the price last.

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RUVIA: Neutralizes the disagreeable odors of perspiration—but doesn't *stop* perspiration. Clean, odorless, stainless, snow-white. A boon to women in hot weather. Healthful, dainty, and sweet as a rose. Use it once a day. Its results will surprise you.

SHAVING CREAM: A new kind that doesn't have to be "rubbed-in" to soften the beard, but gives a better shave. With it belongs the new Mennen's Talcum for Men, for use after shaving—neutral tinted, so that the old pallid look is a thing of the past.

COLD CREAM: Mennen's Cold Cream is all that a cold cream should be. That means quality in the ingredients and in the way it's made. You will like it as thousands do who use it regularly.

MENNEN'S BORATED SOAP: For those who want soft, velvety, attractive skins. It soothes instead of irritating, keeps the pores clean. Thousands of physicians and nurses use it.

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Newark, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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MENNEN'S

THIS interesting picture of Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the world's greatest mezzo-soprano, was taken while she was singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice. First, Mme. Matzenauer sang, then the New Edison took up the song alone, then Matzenauer sang in unison with the instrument. The object of the comparison was to ascertain whether the ear could detect Mme. Matzenauer's living voice from the New Edison's Re-Creation of it. Those who were present were unable to discover the slightest difference.

Two Conclusive Proofs

FIRST—Let us assume that you love music and that you would like to have all kinds of good music in your home. The realism of a phonograph is then the only standard by which to judge it. Thirty different great artists (not imitators or impersonators) have made, in public, comparison tests such as you see Mme. Matzenauer making in the illustration on this page. These tests have been made before eight hundred thousand people, who found that their ears could not detect any difference between the original music and its Re-Creation by

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"The Phonograph With a Soul"

These comparisons were bona-fide tests, as can be proved by the files of more than five hundred of America's principal newspapers, whose music critics have described the tests at length. The New Edison is positively the only sound-reproducing instrument that has been submitted to such tests.

SECOND—Some of the artists whose voices are Re-Created by the New Edison are also making talking machine records. Ask any Edison dealer for a list of such artists. Go to a talking machine dealer's store and hear those artists on a talking machine, then go back to the Edison dealer's store and hear the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. Please do not test the talking machine in an Edison dealer's store, and please do not test the New Edison in a talking machine dealer's store. If you wish to make a comparison side by side, get the talking machine dealer to deliver a talking machine at your home. The Edison dealer will also deliver a New Edison to you. Such a comparison right in your own home will enable you to reach a correct decision. You owe it to yourself and your family to have the best music in your home.

May we send you a sample copy of the magazine, ALONG BROADWAY?

It is free, and we shall also be pleased to send you the brochure "Music's Re-Creation" and the booklet "What the Critics Say." The latter booklet will tell you what America's principal music critics have to say of the New Edison.

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PALMOLIVE

The True Blend of Palm and Olive Oils

THE huge storage tanks pictured here are in a Palmolive warehouse. Some are filled with olive oil, others with palm oil. They are worth, at this time, a fortune.

Since the war began we have been accumulating this reserve to insure the high quality of Palmolive.

Even in times of peace these oils are never cheap. The war made the supply precarious and the price was increased enormously.

Before the War—and Now

Before the war we concentrated on gigantic output. We developed manufacturing facilities and perfected methods. We made the name Palmolive known throughout the civilized world.

Then the war came—with ever-rising prices. With the reduction of ocean tonnage. With embargoes and shipping restrictions on the oils. With multiplied freight rates and enormous war insurance. And finally a shortage in the Spanish olive crop.

No Change in Formula

Notwithstanding these war-time vicissitudes, the Palmolive formula has not been changed. We still use olive oil from Spain and palm oil from Africa. The same grades and the same quality.

This inevitably means lessened production. The supply of Palmolive may not go 'round among the millions of users.

But every cake is exactly the same—in size, in weight, in quality.

Your dealer must pay a trifle more. But all the further extra cost we so far pay ourselves.

It would be easy to substitute animal fats or domestic oils for our costly Palm and Olive. To get the famous Palmolive green by artificial coloring. We could imitate the Palmolive cake at greatly reduced manufacturing cost.

But unless Palm and Olive oils vanish from the market you will enjoy their perfect blend in Palmolive Soap.

Palmolive Soap heads a complete line of splendid toilet specialties—Palmolive shampoo, cold cream, vanishing cream, face powder and rouge, price 50 cents each. Palmolive talcum, lip rouge and shaving stick, price 25 cents each. If your dealer does not carry a full stock, write us direct, enclosing price of article desired.

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